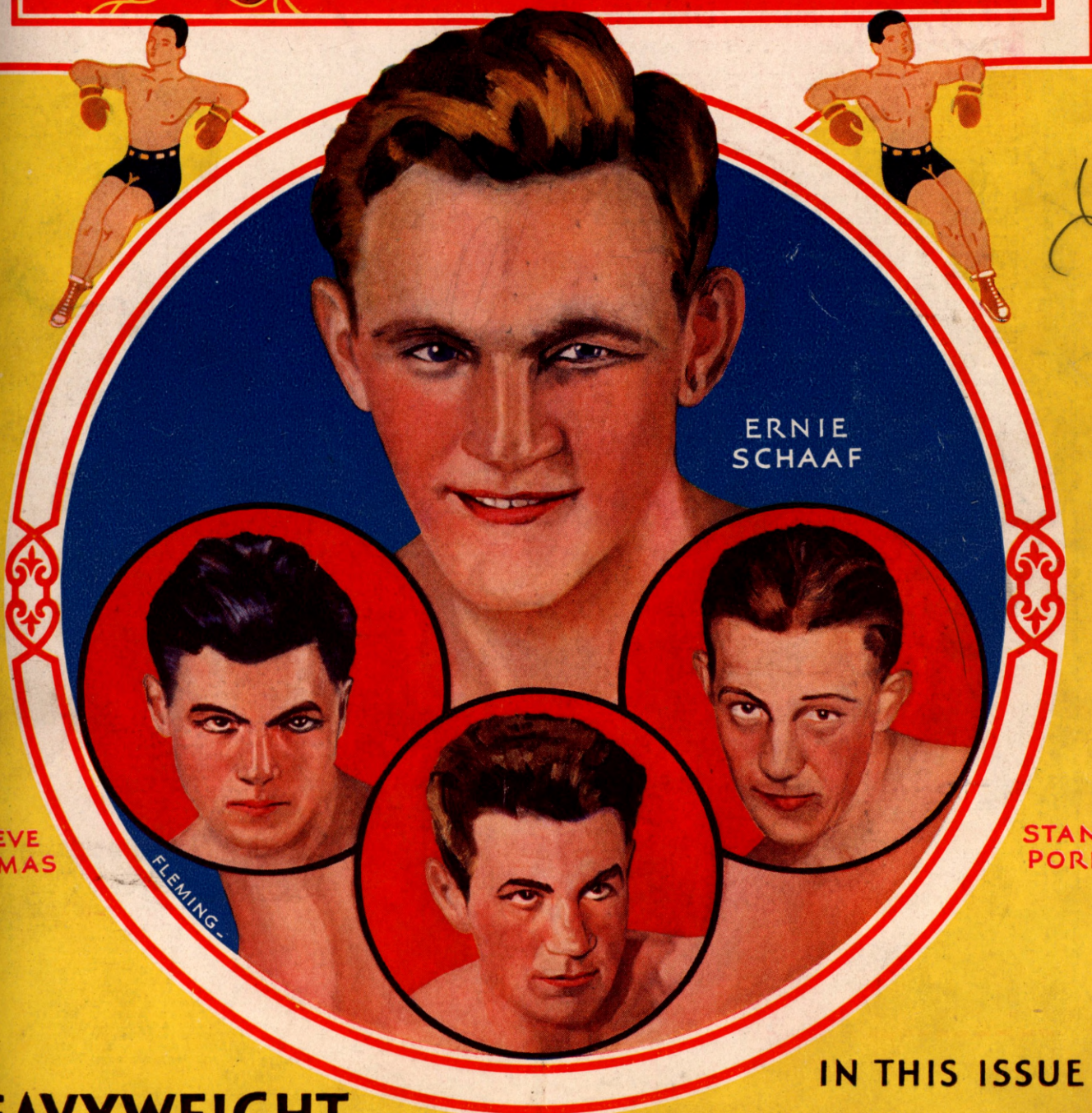
25 CENTS

NOVEMBER

# The RING

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IN THIS ISSUE

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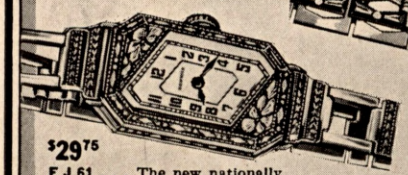

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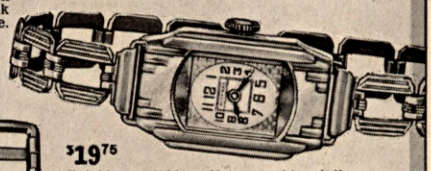

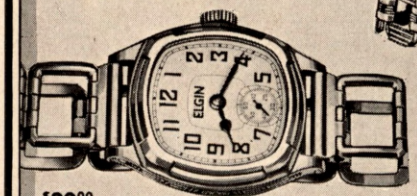

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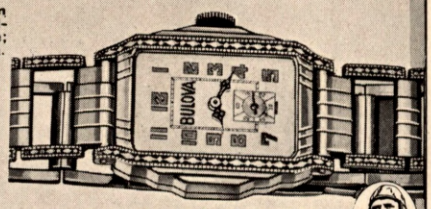

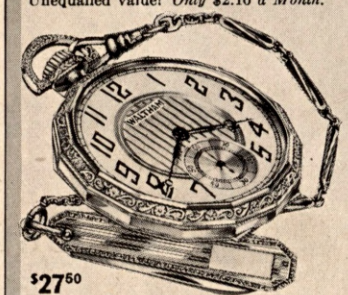

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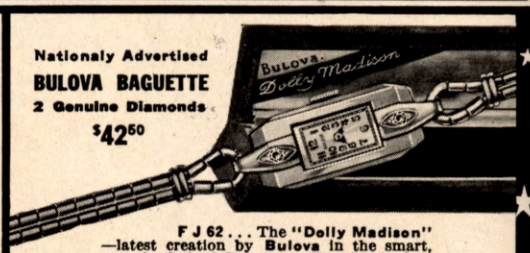


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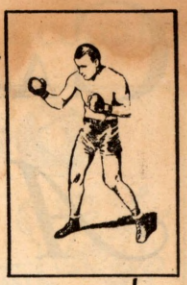

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### *In Our Next Issue*

Wherein did the old-time fighters excel those of the present day? Even the old 'uns agree that the boys of our time are better boxers than those of the past, but in aggressiveness, in socking power, in bulldog grit—that's another story. Follow Wilbur Wood's interesting analysis, a comparison of the old and the new.

The five great centers of boxing in the days of the early Queensberry champions were New York, Chicago, San Francisco, New Orleans and Boston. Frank Graham analyzes Chicago's part in American fistiana.

And Daniel M. Daniel, that versatile sports writer whose brilliant mind has composed many stirring stories on your favorite sport, takes a fling into the wrestling field with a stirring mystery involving the pachyderms.

These, in addition to a full page of action pictures of the Carnera-Sharkey battle, interesting articles by A. D. Phillips, Charles F. Mathison, Doc Almy and other noted sports writers, and the news from all parts of the world.

**The Ring** is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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# CAMPOLO NEEDED RICKARD

A FEW months before Tex Rickard passed away, he had visions of seeing a second Luis Firpo in the person of Vittorio Campolo of Argentine draw down a gate of a million or more in a world's heavyweight championship fight. It was one of Old Tedge's dreams and had not the Great Master cut short his life, that dream in all probability would have come true.

To-day, however, the fighter Rickard had picked as successor to Firpo, is out of the championship picture, his elimination having taken place at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, on the night of August 31, when he was knocked out by Ernie Schaaf of Elizabeth, N. J. in the seventh round of what was scheduled as a twelve-round affair.

Broken-hearted over his defeat, his pride hurt, Campolo, who possesses every asset of a great fighter, finds himself shoved to the rear of the flying brigade of heavyweights. If ever a fighter proved beyond the shadow of doubt that he would have made good had he been handled properly, Campolo proved it in that battle with Schaaf. Had the Argentinian been managed by his present competent mentor, Luis Gutierrez, who also handles the reins for Kid Chocolate, he probably would have risen to the heights of fistiana.

Instead, he finds it necessary to start from the bottom again. When he first came to this country, he was misguided and to the day when he threw overboard the yoke that had bound him to months of idleness, and signed with Gutierrez, he let opportunities slip away from him that should have netted him a fortune.

Had Rickard been alive, Campolo would have been enriched by thousands of dollars and would have been a participant in at least one heavyweight championship fight. Rickard would have built this South America giant up to where he would have been one of the leading lights in fistiana. Campolo has everything. He possesses a terrific right-hand wallop that numbs the heart when it lands. He is courageous. He can hit as hard as any heavyweight in the business and he can take it. But he let himself get rusty.

* * *

INSTEAD of fighting, he filled himself with rich South America foods. Instead of exercising, he sat for hours on a rocking chair either playing his guitar, singing or just resting. Instead of forcing his way into the public eye as did Firpo, he was content to let his advisor do the talking for him—and in this they failed.

It was a sad day for Campolo when he became part property of Humbert Fugazy. Not that Fugazy is not an excellent fellow, but because Humbert at the time was a promoter who couldn't live up to the promises he had made and there began the period of idleness that eventually killed a great hope. It was an equally sad day for him when he agreed to let the Garden handle his affairs.

I say great, because I always felt and still do, that in Campolo, boxing had one of the finest heavyweight prospects ever sent to this country.

The fight he waged against Schaaf was convincing proof. Schaaf, fresh from seven consecutive knockouts waded in and delivered terrific punishment to his heavier, and bigger but less seasoned opponent, yet Campolo didn't budge an inch under the fire until he was so weakened that he fell more from exhaustion than he did from any one blow. And while taking that lacing, he handed a solid shellacking to Schaaf.

It was that showing, that display of gameness under fire and that exhibition of hitting prowess that made the ringsiders sympathize with the South American. They realized then, as they hadn't prior to that fight, that if Campolo had been working regularly instead of being permitted to grow stale while waiting for the Garden—his last guardian—to get him some fights, he would never have succumbed as he did to Schaaf.

Not that Ernie is not an excellent fighter, for on the contrary he is rapidly getting to the top of the heap, but Campolo showed such a marked improvement over the form he had displayed in his fight with Loughran, that it became obvious as the battle with Schaaf progressed, that lack of work would cause his downfall and it did. Yet it cannot be denied that Vittorio put up a great mill and displayed a lion's heart in remaining on his feet as long as he did.

* * *

FOR him let it be said that ever since his arrival in this country he never hesitated to fight any man. In fact it was his greatest desire to be pitted against Sharkey or Schmeling but fate ruled against him. Though lacking in experience, he never asked those in charge of his affairs to pick "suckers" for him. Clashing with such men as Arthur De Kuh, Phil Scott, Johnny Risko twice, Tom Heeney, Tommy Loughran and Schaaf is far more than most of the leading heavyweights would have cared to submit to. Yet Campolo, inexperienced as he was, didn't hesitate to take on the leaders in an effort to prove his right to the select circle in fisticuffs.

When he went down in that seventh round of his Brooklyn battle with Schaaf, he did so because he was exhausted by his own efforts and because he had taken a beating about the body such as not even a Jack Sharkey could have stood for more than seven or eight rounds. For that reason I say that it would be foolish for Campolo to pack his grip and go home. In my opinion he is far from through.

Campolo made many friends through his splendid work against Schaaf and instead of being a "dud," he is certain to receive fine support if matched against such of the newcomers as would be willing to take him on. Campolo against Retzlaff, Hamas, Poreda or Carnera would be a splendid match. Campolo is far from through and if he is willing to buckle down to hard work, and follow the instructions of his mentor, he can still make a fortune as fortunes go nowadays.

Let us have more of Campolo. The boxing game can well afford to take him to its bosom. He is the type of fighter who should be encouraged and not treated as a quitter for what he did in the Schaaf fight. There aren't three heavyweights who would have taken as severe a punishment as did the South American, and would have stood the gaff for more than three or four rounds. Let's be fair with Campolo.

* * *

AS for Schaaf, he is the most improved fighter of the year. He stands out in a class by himself in that respect. The former gob, under the able supervision of Jack Sharkey, Johnny Buckley and Al Lacey, has come forth in leaps and bounds and if he can continue in the form he displayed against Campolo, another year will find him knocking at the door of the champion.

He looked good enought to beat the world the night he fought Campolo. He showed great hitting powers, mental alertness, physical strength and ability to take punishment without whimper. What more can one expect? He possesses gameness to the highest degree and times his punches perfectly. As a counter-puncher, Ernie stands alone among the heavies.

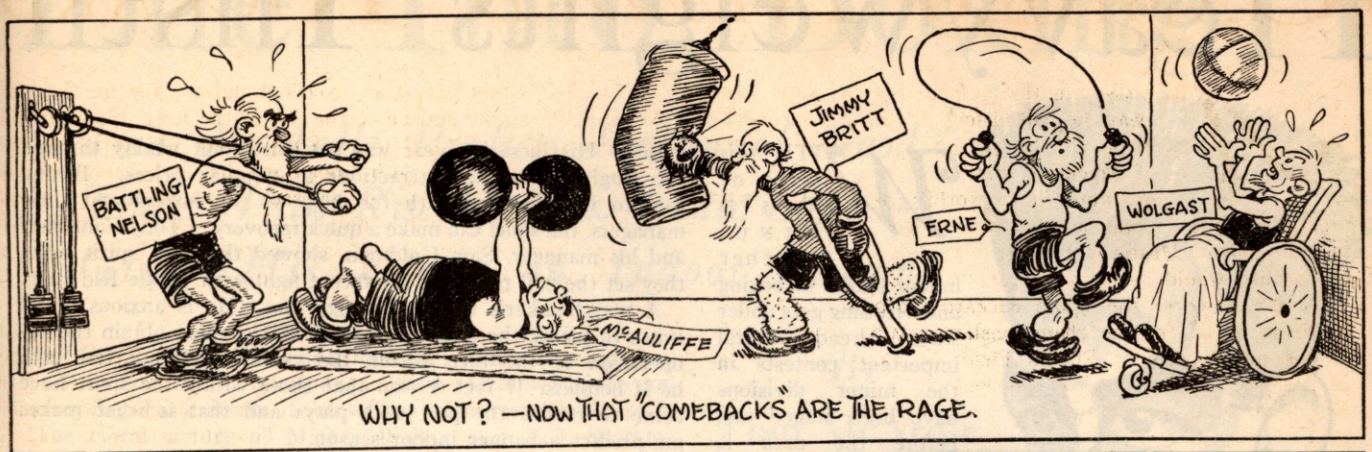
That is the kind of fighter Campolo, with months of idleness, was asked to conquer and he found the task too much.

Stick to your guns, Campolo! You're a good fighter and with proper handling, the mistakes of the past may yet be rectified and you may yet find yourself among the elite.

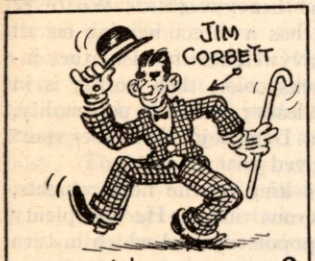
Max Fleischer

# News of the Month

## "Lank" Leonard




WHY NOT? —NOW THAT "COMEBACKS" ARE THE RAGE.

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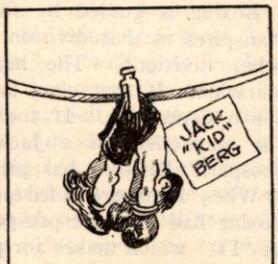
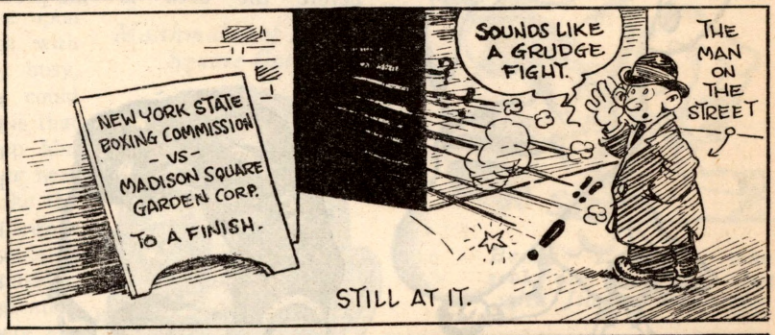
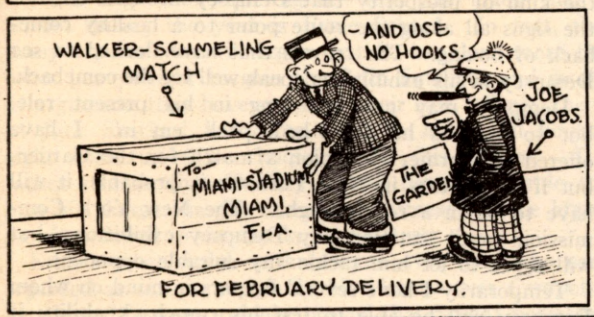



WASHED UP?




STILL AT IT.

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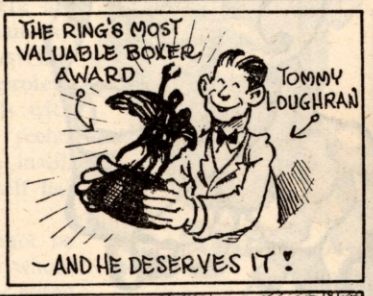
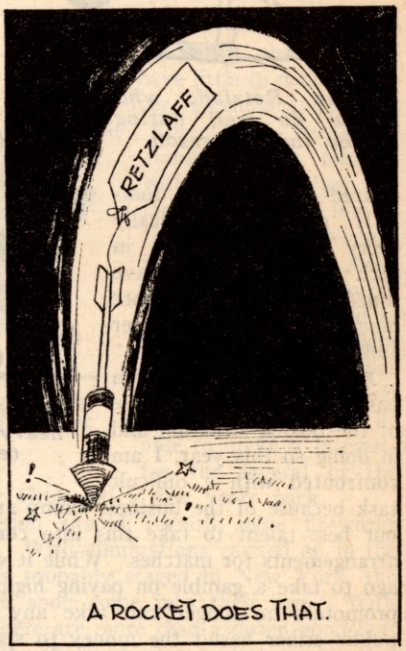
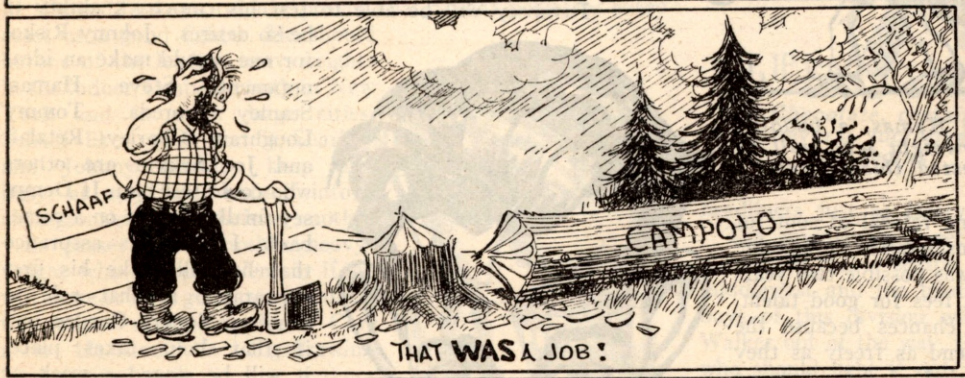


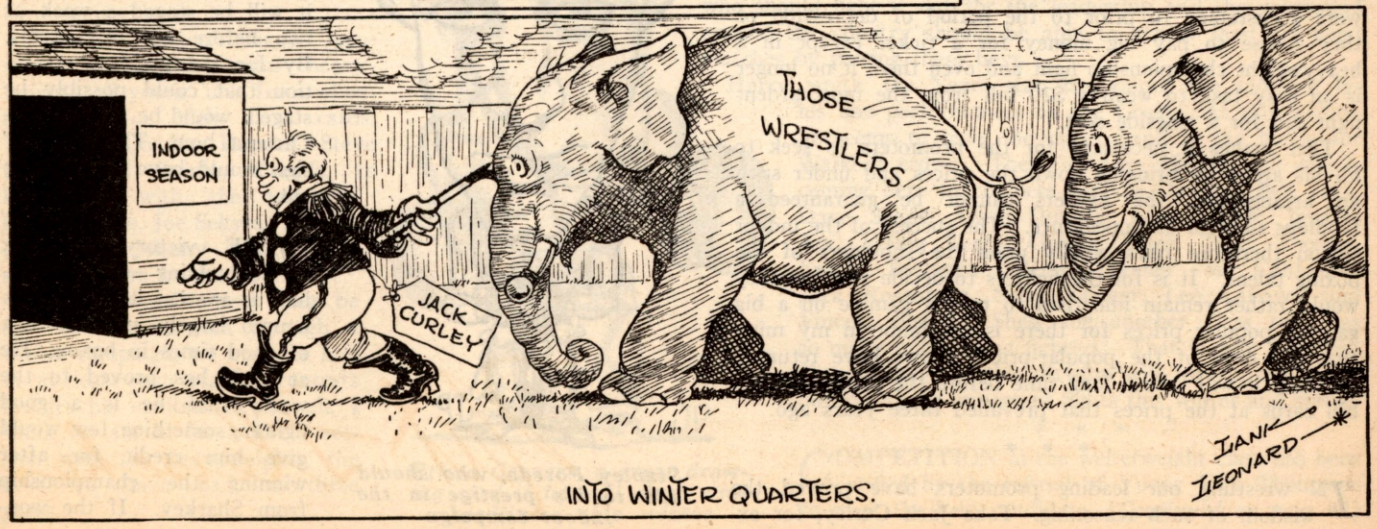

- AND HE DESERVES IT!




A ROCKET DOES THAT.

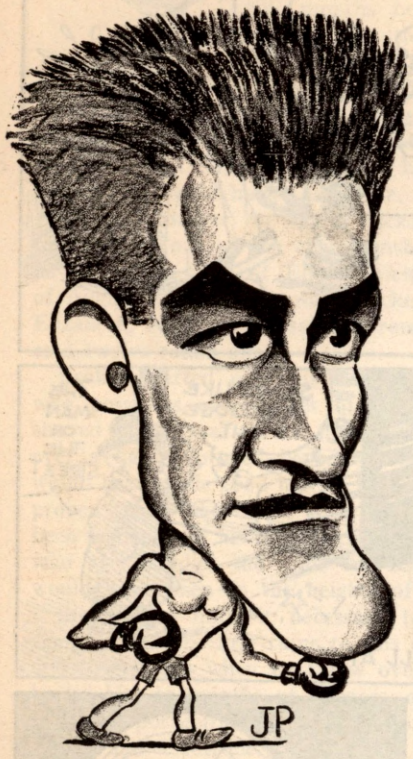



THAT **WAS** A JOB!



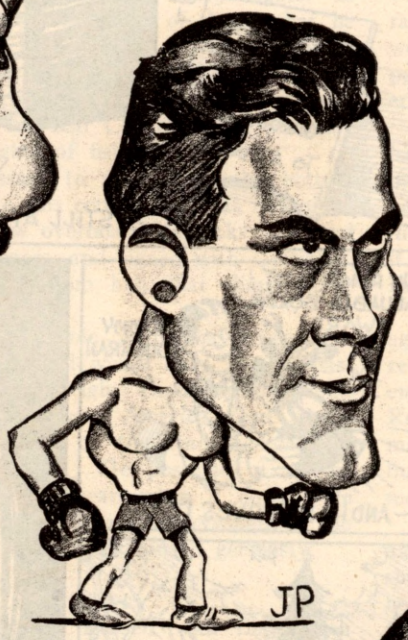

INTO WINTER QUARTERS.

# Heavyweights Instil




*Charley Retzlaff, who should do well during the indoor season*

WITH this issue of THE RING, another indoor season of boxing and wrestling gets under way. Already several important contests in the minor divisions have been staged and before the deck is cleared of collegiate football games, practically every fighter of note in each division will have tuned up in one or more bouts for an active winter and spring campaign.




*Steve Hamas, a budding heavyweight who will be tested this winter*

I have been asked, as in past years, to give a resume of the boxing situation and in doing so this year, I am confronted with a difficult task because of the business slump and refusal of some of our best talent to take this into consideration in making arrangements for matches. While it was possible two years ago to take a gamble on paying high fees for good talent, promoters no longer can take any chances because the public either hasn't the money to spend as freely as they were accustomed to prior to the period of depression or they refuse to pay big money for a ticket except in a heavyweight championship fight and even then, it no longer is an easy task to wean a $20 bill from the most ardent fight fan for a ringside seat.

That makes it necessary for the promoters to seek to fill his arena by bringing down the prices and under such an arrangement the fighters cannot be guaranteed a fabulous sum for an appearance. The success of the indoor season therefore rests wholly upon the shoulders of the boxing talent. It is for the fighters to decide whether they would rather remain idle than to take a gamble on a big gate at popular prices for there is no doubt in my mind that the days of the popular-priced shows have returned and that it will take a long time before the promoters can bill cards at the prices that prevailed three years ago.

* * *

IN wrestling our leading promoters have proved the wisdom of such reasoning. Take Jack Curley, for example. His lucrative year was brought about wholly through the staging of stellar attractions at popular prices. Boxing can do likewise and with the help of the boxers and their managers, the sport can make a quick recovery. Tony Canzoneri and his manager, Sam Goldman, showed the right spirit when they set the ball rolling in the recent fight with Jackie Kid Berg.

A matchmaker's task is a tough one. He is anxious at all times to please the public and to do so, he must obtain the co-operation of the men within the ranks. Without that aid, he is helpless. I feel certain that those within the sport have come to realize the part each plays and that is what makes me predict a banner indoor season.

Boxing is guided by the heavyweights. Whatever transpires in that division, has a direct bearing on all other divisions. The heavyweights furnish the inspiration. If that class lacks color, then boxing is in for a depression. If the leader has the personality, the magnetism of a Jack Dempsey, then the sport prospers. History has proved that.

When Dempsey ruled as king of the heavyweights, boxing had its most prosperous times. He had plenty of "IT," which makes for popularity and which in turn brings on big gates. We may not reach for many years the kind of prosperity that Dempsey brought on, but the signs all along the route point to a healthy comeback of boxing. The crowds that have flocked to see Dempsey in his exhibitions speak well for the comeback.

Dempsey may not last long in his present role, but so long as he does, he'll pack 'em in. I have offered the former champion a match for the Garden, but if he appears in New York, as is probable, it will have to be in a regular fight. The New York Commission won't sanction any Dempsey exhibitions, but will agree to let him tackle any suitable opponent.

Temporarily I have several fighters in mind on whom Dempsey will be able to test his comeback ability if he so desires. Johnny Risko, for one, would make an ideal opponent. Steve Hamas, Stanley Poreda, Tommy Loughran, Charley Retzlaff and Joe Sekyra are others who could test him. If Dempsey finally decides on a comeback, I have his assurance that he will make his first appearance in that role in Madison Square Garden and if that bout takes place, it will be staged a week or two before next Christmas. By far the greatest attraction that could possibly be staged, would be a Dempsey-Carnera bout. The "S.R.O." sign would have to be hung out.

*Stanley Poreda, who should add to his prestige in the indoor campaign*

THE victory of Max Schmeling over Stribling, is another item that has figured largely in the return of good times in boxing. He at least has proved to the world that he is a good fighter, something few would give him credit for after winning the championship from Sharkey. If the won-

# Life Into Boxing

## *Tom McArdle Predicts Return of Good Times With Rise of New Fistic Stars— Gives His Views on Indoor Season*

*By*

Tom McArdle

*Matchmaker of Madison Square Garden*

***Benny Leonard, who seeks one big indoor shot with Jimmy McLarnin***

derful form he displayed against Stribling is taken as a criterion, then Herr Max is in for a long reign. Only a Dempsey of the pre-Tunney days has a chance at this writing to dethrone the German.

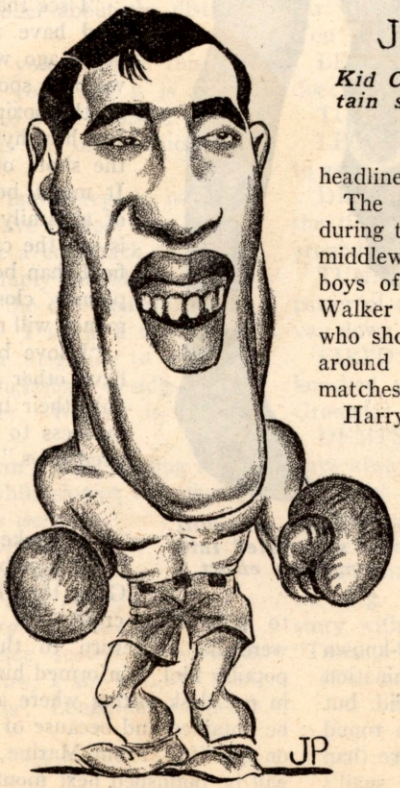
The moral victory of Mickey Walker over Jack Sharkey, the American champion, added another name to those upon whom the boxing fans rely to bring the sport back with a bang this winter. If Mickey is willing to be kept busy, there are at least five good heavyweights whom he could engage with plenty of profit to himself, but the trouble is that Mickey and his manager are not overanxious to keep him busy. They are figuring on the big shot with Schmeling next summer and I'm afraid that such a procedure will make the Jersey Bulldog too stale to be at his best. What he needs is work and as his presence in indoor fights would do considerable to keep the heavyweight division active, I hope he will re-consider.

Next to Walker, the fighter who has made the greatest strides during the year is Ernie Schaaf. In fact, there are many experts who will argue that he has done more than any other heavyweight to gain the fistic limelight and in that line of argument, they have much on their side. Ernie, the protege of Jack Sharkey, has come along in leaps and bounds with eight consecutive knockouts up to this writing. It seems rather strange that Sharkey should have been able to instill into his charge the pep and aggressiveness that he himself has so often failed to display in crucial tests.

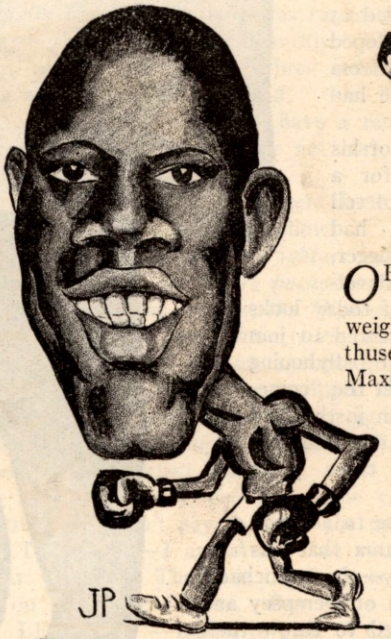
Ernie's great streak of knockouts over men who cannot be regarded as setups, especially his victory over Campolo whom he stopped in seven rounds, proved that Schaaf possesses every asset of a good fighter. He should be one of the leading heavyweights in the indoor campaign both in New York and in other large cities. Schaaf likes work and if Sharkey and Johnny Buckley keep him busy, he may force himself into a championship fight before another year passes by. Another heavyweight who can pack 'em in if he will agree to fight good talent during the indoor season, is Primo Carnera. He should be a big drawing card against men.

Then the nation's biggest promoters have other star heavyweights, all young 'uns, from whom to draw for high class cards. There are Charley Retzlaff, Steve Hamas and Stanley Poreda, as headliners, with the veterans, Harold Mays, Joe Sekyra, Tommy Loughran, Johnny Risko, and several others in the field.

Then, should Dempsey's legs be able to support him through a winter campaign, we may see him in at least two regular contests besides his exhibitions. In all, I think we are in for a lively session with the heavyweights, the best we have had in three years.




***Primo Carnera, a great drawing card if he will clash with headliners this winter***




***Kid Chocolate, certain to obtain several lucrative indoor bouts***

OF all the divisions, the light-heavyweight and the fly-weight have little to make us enthuse over. In the heavier class, Maxie Rosenbloom seems to stand out by himself, with the result that any match made with him as the headliner, doesn't attract sufficient to make it worth while. Rosenbloom may be forced to enter the heavyweight class to obtain proper financial returns, and if he does, he should be able to make it interesting for several of the headliners just as Harry Greb did a few years back.

The middleweight section should furnish some fireworks during the indoor season. With eliminations carried on in the middlewest and the finals probably staged in New York, the boys of this division will soon come into their own. With Walker out of the way, there are more than a dozen good lads who should fight it out for the leadership and the promoters around the country should be able to get at least six good matches by pairing these boys.

Harry Smith, the Negro star, has gained the spotlight by his fine performances on the Coast. At this writing he seems to have the upper hand in the battle for Walker's crown. Then there are Marcel Thil who is coming here to compete for the Garden; Ben Jeby, Dave Shade, Vince Dundee, Len Harvey, Ignacio Ara, Young Terry, Gorilla Jones, Tiger Thomas, Frank Battaglia, Benny Muller of California, Jack Rosenberg, Solly Krieger, Leo Larrivee and Vincent Seraci. Show me another class that has so many outstanding fighters. That is why I predict that the boys of this division will furnish the major portion of the important fights this winter and spring.

* * *

COMPETITION in the welterweight class has been stifled by the refusal of Young Jack Thompson to meet the best candidate, (*Continued on page* 42)

# Gene Tunney Speaks

## By The Ring Editor

GENE TUNNEY, retired, undefeated heavyweight champion of the world, traveller, lecturer and business man, was sitting at his desk in his spacious offices in the Grand Central section of New York City busily engaged in answering a batch of week-end mail when his interviewer arrived. I went there to ask a few questions of Gene about the "comeback" mania.

The retired title holder, the picture of health, arose and as he stood before me, I marvelled at this big, brawny, finely developed athlete who had retired from pugilism at a time when he had reached the pinacle.

He had quit at the peak of his powers. He had retired for a business career after years of toil in his chosen profession had brought him to the top. Bigger, broader, more thoroughly developed than ever, the Gene of today looks the perfect athlete. If he cared to join the brigade of those who are ballyhooing boxing into its own again via the "comeback" trail, there isn't a man in the field who could stop him from regaining the crown he had abdicated three years ago.

"Gene," I said, "I've come to ask you what you think of this mania that has suddenly struck the country—the 'comeback' mania. What do you think of Dempsey and the others who have decided to throw their hat into the ring again."

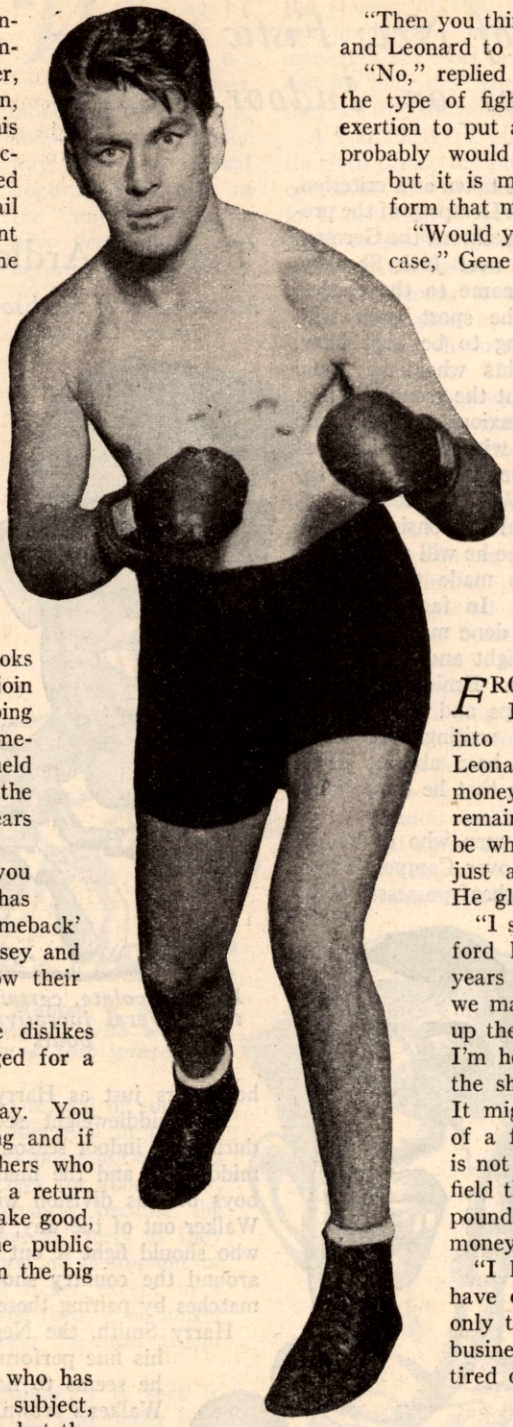
Gene looked, hesitated because he dislikes to speak about others, and then, urged for a statement, remarked:

"Really, I don't know what to say. You know it's his own life each is leading and if Dempsey, Leonard, Firpo and the others who are trying to recoup lost fortunes by a return to the ring, feel it is within them to make good, that is his own lookout. What the public thinks about it, will be answered when the big test comes.

* * *

"YOU, as a physical culturist, one who has written considerably on the subject, know full well that the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak in the makeup of a retired athlete. Such condition prevents the proper coordination of muscles. And without that, no man can hope to succeed.

"I have heard that Dempsey was examined by a well-known physician only last year, and after a thorough examination he was informed that his heart and lungs were splendid, but his legs would not stand up under the strain of a ten round battle. He was told that he probably couldn't last more than three rounds after which he would be slowed up to snail's pitch and under the circumstances, you can readily realize what a fast-moving, clever young boxer could do to him."



*Gene Tunney, who will not be stampeded into a comeback effort*

"Then you think that it is folly on the part of Dempsey and Leonard to make the attempt?"

"No," replied Tunney. "They might be pitted against the type of fighter that would not require considerable exertion to put away, and under such circumstances they probably would gain their objective—financial success, but it is my opinion that neither could regain the form that made him famous when in his prime."

"Would you consider that condition to hold in your case," Gene was asked.

"No, I would not. In the first place I retired when I was in my prime. I had not shot my bolt. Then again I have never given up active training. My system may not be the same as that which I had employed when I was fighting, but with the exception of the training camp workouts, I have kept up continuous training just to keep my body fit. There isn't an ounce of superfluous flesh on my body. I am bigger and stronger than when I retired and physically I am in perfect trim."

* * *

FROM my conversation with Tunney, I feel that he could not be stampeded into joining the ranks of Dempsey and Leonard. Why should he unless he needs the money? As a retired champion, he will always remain a fistic hero but should he return and be whipped, he then would be looked upon as just another fighter. Tunny appreciates that. He glories in his present status.

"I see that old Joe Jeannette and Sam Langford have renewed their feud of twenty-five years ago with a little setto in Boston. Well, we may soon have an old man's brigade make up the boxing card of Madison Square Garden. I'm healthy now, hence why submit myself to the shots of a robust young sparring partner. It might be different were I the sole support of a family or something like that. But such is not the case. My life now lies in a different field than boxing. I am only 32 and weigh 195 pounds, close to my best fighting weight, but money will not lure me back into the ring.

"I love boxing as a sport but right now, I have other interests. While most boxers have only their boxing to rely upon, I have entered business to keep my mind occupied in my retired days."

* * *

SO spoke Gene Tunney. With the talk of "comebacks" over, I ventured to remark to Gene that by degrees the public is beginning to give him credit for being a great fighter and that were he to return to the ring, he would find himself a popular idol. I informed him that I have more than 300 letters in my desk asking where a copy of the Life of Tunney may be obtained and because of that, I have just completed a book on his life, "From Marine to Heavyweight Champion," which will be published next month.

"The fans are realizing more and more that you were a great fighter," I said. "They are (*Continued on page* 44)

# *The* PASSING SHOW

## *Retired Boxers Club*

### *By* DANIEL M. DANIEL

SCENE, the Retired Boxers Club. The walls are plastered with pictures of the old favorites. The place is strewn with tables at which retired stars are busy writing their memoirs.

TUNNEY:—Say, Jack, what round was it in that I knocked you down in Chicago? I have reached that part of my story, and for the life of me I cannot remember the exact session.

DEMPSEY:—I don't blame you! I hit you so hard that I doubted you ever would remember anything. I certainly remember the round in which I knocked you out, Gene old boy.

TUNNEY:—Well, let's not have that all over again. You treat me right in your magazine yarn and I'll treat you right in mine.

DEMPSEY:—What's all this stuff about your coming back to fight Schmeling next Summer? I thought we had agreed that that particular match was mine for the claiming.

TUNNEY:—Don't get excited, Jack. You know I won't fight Schmeling or Canzoneri. But my story is coming out in the Coal Dealers Gazette—fifteen installments of thrilling reality, friends—and I've got to have a little ballyhoo. Now, let me talk about fighting Schmeling, and you can talk about meeting Sharkey again. How's that for a fair split?

DEMPSEY:—Well, you're getting all the best of that. Schmeling is the champ, and I'd like to confine my talk to fighting the best. That Sharkey guy never was any bargain to me, and I don't want to push his publicity if I can help it.

LEONARD:—(Entering with a pair of boxing gloves)—Listen to them birds! Neither of them wants to fight again. Neither can fight again. And they holler about the distribution of the hooey.

TUNNEY:—Young man, what are you doing in this club with a pair of boxing gloves? Don't you know it is against the rules of the Retired Boxers Club to bring tools of the old trade into the holy precincts? What is this organization coming to?

DEMPSEY:—What's more, I have taken steps to have you suspended. You announce that you have retired, stay out for seven years, then break a story about a comeback. Are you writing your memoirs? No. You simply intend to go back to fighting. You know that is against the club constitution.

LEONARD:—I am sorry, friends. I made a mistake. I will run right out and sign with some magazine to write the story of my life, and forget all about fighting. Besides, boxing is not a business for a retired fighter. Writing is the real magog.

(Tunney, Dempsey and Leonard form a ring, holding hands, and they break into a dance, all the while singing this chanty:

*Three little champions once were we,*
*Busting beaks and socking free;*
*But now retired and gentle, see*
*We write of things that used to be,*
*We write of the days of pros-per-itee!*

FIRPO:—(Coming in with a fierce scowl)—Gentlemen, remember you once were fighters. Now, I am come to challenge Schmeling, Sharkey and Walker; Loughran, Campolo and Canzoneri.

TUNNEY:—Are you writing your memoirs? Have you gone into the author game?

DEMPSEY:—Yes, have you some side line which you are trying to push? If you really are serious about wanting to fight, please shut the door from the outside.

FIRPO:—Please, hombres, I am not silly. Of a certainty, I do not weesh to fight again. Take one look at my belt line. But I have some automobile business down in South America which needs the publicity. However, if it is a rule of the club that one must write his history, I will write it.

TUNNEY:—Yes, that is the rule. No retired fighter may challenge without having a contract to write his life story. I am sure the Hay and Feed Journal would be tickled pink to publish your thriller.

SCRIBE:—(Enters with sad mien)—Well, you birds certainly have spilled the beans for us guys. I have lost my job with the Egg Dealers Monthly. They said that on account of running the lives of three retired champions they would have no room for my stuff.

TUNNEY:—Well, you have a remedy. The fighters have gone in for writing. Why not turn about? Let the writers do the fighting.

(All the assembled villagers form a circle and go into a quaint dance, singing as follows:)

*With fighters no fighters but writers,*
*And our writers pushed out by the fighters,*
*Let the writers, the blighters, turn fighters,*
*And the fighters turn gentle and swee—eet!*

TUNNEY:—I am up against quite a problem. For the fifth time in a week I have slipped into the split infinitive.

DEMPSEY:—I suppose that's quite a terrible thing. Is it anything like the hives? Personally I am having some difficulty with my pluperfect tense.

LEONARD:—I also had some trouble, but I had them pulled. It don't pay to suffer the pain.

TUNNEY:—I am afraid that you lack the literary touch, Mr. Leonard. The split infinitive is hardly like a toothache. You should read more. Buy some literary gems.

LEONARD:—Listen to him. I already have a book. What does a fighter want with two books?

TUNNEY:—You should go in for Epictetus.

LEONARD:—What kind of a crack is that? I don't have to go in for that as I pay regular visits to my dentist.

DEMPSEY:—Listen, boys. How does this sound? "All the time I was champion I missed the patter of little feet around me. I missed the urge to buy new shoes for the baby."

TUNNEY:—Very fine sentiment. But did you hear the patter of my feet, and the referee's feet, that night I knocked you down in Chicago?

FIRPO:—And what, Senor, did you hear the night I knocked you among the keys of a typewriter at the Polo Grounds?

DEMPSEY:—I thought this was a club for gentlemen. You guys always get personal. What were you listening to, Gene, the night that referee gave you the long count in Chi? Was it the tweet-tweet of the birdies?

TUNNEY:—Ha, my secretary comes. Good morrow, my good man. Please send out a new yarn about my returning to the ring. No, do not say I said so. In fact, surround the story with mystery, indefiniteness. I can read the headlines. "Tunney To Fight Again." Ah, those headlines!

(The boys go into another song and dance, with the ditty:)

*We find all those headlines so painful,*
*Publicity sure makes us groan.*
*Don't mention our names, we're disdainful,*
*Of ballyhoo, bunk; hear us moan*
*If the writers don't toss us a bone!*

(Exeunt, still singing.)

*Benny Leonard doing his road work. Benny thinks he can regain the form that enabled him to retire as champion*

# PUGILISTIC

## *Attempts of Dempsey and Leonard to Regain Fistic Prestige Recall Other Famous Cases—Only Successful Ones Date Back to Old Roman Period*

THEY are crying for Jack Dempsey to come back and recover for America the crown that has gone abroad. Fight fans throughout the world are watching with eager eyes the gesture of the former heavyweight king, for they realize that should he make good, his "comeback" will put an end to the fistic depression that started with his retirement and has remained with us ever since.

With Max Schmeling, a reincarnation of the Heidelberg Man—a very remote human type of his own country, and Carnera, a sort of throwback to Eryx, the Skull Crusher of the ancient ring, and a woeful lot of other heavyweights parading before a gullible public, there is need for a Manassa Mauler.

Whether Dempsey can make a successful comeback is a question that will be answered before another issue of this publication goes to press, but that his attempt will at least bring about a big boom to boxing, already has been proven.

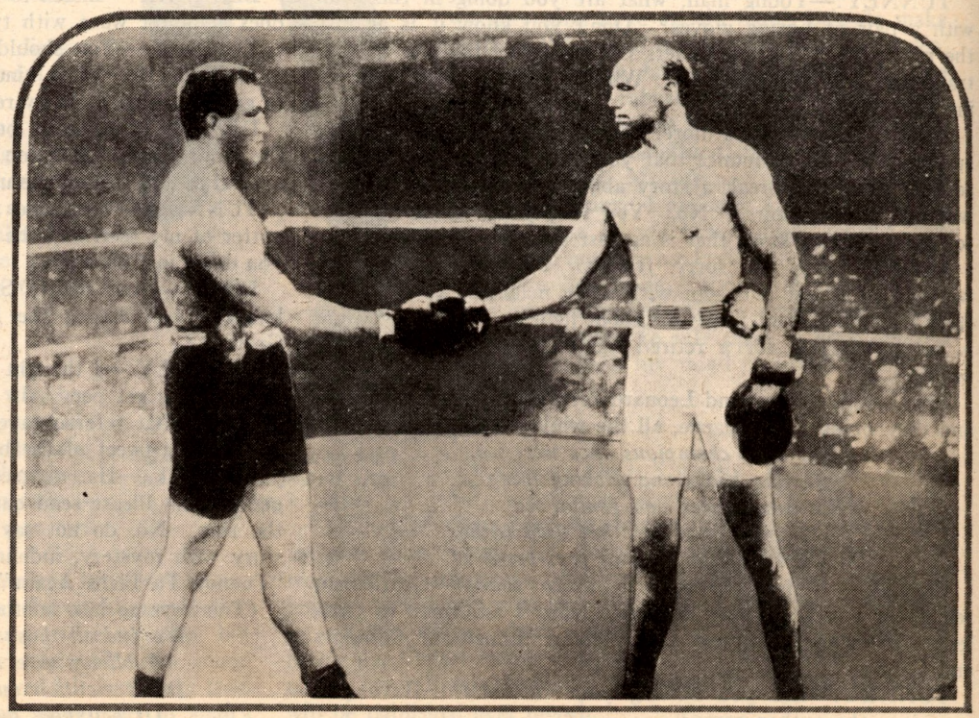
ANYTHING Jack does arouses international interest, and his exhibition tour has created the stir that was required to get boxing from out of the depths into the limelight again. Whether he can regain that marvelous form of other years that levelled all barriers to the crashing effect of his great knockout punch, is doubtful. He may pile up a record of knockouts bigger than that which Carnera has accomplished against set-ups, but that means nothing. The real test will come only when Jack, like Carnera, faces top notch opposition in a fight of ten or more rounds.

JACK DEMPSEY is still the "Idol of Fistiana". Wherever he goes, whatever he does, he finds himself in the limelight. The average fight fan likes to see this colorful former champion, because there still rests that hope within him that Jack may regain the form that made him so formidable a fighter when he was in his prime. The fans love to see a fighter who possesses the killer instinct, and Dempsey, of the modern school, possessed more of that than any other pugilist.

That is what brings out the fans in droves to see the erstwhile Manassa Mauler mow down fourth and fifth raters on his national exhibition tour. Dempsey, before attempting a "comeback", announced that he was anxious first to see whether he could get into proper condition. But, I believe that another and bigger problem occupied his thoughts. Would the fight followers come out to see an "old man" in his third "comeback" attempt.

Well, whatever doubts Jack had on that subject, have disappeared. Whatever he wanted to learn from these exhibitions, has been answered to his satisfaction. The faithful turned out with such eagerness that twice, in successive nights, he set new attendance figures for cities in which he appeared. 17,864 persons paid $27,295.50 to watch him bounce around a motley gathering of heavyweights.

But what will happen should he decide to reenter the ring against some of the young top notchers now parading before the public, or to tackle Max Schmeling in what would prove the revival of the million dollar gate, remains to be seen. Those who know anything about conditioning, feel that Dempsey will go to the slaughter should he agree to such a contest, but no matter how badly he might be whipped, he



*Jim Jeffries and Bob Fitzsimmons shaking hands before their bout at Coney Island, June 9, 1899, in which Jeffries knocked out Fitz in the 11th round*

# COMEBACKS

## By NAT FLEISCHER

would receive for such bout at least half a million dollars.

That is the real story behind his attempted "comeback"—the money end of it. Jack needs money now more than ever. Not that he is a pauper—on the contrary, he still is worth more than a million, but his funds are tied up in his divorce litigation and he requires ready cash.

* * *

BENNY LEONARD'S "comeback", as in the case of Dempsey, is one necessitated by lack of funds. Benny, despite his ownership of several apartment houses, lost considerably on the stock market and finds himself in need of cash. But the difference between Leonard's "comeback" and that of Dempsey, is that Benny, after a long period of training, started out with a regularly scheduled contest.

Leonard and Dempsey are not the first of the modern gladiators to try to get back after retirement. The story of Jim Jeffries is too well known to be reviewed here. Suffice it to say that the California Boilermaker tried it and received a severe shellacking at the hands of Jack Johnson who stopped him in the fifteenth round when Sam Berger, Jeff's chief of staff, threw in the sponge.

Then there was the great Terry McGovern, who, after a good start against Tommy Murphy, whom he knocked out in one round in Philadelphia, after a lay-off of two years, found his legs and wind gone in subsequent battles and retired at the urgent suggestion of his manager, Joe Humphreys.

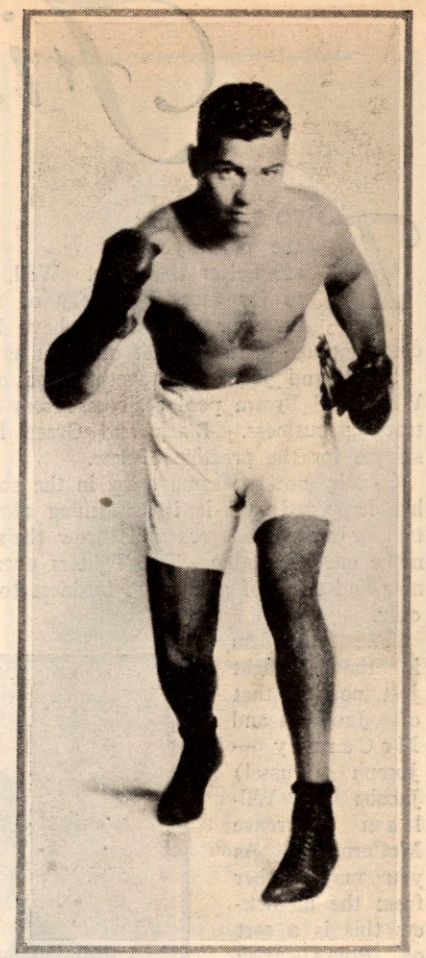
Jim Corbett tried it and almost succeeded against Jeffries, whom he had outpointed by a big margin for twenty rounds, only to find that his legs couldn't stand the strain after that and he succumbed by way of the knockout punch in the twenty-third round.

Fitzsimmons also had a notion that he could regain the title but found that the power behind his punches and the speed that he had displayed when in his prime, no longer were there. And so we can go down the line and name any number of great fighters who failed in what Dempsey and Leonard feel they can accomplish.

Most pugilistic authorities contend that in the hard lexicon of the prize ring, there is no such word as "comeback", but there are some fistic warriors who have made good. However, those listed, are mostly in the ancient school, the school that thrived in the days before Christ.

* * *

VIRGIL, the most illustrious of the Latin poets, in his splendid work The Aenid, gives a graphic account of the sensational comeback made by Entellus, the retired Sicilian champion, in the Funeral Games in honor of Anchises, the father of the mighty Aeneas.



*Jack Dempsey who is eager to test the age-worn pugilistic axiom, "They never come back"*

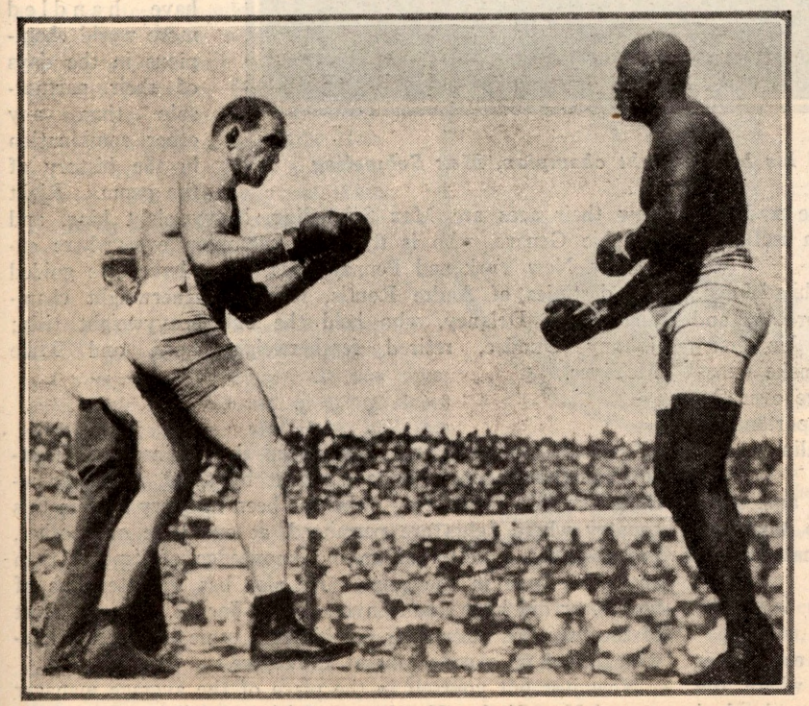
By the chronological table that would bring us back about 1100 B. C., in the day when the champions used the cestus, or the gloves of death, and battered each other's brains out for prizes, not nearly equal in value to the purse the meanest preliminary boy receives today for four to six rounds of "harmless pecking" with soft pillows.

It was a custom in those days when great men died, to pay tribute to their shades with funeral games. These games consisted of all sorts of sporting events including foot races, boat races, javelin throwing, wrestling and prize fights, and the greater the man, the bigger the show.

Anchises was a great man, so Aeneas gave him the right sort of send off in the way of athletic games. So important was the corpse, that Aeneas produced the Trojan champion, "The Mighty Dares," as Virgil terms him, to fight any man on earth with the cestus, for the prize of a black bullock with gilded horns.

Fights were impromptu those days, and the spirit of the times was so turbulent, that a champion had only to step out and say that he wanted to fight, to have any number of ringsiders clamoring to take up the challenge.

But Dares, it seems, was such a hefty fellow with his fists, with ready knack of cracking jaws or skulls, as the fierceness of his humor prompted, that for a while it looked as if there'd be no fight for everybody was willing to let him have his way with the championship. No one cared to dispute his (*Continued on page* 44)



*Jim Jeffries who was the victim of a terrible assault when he tackled Jack Johnson at Reno, Nev., in 1910. A scene in the fourteenth round, the round before Jeff's second threw in the sponge*

# Fistic Firms

By WILBUR WOOD

TWO heads, runs the old saying, are better than one. Well, maybe so. At least as far as the memory of man reaches, two or three or more heads have been put together in combinations, in the pursuit of profit as well as pleasure.

Smith and Jones get together and open a butcher shop. White and Brown pool their resources and go into the contracting business. Black and Green hang out a common shingle for the practice of law.

So why not the same thing in the sock market? Well, it has happened and it is happening almost every day, that two or more managers will throw their fighters together to make one big stable. Two fighters even have been accused, now and then, of going into business together, for one night only.

The fistic firm in the spotlight just now is that of Jacobs and McCarney — Joseph (Yussel) Jacobs and William Lawrence McCarney. As you may gather from the monickers this is a sort of Abie's Irish Rose combination. Also, it is a May and December team. Jacobs is in the early thirties and McCarney in the late fifties.

*Joe Jacobs (left) and his heavyweight champion, Max Schmeling*

Jacobs is a product of the sidewalks of New York. Little Joe, who everlastingly smokes those big cigars, lived the usual life of an East Side youngster. He went to high school and took a commercial course. When he graduated he knew a bit about business and was qualified for a useful but unexciting career as a stenographer.

McCarney originated in the Irish section of Philadelphia. As a youth William divided his time between oratory and amateur boxing. Papa McCarney sent him to the University of Pennsylvania to study law. William liked to make imaginary speeches to the jury but did not care to pore over the law books. He could not see why it was important to learn why Ephraim Johnson was acquitted of stealing chickens in Altoona, Pa., in 1872.

So young William took his life in his own hands and, after the usual experiences of a youngster starting to take the world apart, he drifted into the boxing game as matchmaker and manager.

* * *

IT was not until 1922 that they came to know each other in that old rookery, the Putnam Building, where the Paramount Theater now stands. In 1923 Jacobs, who had been doing a very modest business in the sock market with his office under his hat, suddenly became a man of substance when Mike McTigue, over whom he had spread his managerial wing, burst forth as light-heavyweight champion of the world by outpointing Battling Siki in Dublin on St. Patrick's Day.

Jacobs and McCarney took an office together, but still went their separate ways.

"Why don't we throw in together and work up a big business," said Jacobs one night in the fall of 1925.

"Why not?" replied McCarney.

As simply as that this most famous of present day fistic combinations came about. There was no contract between them. There is none today. There never will be. Yet it is a closer combination than most of those duly sealed by process of law.

In the six years they have been together Jacobs and McCarney have turned over hundreds of thousands of dollars. Yet never has there been any rift between them.

The combination is a hard one to beat. If McCarney, with his blarney, fails to swing a deal, Jacobs moves into action and bullies it through. If one fails the other puts it over.

Jacobs and McCarney claim to have handled more world champions in the days of their partnership than any other combination in the history of the game. Right now their aces are Max Schmeling, heavyweight king, and Frankie Genaro, who is flyweight champion everywhere except in New York and Pennsylvania. They have also guided the destinies of Andre Routis, former featherweight champion; Jack Delaney, who held the light-heavyweight title; Johnny Dundee, retired featherweight boss, and Mike McTigue.

* * *

JACOBS and McCarney developed the business of "managing managers." What's meant by that? Well, something like this. McCarney, who has been in every spot in this country where fights are permitted, at one time or another, probably has a better all-around knowledge of "spots" than any other man in the game. He also has a better line of boxers, or did have, than anyone else. Jacobs, who did most of the traveling after their combination came into being, likewise picked up a wide general knowledge.

Now just put yourself in the place of the average manager around New York. You have a fairly good lightweight, Billy McBiff. In comes an offer from Omaha, we'll say, for McBiff to box One-Poke Peterson, the local pride, ten rounds. The

*Billy McCarney, part owner of Schmeling*

telegram from the promoter offers $750 and round trip transportation for two, with the privilege of 20 per cent of the gate.

The chances are you never have been in Omaha. Probably you never heard of the promoter in question. You have only a hazy recollection of having seen Peterson's name in the fight results of a local newspaper. In short, you don't know what to do about it. So you go to Jacobs and McCarney for advice. For a flat fee or a small percentage of your bit, if you accept the fight, they give you the lowdown.

"What sort of a guy is this promoter?" you ask.

"He's a regular," pipes up Jacobs. "You'll get your dough all right. How much did he offer you?

"Seven fifty, with a privilege of 20 per cent," you say.

"No good," pipes up McCarney. "That fight will net between four and five grand. You ought to get a flat of a grand with a privilege of 22½ per cent. Wire him back that proposition. If you have to, take 900 flat but stick to 22½ as the percentage."

"How will my boy do with this Peterson?" you ask. "What is he, a boxer, or a fighter? Can he punch?"

"I figure your boy 8 to 5 over Peterson," says Jacobs. "Peterson is a rough, tough kid, but not very smart. He's a good puncher for three or four rounds, but not so hot after that. Have your boy keep moving around and don't let him mix with Peterson. Just box him."

"And say," cuts in McCarney, "put in a stipulation for Mike Morgan to referee. He's a square shooter. The other guy out there is strictly a home towner. Make sure you get Morgan."

* * *

AND so, all wised up, you go ahead and do business and everybody is happy. At one time, when their own fighters were not doing so well, Jacobs and McCarney had this business of managing managers built up to huge proportions. They don't bother with it much now.

They also supplied fighters for out-of-town promoters. Many a small town Rickard would wire them for a suggestion as to a suitable opponent for one of the home town heroes. So Jacobs and McCarney worked the game from both ends, and gave satisfaction all around. Telegrams and long distance telephone calls poured into their tiny office in a never-ending stream, especially after midnight, when the rates were lower.

Joe Woodman and George Lawrence comprised another famous New York managerial firm. They split up recently, hoping for a change in a run of bad luck, after being together for perhaps fifteen years. They were famous the world over as the McIntyre and Heath of the sock market.

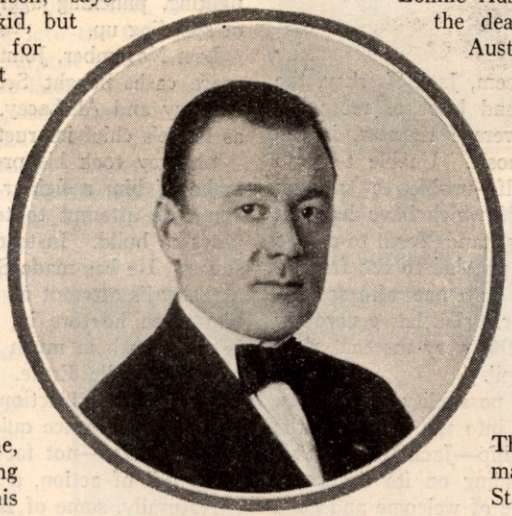
They managed managers and acted as agents for clubs long before Jacobs and McCarney got together but they never made as big a business of that sort of thing as Joe and Billy.

*Biddy Bishop of the famous western firm of Austin and Bishop*

Among the fighters managed by Woodman and Lawrence were Sam Langford, Harry Perrson, Knute Hansen, Freddy Jacks, Mel Coogan, Homer Smith, Jim Tracy, King Solomon, Quintin Romero-Rojas, Salvatore Ruggirello, Francisco Cruz and a Spanish heavyweight named Balza.

Woodman and Lawrence went in for imported fighters on a fairly extensive scale. It was they who persuaded Tex Rickard to kick in with $1,500 or thereabouts to bring over Cruz, the heavyweight champion of Portugal. As a fighter Cruz was not worth fifteen cents. As far as I can recall he never went further than the second round in any bout in this country. If I'm wrong, sue me.

A famous Western firm was that made up of Lonnie Austin and Dan Salt, in Seattle. When the death of Salt dissolved the partnership, Austin took in Biddy Bishop.



*Jimmy Bronson, who for many years was associated in the sock market with Lew Brown as the firm of Bronson and Brown, and later with Dave Miller*

* * *

THE big team in Chicago was Nate Lewis and Tom Walsh. They stuck together for a long time and handled many famous fighters. Jock Malone was their best bread winner. They also had Joe Burman, Johnny Griffith, Joe Welling, Bud Christiano and Eddie Anderson, to mention only a few. There were few shows in and around Chicago without a member of their troupe on the card. They broke up when Lewis went in for matchmaking and joined the Chicago Stadium organization.

Eddie Kane and Billy Long made up another well known Chicago combination. They had Sammy Mandell, Tom Gibbons and Bud Taylor as their mainstays.

It was an unusual combination. Kane was conservative in all ways. Long was and is, a devil-may-care sort, getting rid of his share of the pickings as fast as it came in. Kane put away a good nest egg for his old age.

They came to the parting of the ways several years ago, when Mandell and Taylor were their chief money-getters. Kane took Mandell and Long chose Taylor. (*Continued on page* 45)

# ERNIE SCHAAF, *the* SEA TIGER

## *By* DOC ALMY

BOSTON'S hope of hopes and the dream for years of every red-blooded Hubite—the development and bringing to the front of another John L. Sullivan—seems nearer realization to-day than ever before.

To Ernie Schaaf, the ex-sailor boy heavyweight, has gone the nomination as the one big and best bet to fill the job. In the eyes of his fellow citizens, he is the one pugilist now before the public who has something like a tangible chance of lifting the titular crown from the head of Max Schmeling.

In the supreme test, or even before he reaches it, Schaaf may fail to click as many others have done—may even stumble into the same pitfalls or pitch over the same rocks which have barred ambition's goal to Jack Sharkey, one of his managers.

A majority of Boston's fistic fandom, however, does not think that its latest hero will miss the bull's-eye. They see in Schaaf the making of a king of kings—one fitted to pick up the titular role where the Mighty John laid it down in 1892.

Though Schaaf has been in the ring since 1925, it remained until within the present year for all this favorable sentiment and roseate picture-painting to blossom forth. In fact, the change—one of those clear sky happenings—has all come about within a few months. But, so it is, and Boston and much of the sport world of to-day, is sitting up and taking notice—watching with real interest the now ex-plodder who, having found himself, has reverted to his earlier days and again become as dangerous and formidable a "pro" as he once was as an amateur.

* * *

PARADOXICALLY as it all may seem, Jack Sharkey, the American heavyweight champion and loser of more big chances than ordinarily fall to the average ringster, is the man who has wrought the metamorphosis. Unable to grab the world's heavyweight crown himself—unable to triumph over those forces largely within himself which have led him into more than one humiliation, Sharkey stands forth to-day as a miracle worker. He has brought his protégé to the front—he has instilled new life and ambition into one who seemed destined to become "just another fighter." He has generously and willingly given his best and is at this very moment risking his own eclipse in behalf of his pupil.

The latter has yet to happen but the possibility fully exists. Already Sharkey has developed Schaaf into the holder of the New England heavyweight championship—Jack has at his elbow a ringster who has Boston standing on its tiptoes, a youth who is now receiving the applause of welcome and good will which always boomed forth for his mentor prior to the Mickey Walker fight.

Seemingly Sharkey, though entirely non-commital, has set himself the task of sacrificing his own interests, insofar as fame is concerned, that he may yet triumph in the world's championship victory which he is weaving and welding in the person of Ernie Schaaf.

While such cases have happened before, it is a curious and unusual situation but, as Boston views it, most commendable. The whole idea is bound to be stamped as perfect—truly pugilistically historical—if Schaaf makes the grade—perhaps in 1932 in Miami, Fla., or a few months later in New York.

*Ernie Schaaf*

WE have on our desk a small ink blotter—nothing remarkable in itself—but it bears a couple of pictures of Ernie Schaaf in ring togs, also some publicity propaganda concerning him. This paper blotter—one of thousands—was issued about two years ago by Phil Schlossberg, at that time holder of the reins over the "Sea Tiger," as we have chosen to name Schaaf.

A portion of the blotter publicity sets forth that "Ernie Schaaf, the sensational fighting sailor, is a contender for the world's heavyweight title."

That world's championship contender part of it undoubtedly looked and sounded good to Messrs. Schlossberg and Schaaf—probably interested and even impressed many who had never seen Ernie in ring action. Here in cold, critical Boston, however, it failed to register. It was far from being hot. Few considered Ernie's chances as even warm.

In the opinion of fistic critics, also many ring followers, the boy whom we had seen start out so bravely in the amateurs of four or five years before, the lad who had inspired fear in the hearts of opponents and won fame for himself through his fighting, pnnching aggressiveness—was slowing down instead of speeding up.

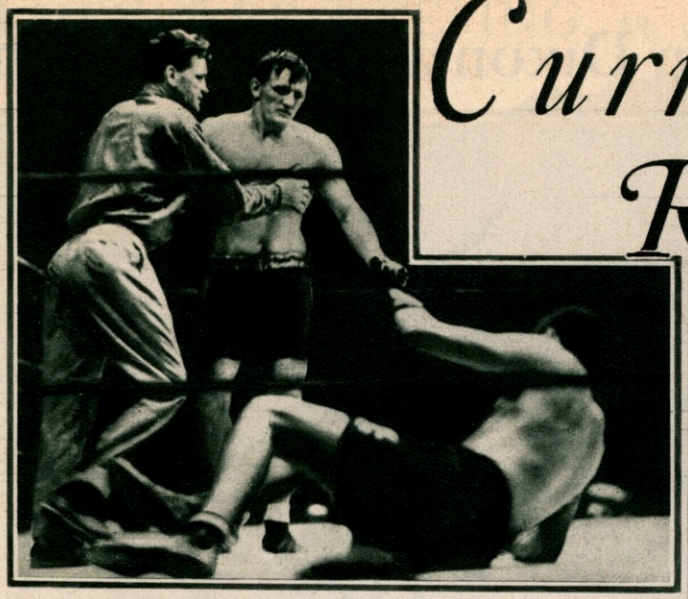
Last November, Johnny Buckley and Sharkey, clubbing their spare cash, bought Schaaf's contract for $12,500. Buckley, Sharkey and Al Lacey, but principally Sharkey, have served as Ernie's chief instructors ever since.

Sharkey took his protégé actively in hand and decided to make of him a fighter instead of a boxer. He was far too smart to attempt to tear down in a month what had taken years to build. Instead Sharkey has changed Ernie's style in stages. He has made Schaaf a two-fisted battler. He laughed at Schaaf's attempt at smart boxing—fancy stuff—but praised him when he tore in, ripped and slugged. Though Sharkey is one on whom much good advice has been wasted, he knew how to handle Ernie. The pupil has followed to the letter his mentor's instruction. And again, curiously enough, wherein Schaaf was once quiet, retiring and bashful, he has become quite a mixer—not fat-headed, but a hail-fellow. In the ring, he is full of action, a menace to any heavyweight.

Naturally, some of Boston's talk has shifted to what Schaaf could do with Sharkey, something which Ernie has done everything to discourage. No matter what his personal feelings may be, he has made it a point always to admit that he has a long way to travel before he can possibly know as much about boxing as his teacher. As for Jack, he leaves no doubt in any one's mind but that he feels able to take good care of the former Elizabeth, N. J., boy.

Under the joint management of Sharkey and Buckley, Schaaf, at this writing, has competed in 14 ring battles and has scored 13 victims, 8 via the kayo route. He has lost but once—a decision to his old foe and rival, the clever Tommy Loughran. Sooner or later Schaaf will meet him again and next time the result is likely to be different. (*Continued on page* 43)

# Current Fights Reviewed



*Campolo counted out by Gunboat Smith, who sends Schaaf to his corner*

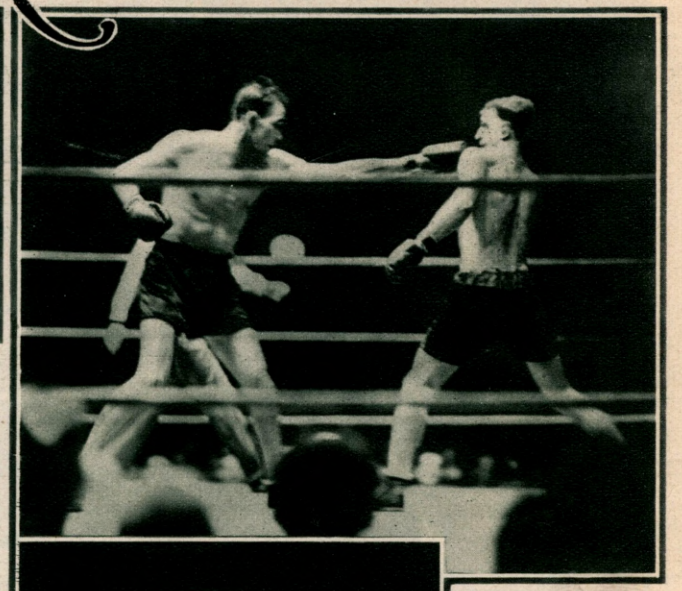
LAST month found two of the leading heavyweights thrown back several pegs, one, Vittorio Campolo, through the medium of a knockout, the other, Charlie Retzlaff, through a shellacking he received at the hands of the veteran Joe Sekyra. In the case of Campolo, it was expected that he would be outpointed by Ernie Schaaf, latest heavyweight sensation, but the Elizabeth gob astonished a small gathering at Ebbets Field in Brooklyn by battering his bigger opponent down to win in the seventh round.

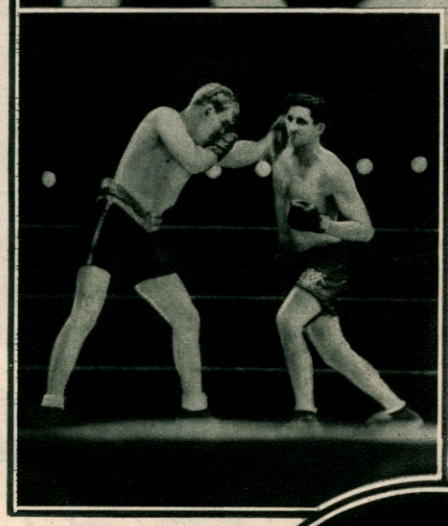
Retzlaff's case was a little different. He was a prohibitive odds-on-favorite, being quoted at ring time as high as 7 to 1. Instead of winning easily as had been predicted, he was almost knocked out in the seventh when the bell came to his rescue. Retzlaff, who had won thirty-two fights by knockouts out of thirty-six, received a severe trouncing. His eyes were puffed and his face battered and through the defeat, he finds it now necessary to build himself back into the front ranks. Retzlaff's setback was the biggest fistic surprise of the summer.

Retzlaff redeemed himself a few weeks later when he again fought at the Queensboro Club and disposed rather easily of Gene Stalney, a Cleveland heavyweight. Gene, a protege of Johnny Risko, proved a target for Charley's wallops. Retzlaff, contrary to expectations, showed no ill-effects from the previous contest, a most encouraging sign for those who predict a bright future for him. The Dayton farmer tore into his man with a vengeance in an effort to overcome the Sekyra defeat and he made good.

While Retzlaff and Hamas find no difficulty in obtaining matches, Poreda, the Hoboken, N. J., star is kept on the sidelines because of the refusal of the leaders to face him. Now that the indoor season has opened, it is possible that Hamas and Poreda will be matched and the winner of that mill will be given an opportunity to clash with Retzlaff. Although such a procedure would eliminate two men, it would only be a temporary setback for each, just as in the case of Retzlaff.

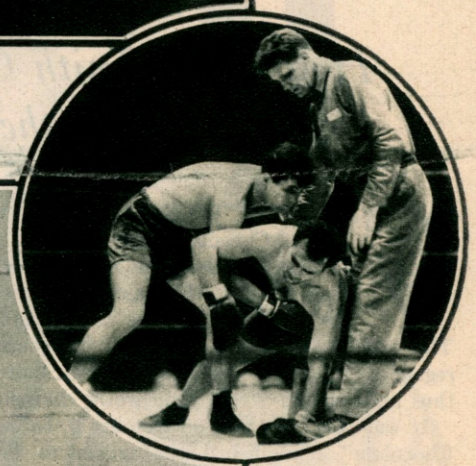
The month also saw the advance of Stanley Poreda and Steve Hamas, two of the bright heavyweight prospects. Abroad there were few fights of importance, the only one drawing attention being that for the championship of Sweden, in which Otto Von Porat knocked out Harry Perrson.



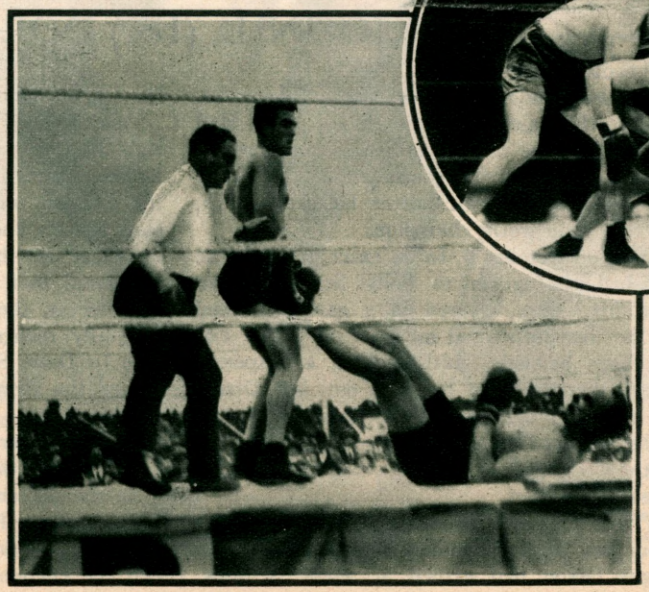


*Charlie Retzlaff (left) and Joe Sekyra in their bout at the Queensboro Stadium*

*A study in fighting faces—Ernie Schaaf (left) and Vittorio Campolo*

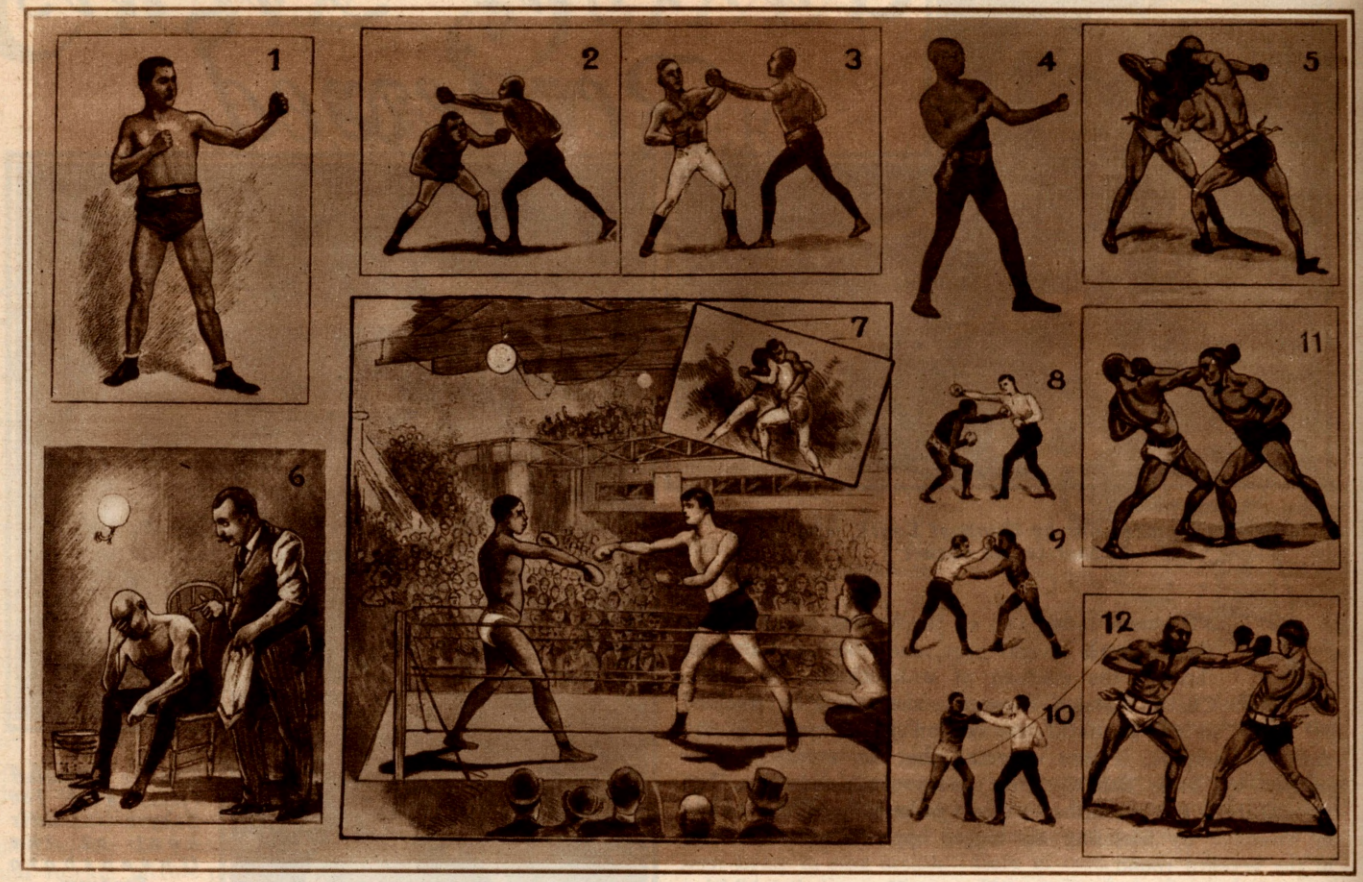


*Steve Hamas, former Penn State star, knocks out De Santos in the first at Ebbets Field*



*When Otto Von Porat landed the haymaker on Harry Perrson in the first in Stockholm*

# Scenes in Bout Between Dixon and Solly Smith




*1—Solly Smith, the sturdy little Californian. 2—Smith lands a heart blow under Dixon's lead. 3—Solly makes a neat stop with the elbow of Dixon's left. 4—George Dixon, "Little Chocolate." 5—Smith rushing matters in the last round. 6—Dixon, heart-broken as a result of the setback, cries in his dressing room. 7—The scene of the great battle between the star featherweights. 8—Dixon lands a left to the body. 9—Dixon reaches rival's body with a left. 10—Dixon crashes a left to the mouth. 11—Solly lands a hard right that throws Dixon back in the eighteenth. Solly, shifting and careful, avoids Dixon's punches.*

# *When Dixon Lost His Crown*

## *How Solly Smith Gained the Verdict Over the Great Negro and Annexed the World's Featherweight Championship*

*By* JOHN L. (Ike) DORGAN

GEORGE DIXON "Little Chocolate" they called him, was one of the few men in American ring history who gained a niche in the fistic Hall of Fame by winning more than one championship. The great little Negro even went his comrades one better by regaining the featherweight title twice after he had lost it, thus making him a four-time world champion.

It was back in 1897, on October 4, to be exact, that "Little Chocolate" relinquished the crown to Solly Smith at San Francisco. He had his colors lowered in a game, thrilling encounter in which he was outpointed most of the way. For twenty rounds the boys battled, Smith making a desperate attempt in the closing round to put his man out, but Dixon, though beaten, was able to avoid the sleep-producing wallop.

At the end of the contest, Referee George Green held up Solly's hand in acknowledgment of victory, and the decision almost broke the heart of Dixon.

The verdict was received with no signs of dissatisfaction among the spectators, but Dixon's handlers were hot under the collar. They thought Dixon had earned at worst, a draw.

Smith was cool throughout the fight and came through without a mark. His blocking and ducking of Dixon's leads were the feature of the fight and kept him out of harm's way.

After the contest there was considerable dispute about the right of the referee to award the championship to Smith, the Dixon cohorts insisting that the title was not at stake. While the London prize ring rules, which provided that championship battles should be fought with bare knuckles were not in effect at the time, the Marquis of Queensberry Rules stipulated that all championship battles shall be to a finish.

However, the public sided with the referee and Smith was generally recognized as featherweight king until he lost the title to Dave Sullivan on September 26, 1898 and Dixon regained the crown from Sullivan the following November.

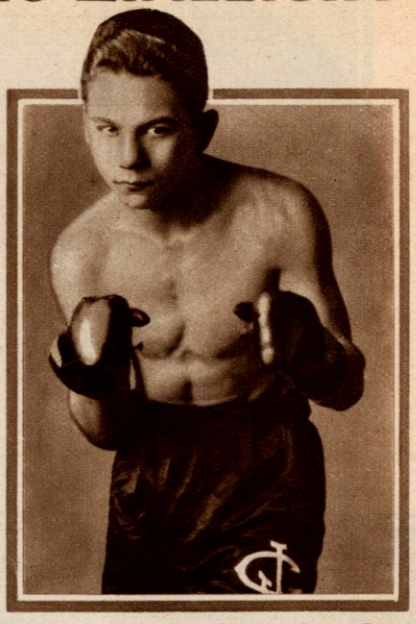
The eleventh round was the best of the fight. In that session blow after blow was landed with terrific force and the faces of both were well marked when the bell ended the round.

In the sixteenth, Smith peppered Dixon's face with lefts and rights and used a pretty straight left that closed the Negro's right eye. From then to the finish, Smith tried desperately to end the encounter with a knockout, but he couldn't get the haymaker across

# THEY ARE KEEPING *in the* FISTIC LIMELIGHT

*Tony Canzoni, classy Utica bantam*

*Phil Rafferty, New York's rugged junior-lightweight*



*Eddie Guida, clever New York Italian 140 pounder*

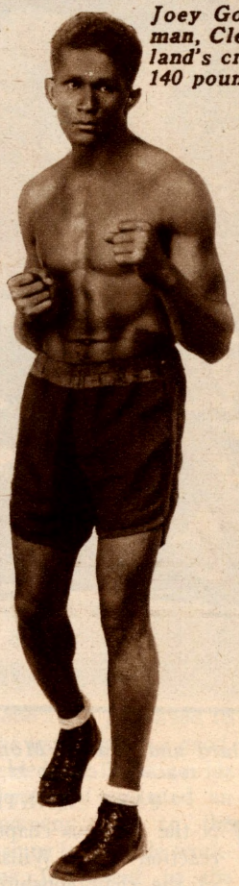
*Joey Goodman, Cleveland's crack 140 pounder*

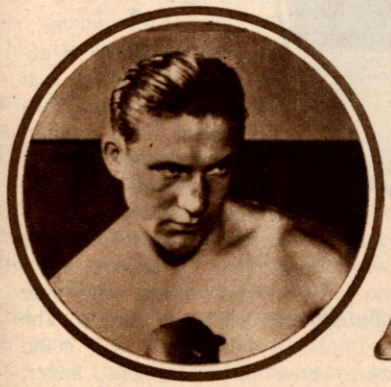
*Georgie Annarino, clever Cincinnati bantam*

*Sergio Radam, Pacific Coast bantam star, now in the East*

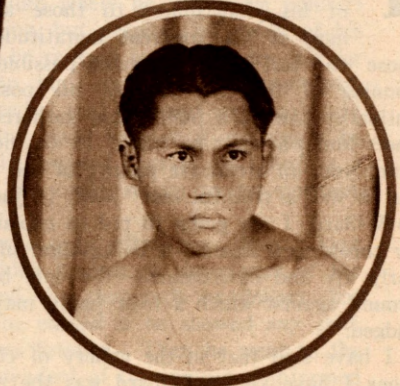
*Marty Goldman, New York's speedy lightweight*

*Joe Tinsley, light-heavyweight from Peekskill, N. Y.*





*Angus Snyder, Dodge City heavyweight contender*

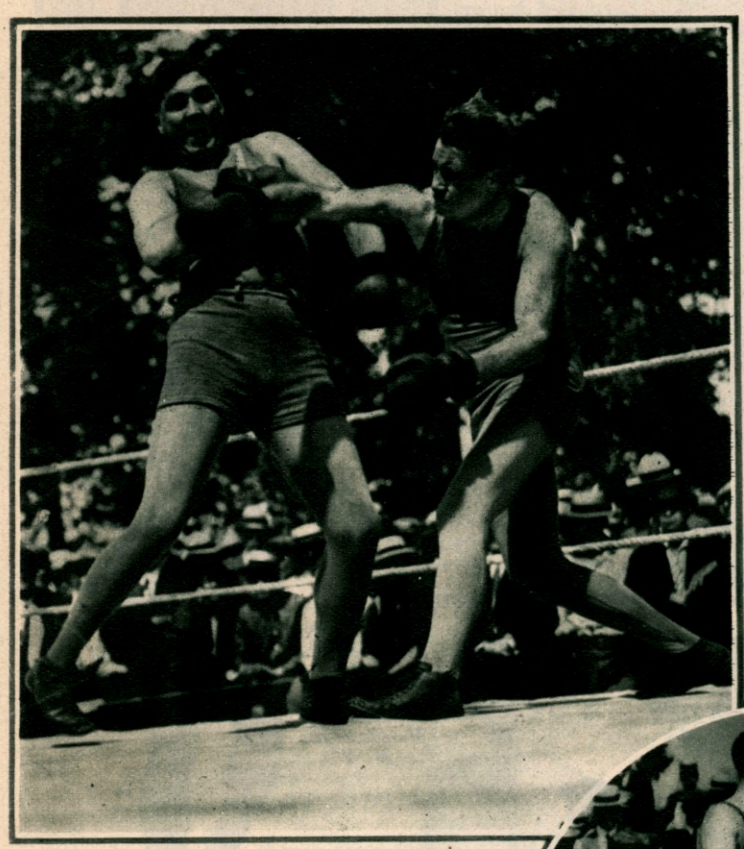


*Battling Bulahan, Philipino featherweight, campaigning in New York*

# MEMOIRS OF A PROMOTER

By JACK CURLEY

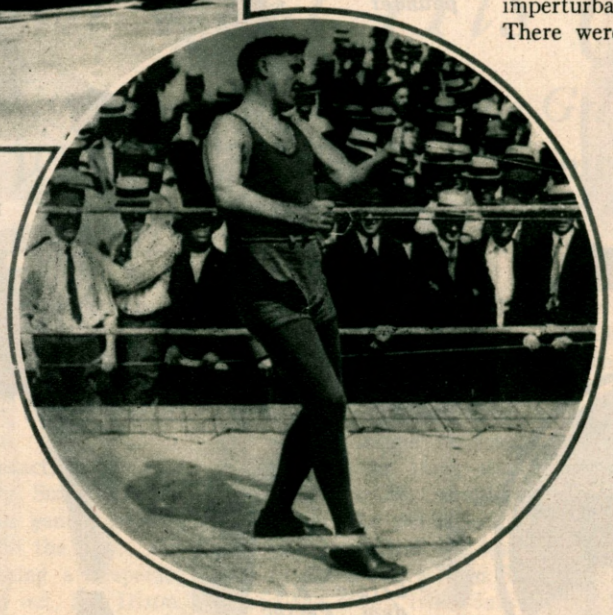
*As told to Frank Graham*



*Willard and Walter Monoghan in Jess' training camp at Toledo*

PART NINETEEN

IN the previous chapter I told of the reaction of Jess Willard to his winning of the championship of the world—of his churlishness to those about him, of his apparent ingratitude to those who had helped to make possible his winning of the title and of his positive antipathy toward a public that gathered to cheer him wherever he went. It was not, I grant you, an attractive picture of the man but it was a truthful one. Now, in justice to Willard, I am going to try to explain it by throwing it against a background of his early life and environment—the only background against which a man justly may be judged.



*Willard working with the pulleys at Toledo*

I have said that in the gallery of champions I have known Willard was the most curious figure. I will add that no public figure ever was as little known and as little understood. Even to-day, when he has passed into retirement and is waxing fat and prosperous in Los Angeles, there exists no real appreciation of the man and his character.

One of the legends about him, generally believed even by those who saw him in some of his fights, is that he was an easy going fellow with no iron in his soul, an amiable giant who was almost incapable of anger. Actually he was cold-blooded, hard as nails and capable not only of anger but of deadly hatred. An eminent lawyer who defended him against a charge of manslaughter growing out of the death of Bull Young in a bout with Willard in California once said to me:

"In the course of a long practice I have defended hard-boiled characters, but never another quite as hard boiled as Willard. He is a man of amazing hardness of mind and character. The tensest moment of a trial comes when the jury has retired to debate the guilt of or innocence of the defendant and at such a time almost invariably the defendant is uneasy and a prey to fear. It doesn't matter whether he actually is innocent or guilty. He knows that his fate rests in the hands of twelve men behind a closed door and that nothing may be added to what they have heard in his behalf.

"When the jury retired to consider the evidence in the case against Willard he sat imperturbable in the court room. There were no anxious questions from him, no sign, however slight, of uneasiness on his part. When the jury returned, he faced them coldly, heard their verdict of not guilty and, without a word, turned his back on them and walked out."

* * *

A SHOW of affection toward any one, including his family, was beyond him, although he was extremely fond of his wife and children and, I believe, of a few others who were close to him. The emotions he could show—and very plainly—were those of resentment, anger, scorn and stubborness. And underlying these, he was embittered to a degree such as, happily, few men with whom I have come in contact have been.

*Williard (right) as he looked when he lost a 20-round bout to Gunboat Smith at San Francisco, May 20, 1913*

Now let us regard his background. Willard was born into a hard world, the son of parents who struggled ceaselessly to wrest a living from the soil of Pottowatomie County, Kansas. And so he grew up, farmer, horse trader, mule skinner.

Married in his early twenties, his struggle for existence quickened and became more strenuous. The farm on which he had settled yielded crops that, in a good year, were worth about $1200 to him at most. Often, he told me, when times were bad and crops not what he had expected, he had less than fifty dollars a month with which to provide for his wife and his growing family.

One year, when his crops were in and he had a little over a thousand dollars in the bank, an affable stranger came to him and unfolded a plan which, he said would enrich both of them. Briefly, it was that they should cross over into Oklahoma, buy horses cheaply, drive them into Kansas to avoid paying high rates for their hauling by railroad and sell them at a handsome profit to Kansas farmers.

Willard, part Indian and a horse trader at heart, rose to the bait. He supplied the capital for an original deal of small proportions that was to test the feasibility of the plan and accompanied his partner on the expedition to Oklahoma. The horses were bought and sold and there was a good profit. So his partner set out again with funds provided by Willard for a big deal.

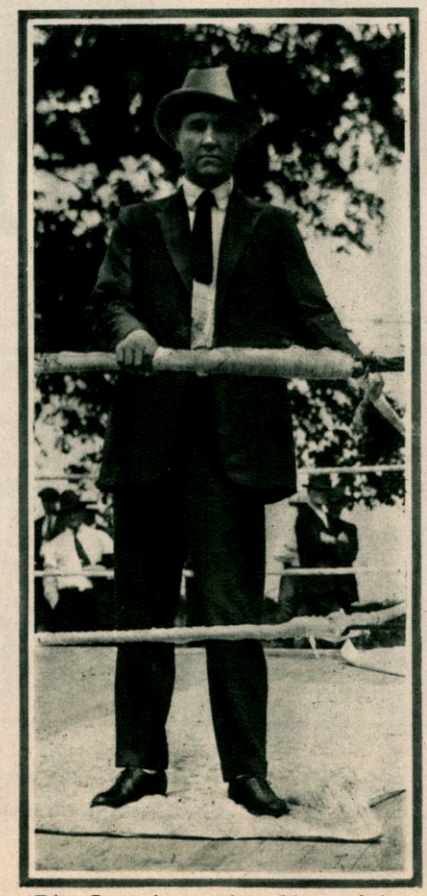
Jess waited for the return of his partner. He waited for days and the days became weeks. Then the realization that he had been swindled dawned upon him. Into the project he had put nearly all the money he had in the world. He set out for Oklahoma in search of his partner and, if he had found him, he would have killed him but his partner had not tarried in Oklahoma if, indeed, he had gone there at all. Jess returned, bitter and moody. This had been his chance to get out of the rut and he had allowed himself to be duped like the veriest simpleton.

* * *

IT was not until a couple of years later that he began to fight. He had no inherent desire to become a fighter and never had had a boxing glove on his hands until he was discovered by a "hobo boxing instructor," who, attracted by his size and strength, had seized upon him as a prospect. The story of his entrance into the field of fistiana is most colorful.

Things were bad for him financially. He had found it necessary to hire himself out and he journeyed to Pocatello, Idaho, where a construction camp was engaged in building a viaduct and there he applied for a position. Jess was accepted as one of the gang and he performed odd jobs with pick and shovel and wheelbarrow.

One day there came to the camp another brawny fellow, who sought work. He called himself the "hobo boxing instructor," and being athletically built, he also was accepted. The camp was known as the Boomer Railway Town and here the newcomer was placed on construction work and worked side by side with Big Jess.



*Big Jess inspecting his training quarters for bout with Dempsey*

The "hobo," who declared that at one time he had been an athletic director, fully realized what big money could be obtained for a good heavyweight "find" and he lost no time in inquiring about Jess' history. Jess, full of pride, had signed under a fictitious name, Rex Langburg, because he didn't want any of the boys to know who he was and that the $4.50 per day which he was earning, was supporting a wife and two children.

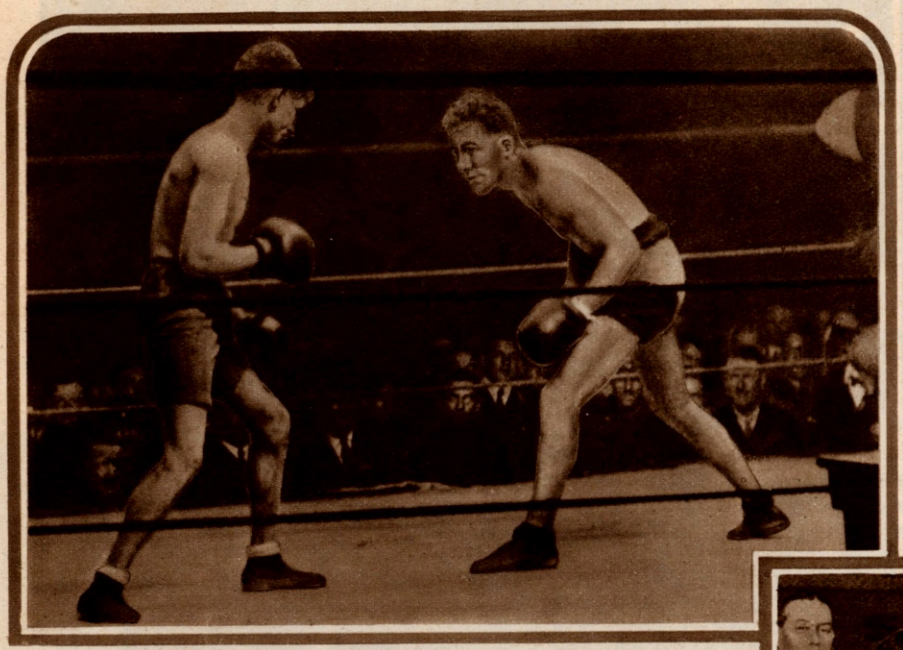
But when the "hobo" had portrayed to him a picture of the earnings of a good, big fighter, he decided to listen to his newly acquired friend and accepted an invitation to accompany him to the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium for a little workout. Several times Jess went to the gymnasium where he was given pointers on boxing, but despite the urging of his friend, he refused to give up his job for what to him appeared an uncertainty. Jess needed that job and its salary and he didn't want to give it up unless he could be assured that if he failed as a fighter, he could return to his position.

* * *

IT was only after the "hobo" kept talking to him of the glories of the ring and the thousands of dollars that might be earned if he showed any skill, that Jess listened. Then he went to the superintendent of the camp and informed him of his desire. John Reily was his name, and the Irishman, a great fight fan, was tickled silly (*Continued on page* 41)

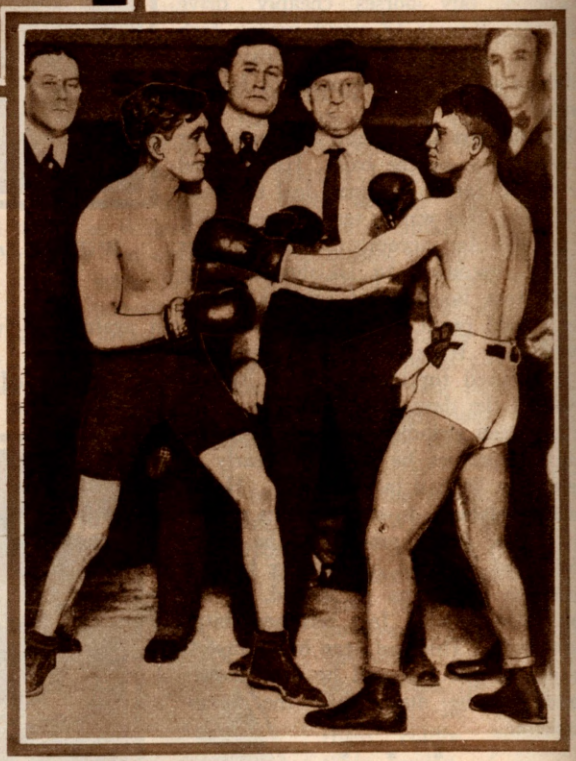
# FAMOUS FIGHTS RECALLED

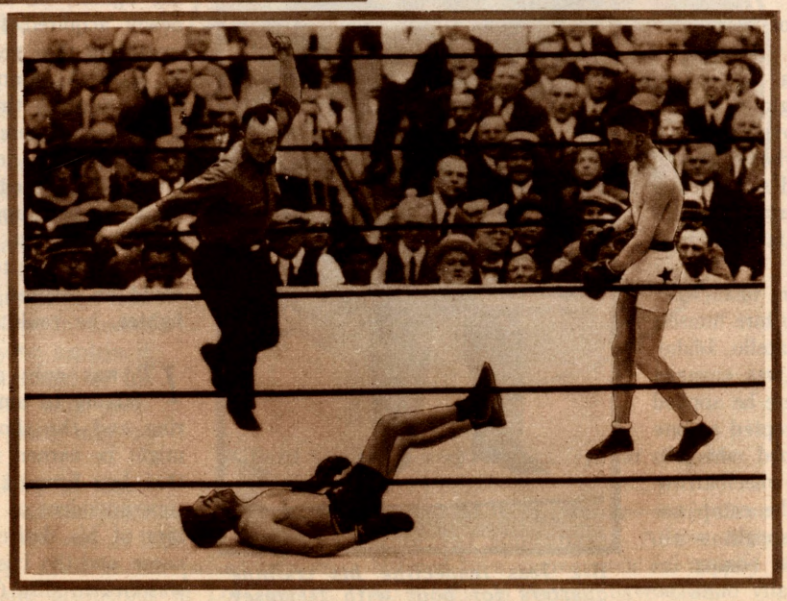
No. 23



*Jimmy Wilde (left), greatest flyweight of all time, and Pal Moore, as they appeared in their 20-round draw in England, in 1920. Wilde, two years previously, had lost to the American in three rounds*

*Do you remember when Benny Leonard was on the verge of a knockout by Ritchie Mitchell in Ann Morgan's Benefit bouts on January 14, 1921? Leonard stopped his opponent in the sixth after saving himself from a K.O. and the loss of his title in the previous session*

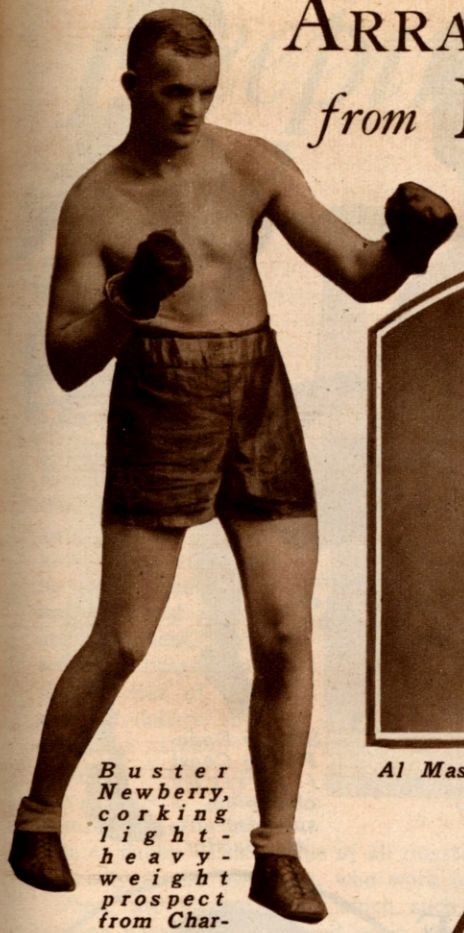




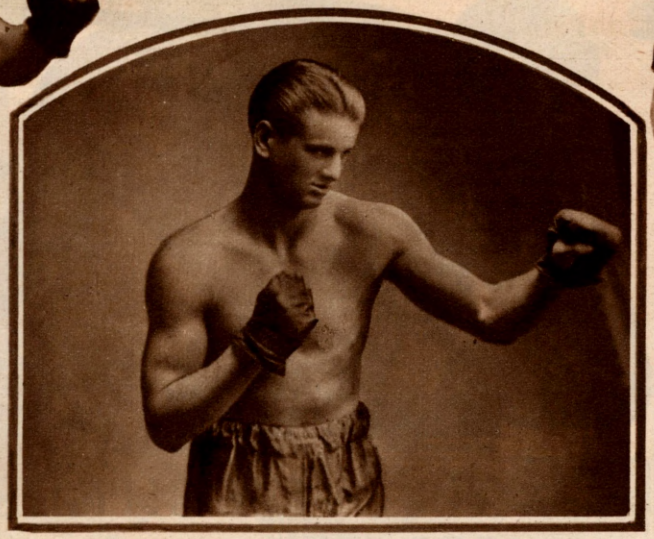
*Johnny Kilbane (left), sixteen years ago, when he was the kingpin of the featherweights, tackled Kid Williams, the bantam champion, in a 10-round no-decision contest that proved a hummer*

*The end of a champion's career. At the Polo Grounds of New York in 1923, Kilbane met his Waterloo when he was knocked out in the sixth round by Eugene Criqui, of France*

# Array *of* Fistic Stars *from* North Carolina

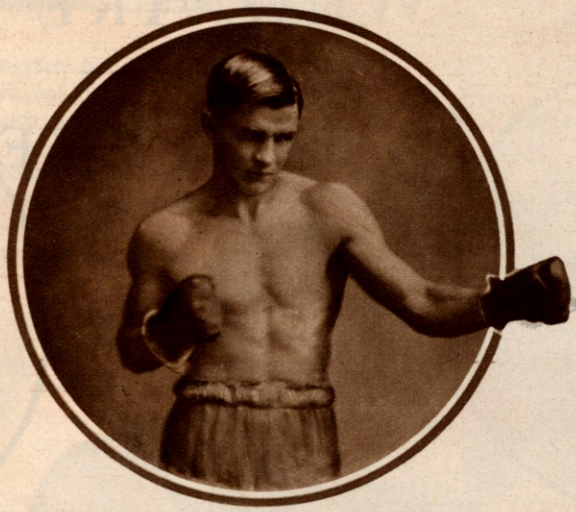


*Buster Newberry, corking light-heavyweight prospect from Charlotte*



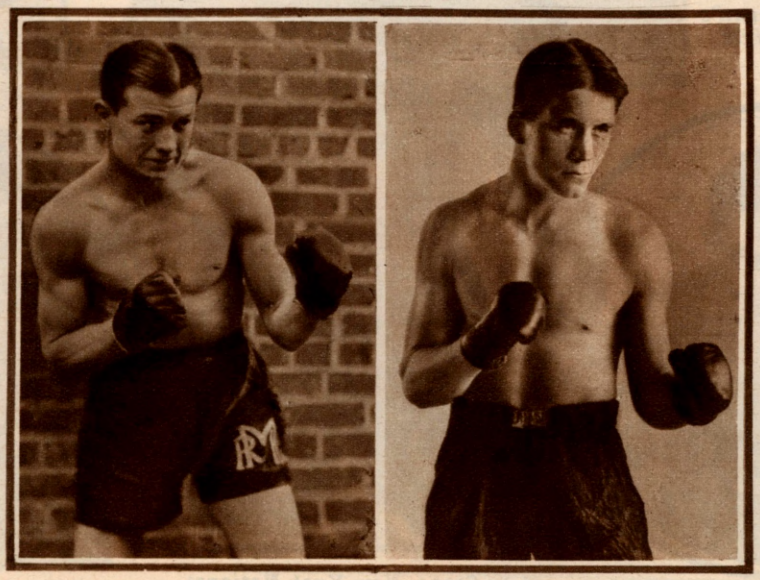
*Al Massey, Charlotte's light-heavyweight youngster*

*Add Warren, hardy Durham heavyweight*



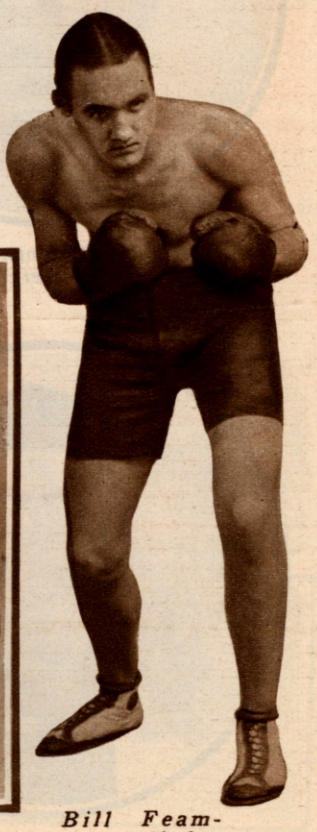
*Tommy McGovern, lightweight from Charlotte*

*Jimmy Swinson, crack lightweight from Charlotte*



*Rufus Miles, rugged welterweight star from Charlotte*

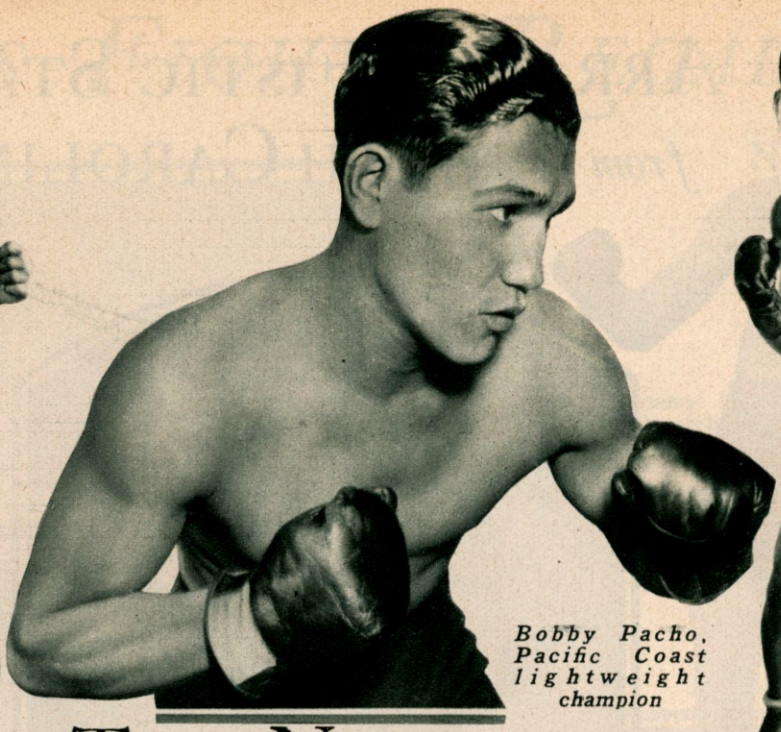
*Dewey Kimrey, promising heavyweight from Norwood*



*Bill Feamster, light-heavyweight from Salisbury*

# TOP NOTCHERS WHO ARE *in the* PUBLIC EYE

*Joe Walters, one of Ohio's leading middleweights*

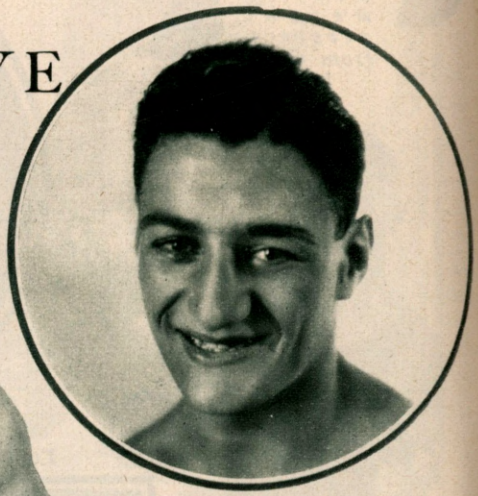


*Bobby Pacho, Pacific Coast lightweight champion*

*Speedy Dado, Pacific Coast flyweight champion, a splendid little battler*

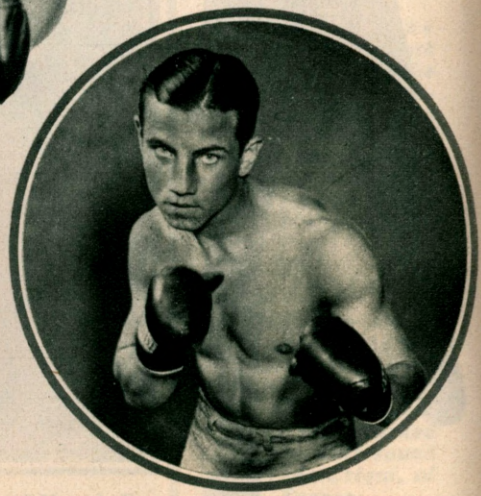
*Joe Dragan, Cincinnati's leading bantamweight*

*Mike Sarko, New York National Guard lightweight champion*



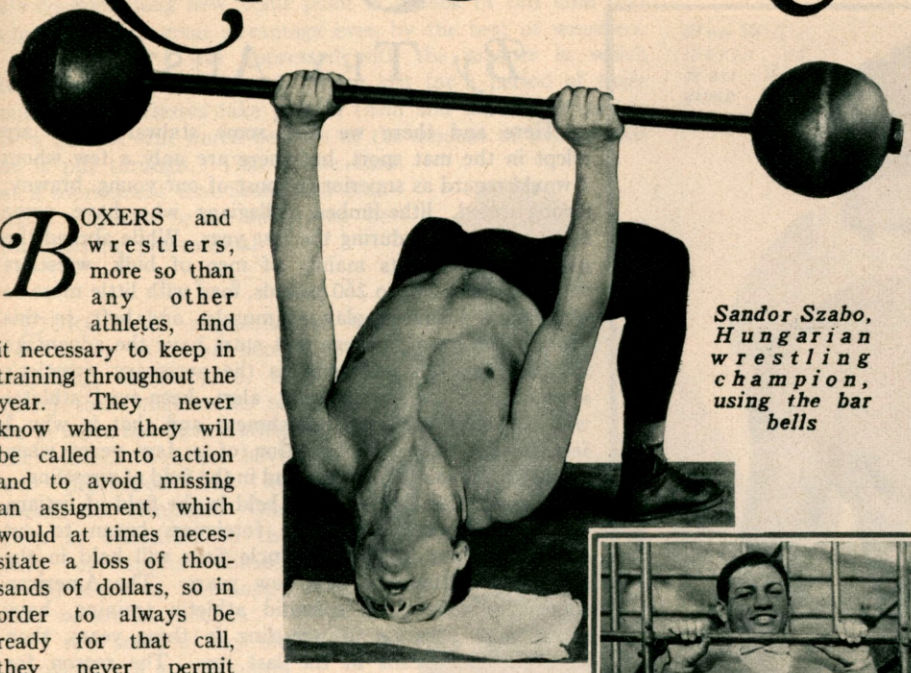
*Andy Saviola, slam bang junior welterweight from New York*

*Freddy Lattanzio, New York's rugged flyweight*



*Petey Hayes, crack New York bantamweight*

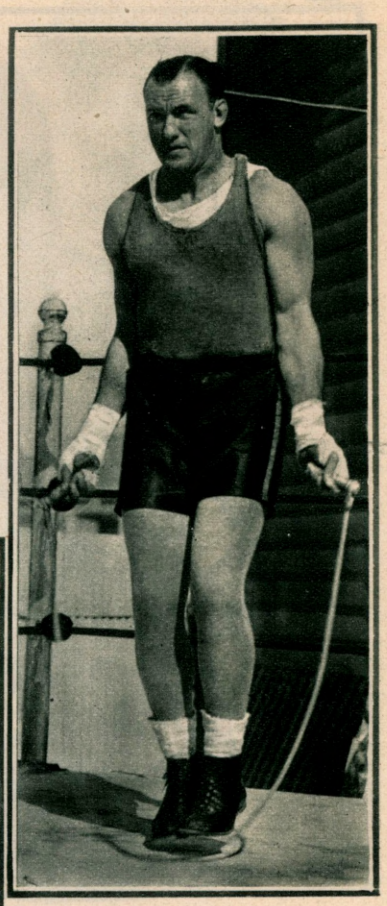
# Keeping in Condition



BOXERS and wrestlers, more so than any other athletes, find it necessary to keep in training throughout the year. They never know when they will be called into action and to avoid missing an assignment, which would at times necessitate a loss of thousands of dollars, so in order to always be ready for that call, they never permit themselves to become stale or flabby. This is true of all ringsters but applies especially to the mat stars, who work out daily.

There are no sports in which such a variety of training paraphenalia is used as in the mat and ring games. The latest fad for muscle building is the rowing machine, which wrestlers, in particular, have found quite advantageous. On this page are illustrated five training stunts of some of the leading stars of the mat and ring.

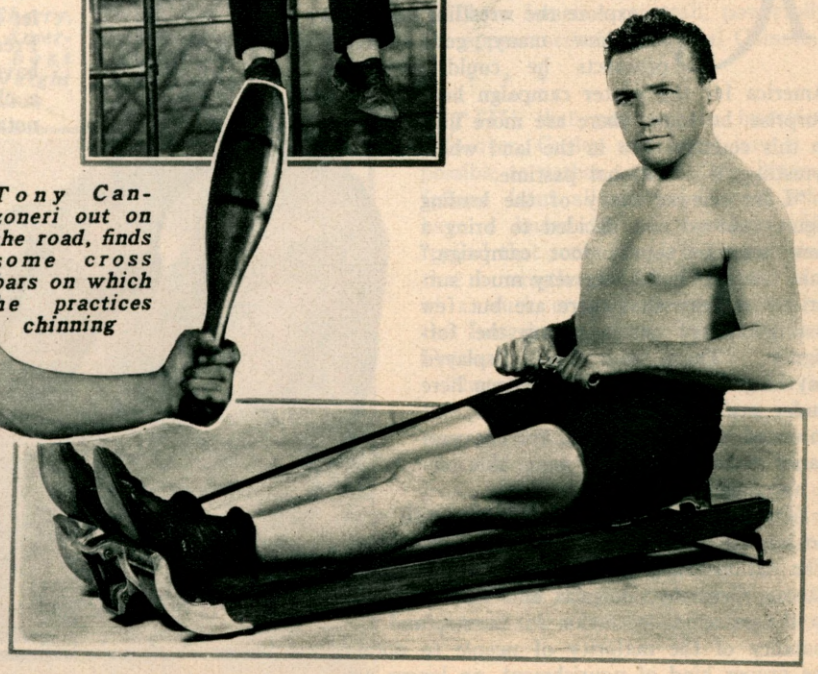
*Sandor Szabo, Hungarian wrestling champion, using the bar bells*



*Jack Sharkey using the skipping rope*

*Tony Canzoneri out on the road, finds some cross bars on which he practices chinning*

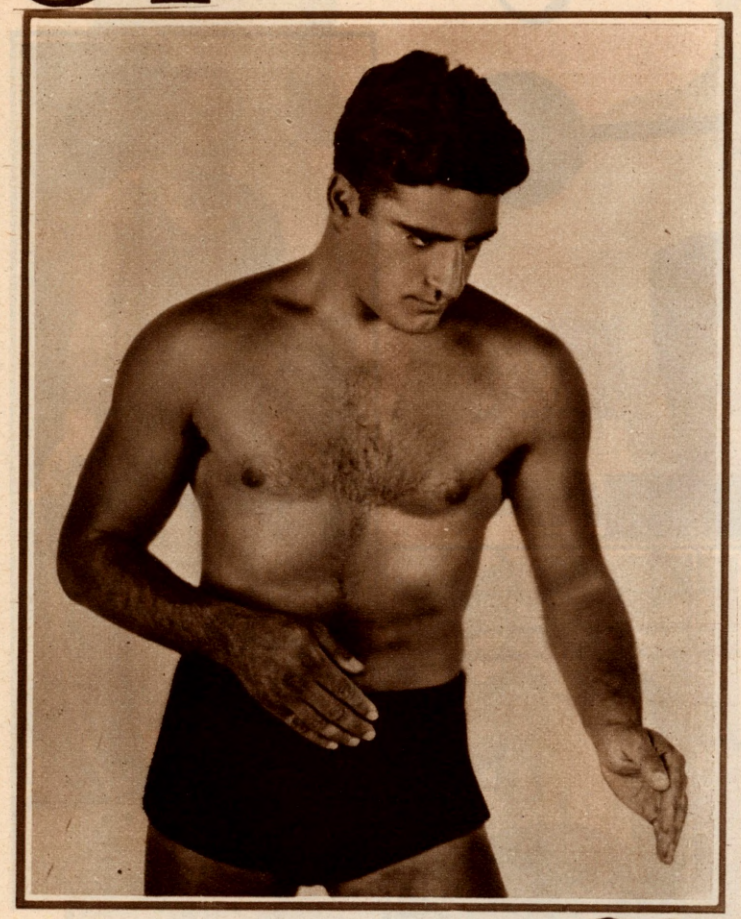
*Jimmy McLarnin, one of the most thorough and systematic workers in the gymnasium, is here taking ten minutes drill with the clubs*



*Alex Hart, former Philadelphia lightweight who fought Benny Leonard when Benny was in his prime, training for a comeback on the new type rowing machine. It is being used by many boxers.*

# America to Fore!

## By Tex Austin

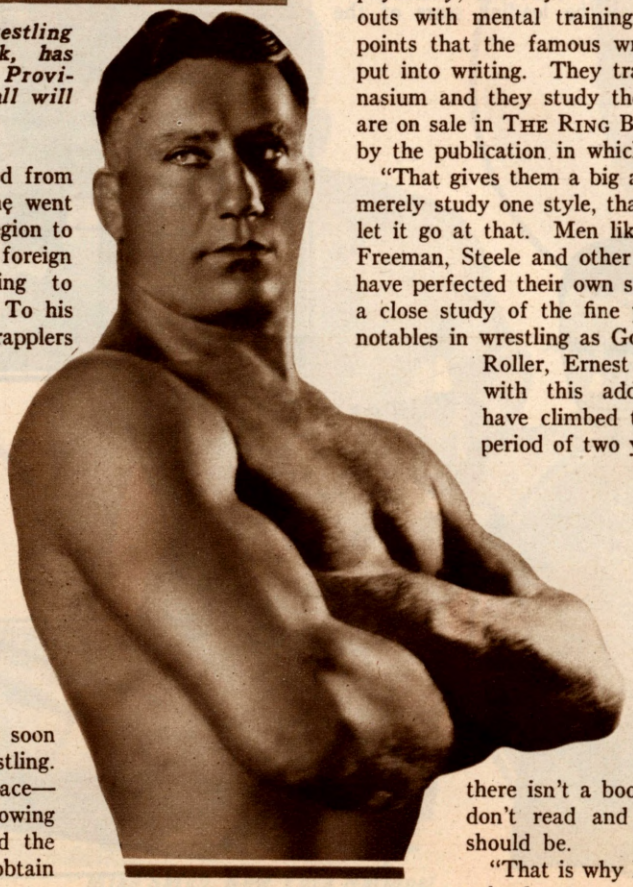


*Sam Stein, the latest Jewish wrestling sensation, who hails from Newark, has been with the Yellow Jackets and Providence pro football clubs and this fall will play with the N. Y. Giants*

RECENTLY Jack Curley returned from a trip to Europe where he went to explore the wrestling region to see how many good foreign prospects he could bring to America for the winter campaign here. To his surprise, he found there are more fine grapplers in this country than in the land where wrestling is a national pastime.

"I interviewed many of the leading figures abroad and decided to bring a few here for our indoor campaign," said Curley, "but I was very much surprised to learn that there are but few real good newcomers among the foreigners. Those who have displayed anything worth while, will be seen here under my jurisdiction this winter, but to avoid complications, I am not prepared at this writing to name the men I have signed.

"From what I have seen, America will soon be leading the world in the art of wrestling. The nations that hitherto had set the pace—Russia, Germany, Bulgaria and Turkey, owing to the extreme depression in Europe and the inability of the majority of people to obtain the proper kind of nourishment, no longer are producing the giant, bulky, strong specimens of wrestlers as in the past.



*George Manich, heavyweight champion of New Jersey*

"Here and there we find some stalwarts who are adept in the mat sport, but there are only a few whom I would regard as superior to most of our young, brawny, strong-armed, lithe-limbed collegians who have come forth with a rush during the last year. While abroad the good talent consists mainly of men of bulk, wrestlers weighing from 200 to 260 pounds, men with little more to show than a fine display of muscles and heft, in this country our young college mat stars have the advantage in that they not only possess the necessary wrestler's strength, but are fast-moving, alert, keen-eyed athletes who can take and give punishment and that is why I feel that it is only a question of a few years when America will hold the upper hand in the field of wrestling.

"The prestige that America held in the field of fistiana until recent years when the foreigners began to cut deeply into our leadership, Uncle Sam will hold in the mat sport within the next few years. The American collegians, with their splendid athletic training, have made more progress in wrestling in three years, than have the Europeans in the last ten. The reason for this is simple.

* * *

"THE Americans, whether they be college or high school boys or just lads who find themselves physically fit for such a strenuous competition as is met in wrestling, are not satisfied to let good enough alone. Unlike the European wrestlers who do all their training physically, our boys combine active physical workouts with mental training. They absorb the good points that the famous wrestlers of the past have put into writing. They train regularly in the gymnasium and they study the various books, such as are on sale in The Ring Book Shop which is owned by the publication in which this article appears.

"That gives them a big advantage over those who merely study one style, that of their instructor, and let it go at that. Men like McMillen, Dr. Wilson, Freeman, Steele and other American stars not only have perfected their own style, but they have made a close study of the fine points possessed by such notables in wrestling as Gotch, Hackenschmidt, Dr. Roller, Ernest Roeber and others, and with this additional knowledge they have climbed to the top rank within a period of two years.

"That is what impressed me most in my European tour. Our youth take to the sport with a keenness such as few in other countries display. Our boys never leave a thing undone. Once they set their mind to becoming a wrestler, there isn't a book on the sport that they don't read and absorb. That is as it should be.

"That is why I have consented to write a book on wrestling, its finer points and its history, with the collaboration of Nat Fleischer, The Ring Editor. There is

# *Europe's Wrestling Supremacy Has Been Broken Down by Men From This Sidd*

always something new, some point in a book of this kind that can be used to great advantage even by the best of wrestlers.

"In Europe I was impressed with the manner in which tournaments are conducted. Some last for a period of three months. All classes take part in them and the winner has to be a man of real worth because of the amount of competition he is put through. That is the kind of a tournament that Szabo and Stanislaus Zbyszko before him, won before turning professional.

* * *

"EUROPEAN grapplers are most eager to come here. Anything, they figure, is better than what seems to be in store for them during the winter. We here have our depression but we should not complain. One peep at conditions in the field of sports abroad, would make us feel happy that we are in America.

"I saw some of my old acquaintances in the sports field who wanted me to take them to New York where they would be happy to perform for me for just enough to assure them of a comfortable winter, but their days as wrestling stars are passed, and American sportsmen will not pay to see any but the leaders, and for that reason I was compelled to turn a deaf ear to their pleas.

"Nothing but the best has been my motto ever since I've been a promoter, and this winter and spring will be no exception. I have cornered the market abroad. In addition to signing the best of the European matmen, my agents have garnered the cream of the talent in Asia.

*Wee Willie Davis of West Virginia University*

*Jack Sherry, one of America's best heavyweight wrestlers*

"We will show several star Indian wrestlers and may yet bring over two great wrestlers from the lost tribe of Israel, Mongolians. We are having a little difficulty in obtaining permission to bring them here, but we expect to overcome this and if so, American fans will see the first international competition with a member of the original Israelite tribe as one of the contestants. These Israelites are tall, powerfully built fellows and have the appearance of the typical Chinese."

* * *

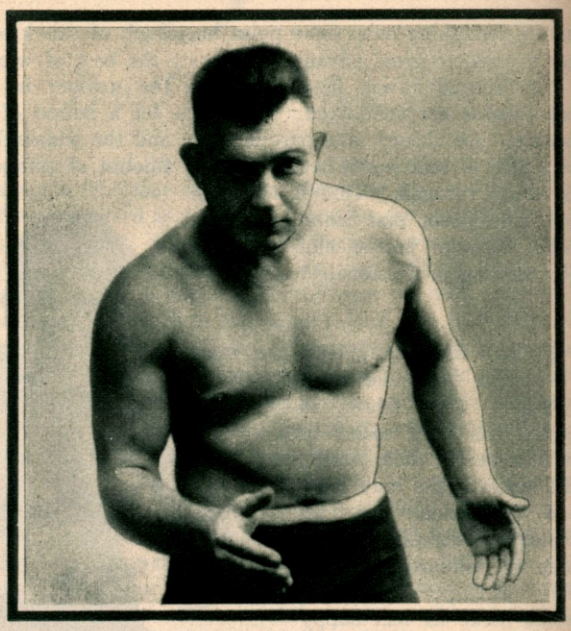
WITH that part of the interview over, Curley was asked how it is possible to gather so many big, brawny fellows from all over the world who have a knowledge of wrestling. He replied that some people seem to think that a wrestler is taken off the back of a truck or must be a member of the Longshoremen's or Piano Mover's Union.

That he explained, is far from the fact. Most of the wrestlers, even those who hail from Europe, are well educated men, the majority of whom have either gone through college or through secondary school. Some have doctor's degrees, others, like Zybszko, have three or more degrees. In that respect the wrestlers differ from the fighters, few (*Continued on page 45*)

***Jack Reynolds, holder of the world's welterweight title demonstrating his favorite hold, the rear leg split***

# READY *for*

*Gene Bruce, the pudgy Scandinavian*

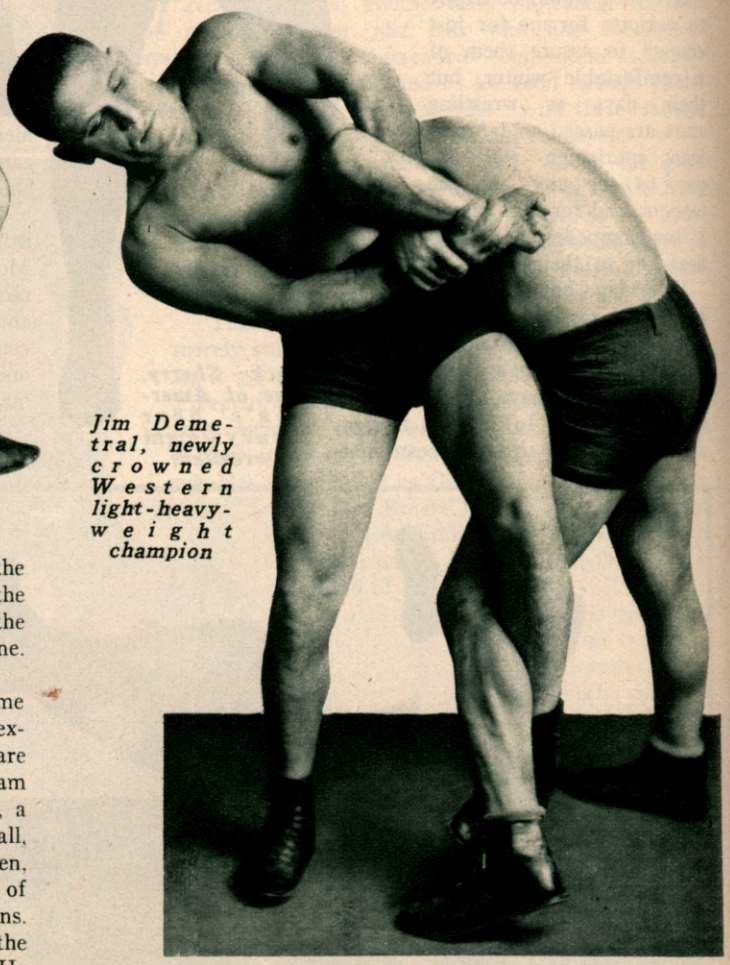


*Mike Romano, veteran New Orleans Italian who is a favorite in Eastern States*

WHILE Jack Curley and agents from other wrestling camps have been scouring Europe for new talent, the majority of the foreigners who were active during the last indoor season have extended their stay in this country in order to be on deck for what is certain to prove the greatest year in the mat sport since the days of Gotch and Hackenschmidt. And in order to keep their heads above water during the summer, these foreigners keep on the jump almost daily, competing at county fairs, benefit shows and in the sticks while the big shots either remained idle or took part in only occasional matches.

*Dan Koloff, the Bulgarian Lion, a favorite in the middle West*

Now that the indoor season is officially opened, the promoters have plenty of good talent to select from for their cards, for in addition to the acclimated foreigners, they have both the newcomers and the American collegians rarin' to go. From all appearances, the fall and winter campaign will be an exceptionally good one.



*Jim Demetral, newly crowned Western light-heavyweight champion*

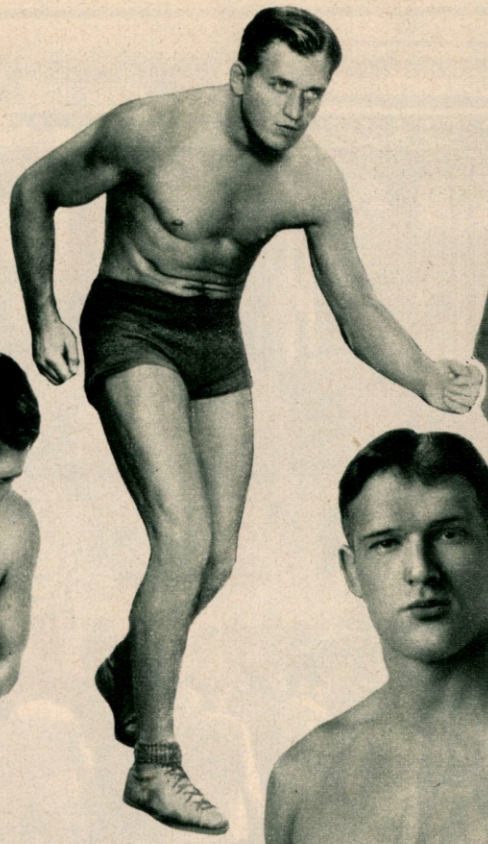
AMONG the more prominent of the boys who have come to the front in the past few months and who are expected to cut quite a figure in the present indoor season, are Nick Lutze of California, Steve Znosky of Poland and Sam Stein, the professional football star of New Jersey. Lutze, a Coast life guard, has been making rapid headway. He is a tall, rangy fellow, built much like Jim McMillen, and like McMillen, he is a college-bred lad. He is a graduate of the University of Southern California and has made a hit with Eastern mat fans.

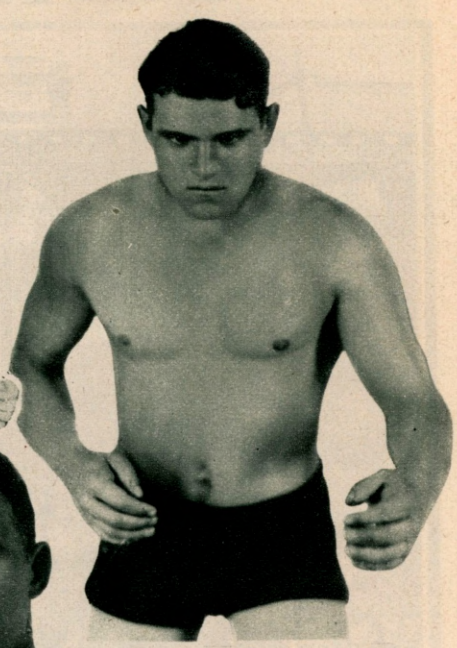
Lutze made his mark on the gridiron before entering the wrestling game. In addition, he was an all-around athlete. He stands 6 feet 1 inch and weighs above the 200-pound mark.

In Steve Znosky, the American Pole, this country has a bright prospect. Steve, born in the middle west, has been ompeting in that section as a professional for a little more than a year and a half, and until the past summer, was not seen in an Eastern match. In his first appearance here he made such a hit that he was one of the headliners in most of the big shows staged during the hot spell.

# INDOOR CAMPAIGN

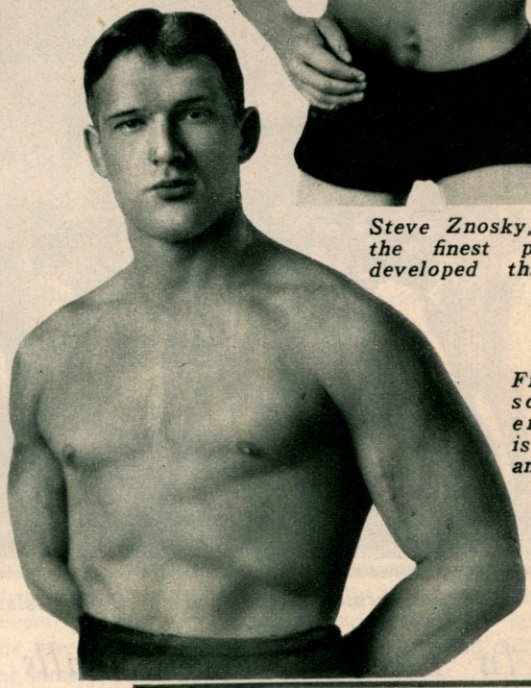
*Znosky, Stein and Lutze Gain Limelight—American Collegians Come to Fore with Rush*





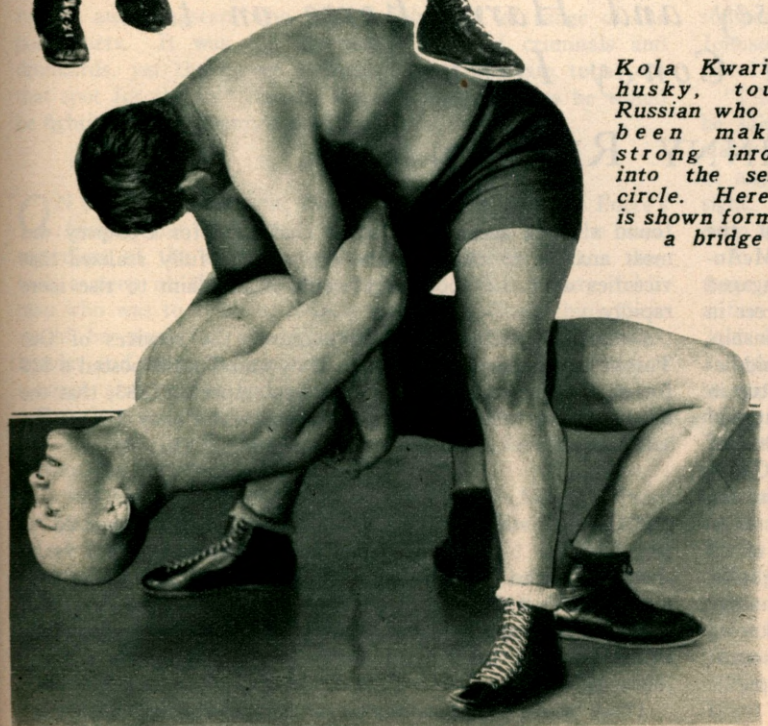
*Steve Znosky, one of the finest prospects developed this year*

*Nick Lutze, Californian life guard who is ready for a winter campaign*

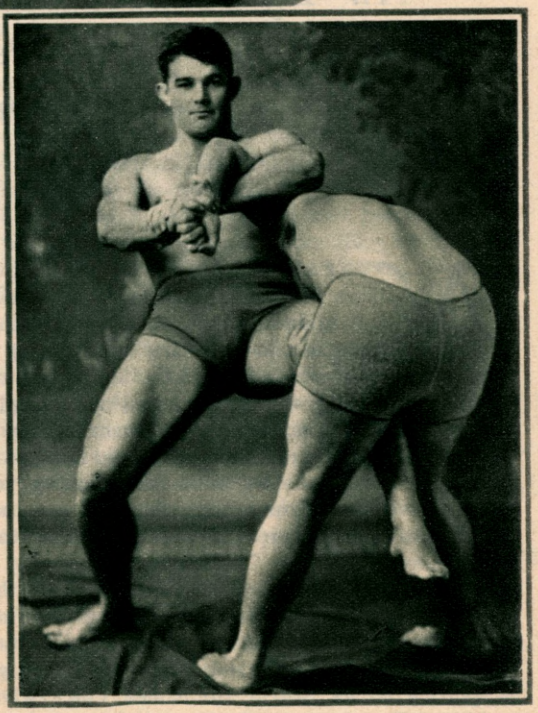


*Frank Judson, veteran who is still up among the leaders*

*Sun Jennings, the Haskill Indian, demonstrating a headlock*

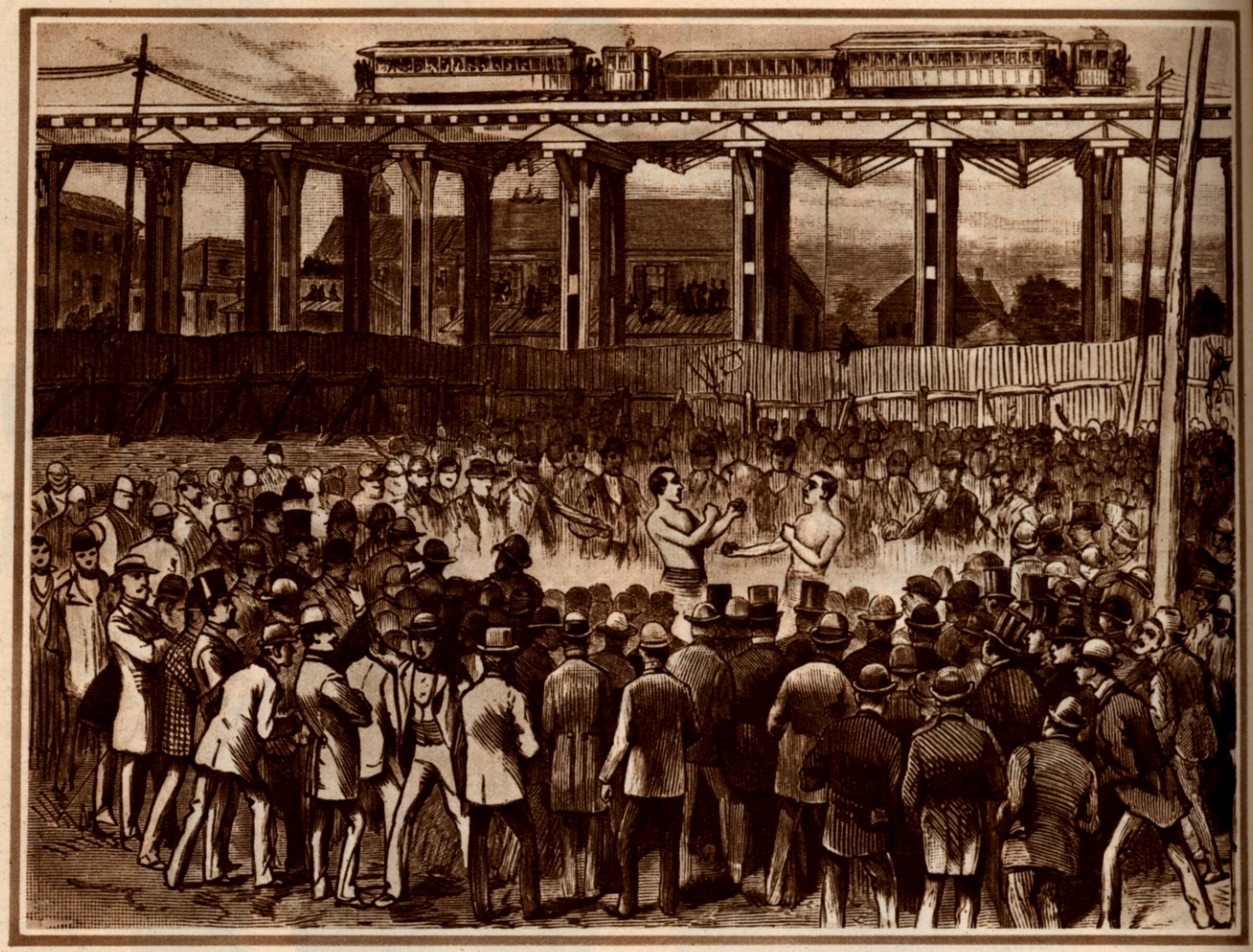


*Kola Kwariani, husky, tough Russian who has been making strong inroads into the select circle. Here he is shown forming a bridge*



*Gino Garibaldi, busiest Italian wrestler in the East*

# The MILL on the SANDS



*How the ring was formed in the sands of Coney Island for the Force-Dempsey battle on September 3, 1883*

## *An Eye Witness Recalls the Famous Fight Between Nonpareil Jack Dempsey and Harry Force on the Beach at Coney Island*

### *By* JOHNNY REAGAN

NONPAREIL JACK DEMPSEY, one of the "Three Famous Jacks" of pugilism—McAuliffe and Sullivan being the others—engaged in many thrilling fights during his career in which he held the lightweight championship, was the outstanding welterweight and had gained the middleweight crown. As a lightweight, he fought his way to the top in the first year of his career although he did not gain international recognition as title holder until the following year. One of the most vicious of his early contests, was that at Coney Island with Harry Force, a bout that was stopped in the eleventh round.

At the time, the name of Dempsey was on the lips of all the leading figures of fistiana. Every fighter who thought he could gain the limelight at our hero's expense, took advantage of the situation by challenging him. Captain Daly, well-known in sporting circles, had a lad named Force who he thought could stop Dempsey, and he, like others, rushed into the public print with an offer to have Force meet the Nonpareil for a side bet of $100. Force having already gained a reputation, found a quick acceptance to his challenge, for Dempsey was most anxious to climb to the top and he fully realized that victories over the good boys would enable him to rise more rapidly.

Dempsey by this time had acquired the services of Gus Tuthill as a backer, and Captain Daly and Tuthill posted a $25 forfeit for the match. It was on September 3, 1883, that the battle was to take place and the scene was Coney Island, the bailiwick of Force, who was quite popular at that resort.

* * *

THE lightweight class as such was hardly recognized at the time. The division had had no leader for four years, since 1879, when Arthur Chambers had fought his famous 136-round battle with Johnny Clarke, in which Chambers almost killed his opponent. That contest had scared the champion to such extent, that he had dropped out of the game and left the title vacant.

There were many claimants to the crown, but none were recognized because the division had lacked class after Cham-

[*The author of this article was one of the greatest skin-tight glove fighters of forty-five years ago. He was a participant in one of the most historic turf battles, that with Nonpareil Jack Dempsey in which he was knocked out in the forty-fifth round. It was a thrilling encounter. That bout started in the morning in Flushing and after the incoming tide had flooded the ring, the battle ground was moved to Sand's Point, L. I., at the end of the eighth round. It was that contest that gained full recognition for Dempsey as middleweight king.*

*Reagan later promoted fights at the Seaside Club of Brooklyn and now is an inspector of boxing for the New York State Athletic Commission.*]—*Editor's note.*

***A scene in the third round. Dempsey swings his left to the jaw and almost drops Force***

bers had quit. But when Dempsey appeared on the scene and revived the interest, the sporting crowd began to hail him as a second Billy Edwards, a famous American lightweight. The fans felt that in Dempsey, they had discovered a new gink.

As Jack Boylan, the Irish title holder, had been whipped badly by Dempsey, the latter held the upper hand in the titular claim. But Charley Norton, an Englishman living in Newark took issue with Dempsey. He asserted that he, being the English champion, had a better right to the honors than any man in the field but when Dempsey challenged him Norton refused to accept.

The Norton-Dempsey feud grew hot. Finally Norton figured that he would get Dempsey out of the way through the medium of Force, who also was an Englishman, and that is why the match with Force was arranged.

The Coney Island where that fight was staged, was a far different place than the seashore resort of to-day. At that time it was the hangout of the derelicts of New York, the ruffians and gangsters who were keeping out of range of the police nets. It was the dumping ground of criminals and drunkards, yet the clever Dempsey didn't hesitate to accept that spot for the mill despite the fact that he knew he would be fighting in the enemy's domain.

* * *

ON the day of the fight, Dempsey fully realized that Force's friends, out in droves, were there to see that he won, regardless of the actual outcome of the battle. When they took a peep at the skinny, soft-skinned Williamsburg Irishman who was to clash with their man, they didn't think there would be need for any interference, for Force was older, heavier and more experienced, and carried the scars of many a rough and tumble fistic encounter.

But they soon learned otherwise, for the affair proved nothing less than a scientific slaughter with the Englishman the victim, the Irishman, the hero.

It was agreed to have the fight take place in Elliott's Theater at Coney Island, but when the men appeared there, they found that the hall already had been engaged for a Negro convention and it finally was decided to have the men fight on the sand. The 300 spectators who had made the trip from Long Island, formed a ring and the fighters stripped for action.

Both fought hard with Force on the receiving end throughout most of the mill. Force rushed and swung and his adversary side-stepped and countered. He cut Force to ribbons with his slashes. As the men fought with skin-tight gloves, the bruises were terrific.

* * *

THE third round was a most exciting one, with both men throwing punches at each other at a mile a minute clip. A right hand swing caught Dempsey on the back of the ear and hurled him clean across the improvised ring. When the Brooklynite regained his equilibrium, he rushed his man and in a general mixup, he landed many telling body punches and several to the face that had a jarring effect. A left swing to the jaw caused Force's knees to sag and he had difficulty keeping himself in an upright position.

Just before time was called for the fifth round, a man stepped into the ring and announced that he was H. L. Johnson, a deputy sheriff and emphasized his remark with a pistol in one hand and a short club in the other.

"I have got the head constable in this town to back me," he said, "and I order this battle stopped." The head constable was behind him at the time, and before each was aware of any hostile move, both were grabbed and hustled out of sight. Both were disarmed, but not before the sheriff had a deep gash made in his forehead by the butt of his own gun.

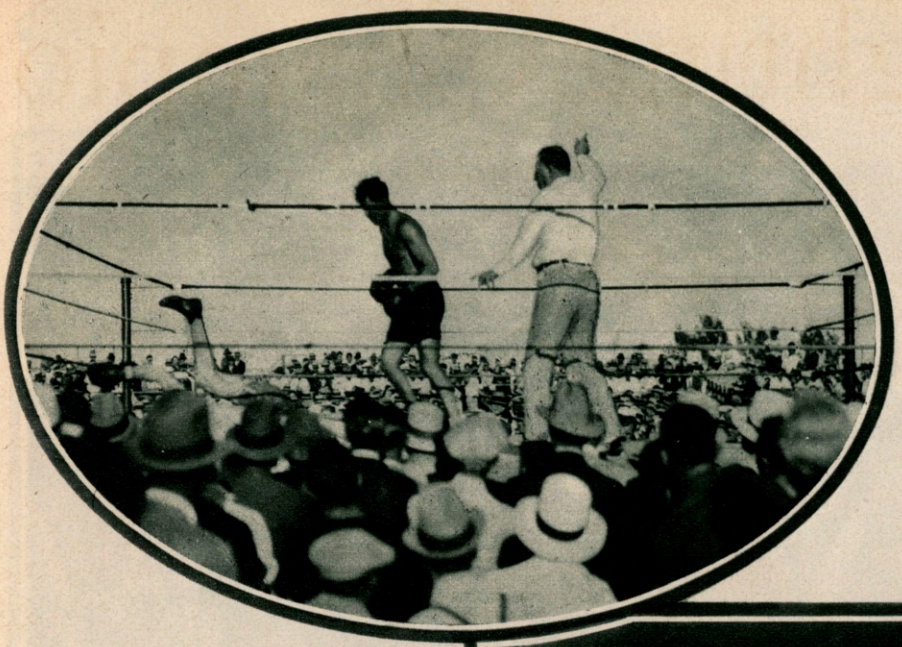
In the interval, both fighters got their wind. For four more rounds they fought, and during that period Force made a fine uphill battle. At the end of the eighth round, Chief John Y. McKane of Coney Island, rushed into the ring with a squad of police. A general stampede followed. The spectators broke through a fence, tumbling pell-mell over each other in their mad efforts to escape.

If that contest had been decided on its merits, Dempsey would have won for he had his man hopelessly beaten when the police interfered. Referee Harding ordered the men to continue the affair on September 17, a fortnight later, but Force, through some misunderstanding did not appear.

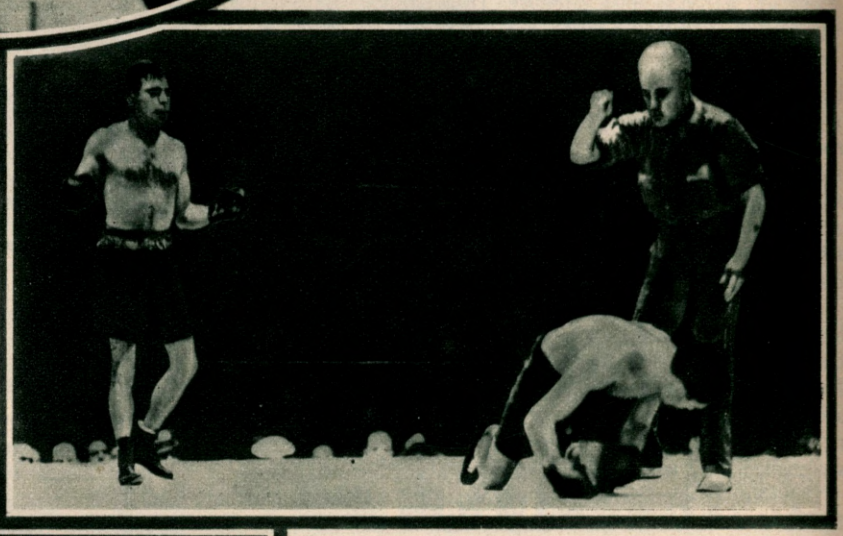
As Dempsey was on the ground, a purse of $50 was subscribed for Soap McAlpine and Dempsey to box an exhibition. After sparring four rounds, in which Dempsey knocked Soap through the ropes twice, the referee decided to call it a draw.

Fights were fights those days. No hemming and hawing. There was not a moment of idleness in those contests and the Dempsey's reward in both bouts, reached less than $100.

# Camera Clicks in Recent Bouts

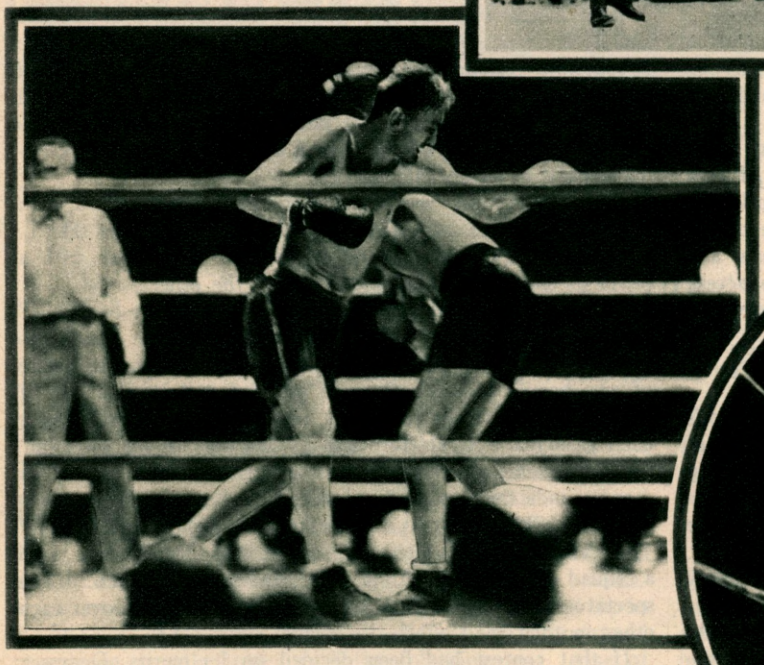


*Out in Reno, Nevada, Sammy Baker kicked aplenty when he was dumped outside the ropes with a left hand clout delivered by Jack Dempsey*

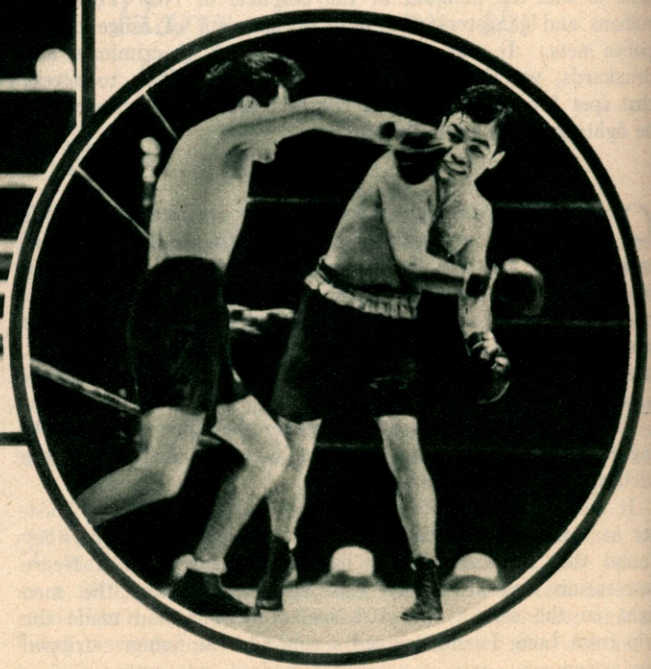


*When Berg was fouled, he fell to the canvas and had great difficulty getting to his feet. That punch took a lot of steam out of Berg*

WHEN Jackie Kid Berg of England clashed with Tony Canzoneri at the Yankee Stadium in their third engagement, the Whitechapel idol proved a target for an avalanche of terrific punches. One blow that Tony tried to land in the stomach went low as



*A scene in the Retzlaff-Sekyra bout in which Sekyra almost had his man out in the seventh round*



*Berg landing an effective right to Canzoneri's chin in the seventh round, after a left hook had staggered the Englishman*

Berg came rushing towards the champion and the punch put Jackie down for a count of nine. The fight proved beyond further doubt that Canzoneri is Berg's master.

While that fight featured the month's performances, several other high class shows were staged, in one of which the highly-touted Charley Retzlaff met with a setback at the hands of the veteran Joe Sekyra, who won a ten-round verdict.

And while these bouts were taking place, Jack Dempsey was busy on the Coast priming himself for a comeback.

# *The* Fighting Champion

## *By* THE RING EDITOR

TONY CANZONERI, lightweight king of the world, is one of the few champions of recent years to whom the appelation of "The Fighting Champion," may be affixed. Not in many years have we had a title holder more eager to defend his crown against all comers, than little Tony. That accounts for his popularity.

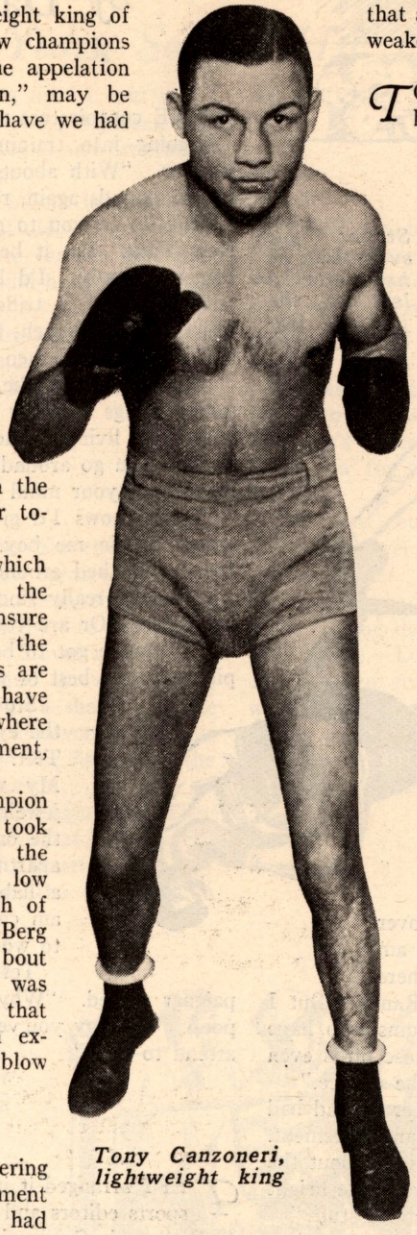
When Canzoneri successfully defended his crown against the assault of Jackie Kid Berg at the Polo Grounds of New York recently, he gave a demonstration of relentless hitting that has not been on view in a lightweight championship fight since the retirement of Benny Leonard. He convinced the fans that he is the master of the division and that within the limit of his class, there isn't a fighter today who is his equal.

Two unfortunate fouls, one of which slowed up Berg from the eighth to the fifteenth round, drew considerable censure for Tony, and fortunately for him, the fight was staged in a state where fouls are not recognized, otherwise he would have lost his title. In any other country where illegal punches bring on drastic punishment, Tony would have been disqualified.

Yet, while it is true that the champion had fouled the challenger, Berg only took four of the fifteen rounds, including the two which Tony lost because of the low punches, and not by the widest stretch of imagination could one have conceded Berg to be the master of Tony had the bout been awarded to him on a foul. Berg was so far behind that at times it seemed that Tony would drop in his tracks from exhaustion. He pelted Jackie with every blow in his repertoire.

* * *

AS the title holder who was offering his challenger a return engagement because the Englishman felt that he had previously been knocked out in the third round on a fluke punch, Canzoneri did everything but repeat the knockout dose.



*Tony Canzoneri, lightweight king*

The stout-hearted challenger from the Whitechapel district of London gave a remarkable exhibition of courageousness, but in his opponent he found a fighting demon who seemed bent on a knockout. The only reason he didn't do it, was because in Berg he encountered a gladiator who absorbed all the punishment meted out to him and kept on fighting regardless of the outcome. In fact, he carried the fight to Tony in almost every round but lacked the power behind his blows to make his aggressiveness effective.

With Berg having failed to come through, England will now be compelled to await many more years before John Bull will have among his fighters the successor to Freddy Welsh. It it almost fifteen years since Freddy was relieved of the lightweight crown by Benny Leonard and since then, Berg was the first Englishman to knock at the championship door with sufficient fighting powers on his makeup to have made him a real menace. Now that Canzoneri took his measure so decisively, it is doubtful if Berg will ever be the same fighter he was. The beating he received from Petrolle followed by that administered to him by Canzoneri, are certain to weaken him physically.

* * *

TONY gave the most savage exhibition of fighting he has displayed since he became the title holder. He hammered away at his target in such a manner that many at the ringside marvelled at Berg's courage in remaining on his feet. The Englishman received a terrific battering about the stomach, a battering that will take him many weeks to get over.

It was a contest much similar to several in which Benny Leonard was a participant because of its action and hard hitting. Tony was the master and when the smoke of battle had cleared, he received the unanimous verdict of the officials. To that he was entitled to under the code which rules New York boxing, although as already stated, the unfortunate foul in the eighth round would have brought about his disqualification in states or countries where the no-foul rule has no standing. Fortunately the wide inflated protectors fighters when in New York must wear, saved Berg from more dangerous physical injury.

There can be no question that the better man won. Canzoneri let go that low punch in a mixup after both had rushed at each other and were swinging wildly for the body. Tony is a clean, popular fighter, and he regretted the foul incident more than if he had lost the title. There was no question about the punch being low, but the champion never meant to have it land where it did. Nevertheless, the punch robbed Berg of much of his vitality and helped Tony to roll up the big margin.

* * *

LESS than two minutes after the bout got under way, Canzoneri had Berg in a heap on the canvas as the result of a well-directed left hook that caught Jackie square on the point of the chin. Two rights that had preceded that wallop, had Berg floundering about the ring, trying to get his balance.

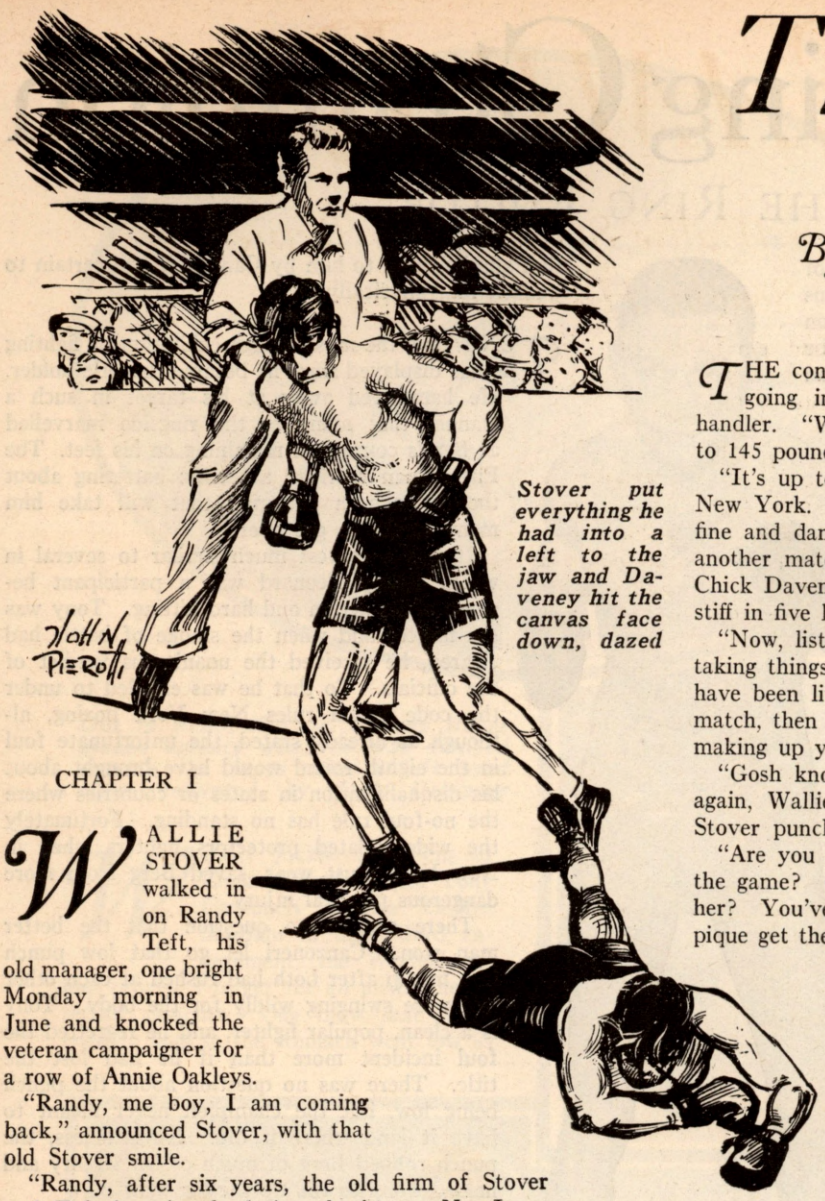
After the first round, with but few exceptions, it was a massacre. Berg has never been punished so severely as in that Polo Grounds fray and whether the punishment will leave its mark, remains to be seen.

He may charge. He may fling his mauleys as of old. He may continue to be the Whitechapel Whirlwind; but I'm afraid his blow will not carry any sting after the body beating he received from Tony. Yet Berg must be acclaimed for the great heart he displayed against odds that would have scared any other fighter but the Englishman. He demonstrated that in the fourteenth when he received rounds of applause for backing the champion all over the ring. But for that, he received a shellacking throughout the fifteenth in which time and again, it seemed that he would be knocked out. But he fooled Tony. He remained on his feet until the final clang.

He may never again get an opportunity to win the lightweight championship but he will receive plenty of encouragement from the fight fans who love a fighter of his type. Jackie was a loser, but in defeat, he gained the crowd's applause. No promoter need hesitate to put Berg in the ring with any of the present crop of topnotchers. Jackie will draw. He will continue to earn big money despite the fact that he bowed to the lightweight king.

# The Two

## By Daniel M. Daniel




*Stover put everything he had into a left to the jaw and Daveney hit the canvas face down, dazed*

### CHAPTER I

WALLIE STOVER walked in on Randy Teft, his old manager, one bright Monday morning in June and knocked the veteran campaigner for a row of Annie Oakleys.

"Randy, me boy, I am coming back," announced Stover, with that old Stover smile.

"Randy, after six years, the old firm of Stover and Teft is going back into business. No, I am not crazy enough to think that I am anywhere near as good as I used to be—not by a mile, Randy. But I have been watching the palookas and stumblebums who have paraded as my successors and if I can't beat those birds even after my long layoff—well, I'm willing to take the chance."

"What's it all about, Wallie?" Teft asked, after he had had a chance to get over the first shock of the announcement. "What about Mabel? Has she changed her notions about the ring? She made you quit with a million in view, at the height of your career. Is she saying okeh on the comeback stuff?"

Wallie grew serious. "Sit down by me the way you used to sit in the old days, Randy. Face to face, all on the square, nobody hiding anything. Now, that's better! Mabel has gone to Reno. She says I am cruel and unsympathetic. Maybe that's enough for her to get a divorce out there.

"For six years I have been lugged around to bridge parties, to polite drinking bouts, to pent house routs. For six years I have been patronized by folks who don't give a damn about me except that they like to tell the next day, after their heads have cleared a little, that Wallie Stover was one of the gang, too. For six years my society-mad wife has made a fool out of me—but that's all over with, Randy.

"If bringing a wife to her senses is cruelty, then Mrs. Stover is entitled to five divorces. I told her I was through being a sap, and now she is in Reno, waiting for the mills of the divorce gods to grind her out a complete break and the chance to make a more profitable match.

"Good luck to her. I love her still, Randy. But I am not the love sick kid she induced to quit the ring—retire an undefeated champion, with everything in front of me—through at the age of twenty-four. I was nutty, Randy—plain nutty."

### CHAPTER II

THE conspirators met the next day, and the next. "I am going into training again, Randy," Stover told his old handler. "With about three months of work I will be down to 145 pounds again, ready to go after the old title.

"It's up to you to get me a warmup match. Not here in New York. Let it be—well, if you can get it out in Reno, fine and dandy. I'd like to show that frau of mine. Then another match, a trifle tougher. For my third fight I want Chick Daveney—yeh, the champ. If I can't knock that dude stiff in five heats then my name is Joe Grimm."

"Now, listen, Wallie," Teft remonstrated. "You have been taking things easy for six years. By your own admission you have been living a knockout life. Why not take on an easy match, then go around refereeing for a year, in the meantime making up your mind whether you really want to come back.

"Gosh knows I'd give my right arm to be in your corner again, Wallie me boy. But I'd rather die than see Wallie Stover punched around and knocked out.

"Are you really sincere about coming back for the love of the game? Or are you sore at your wife and trying to spite her? You've got to be on the level with yourself. Don't let pique get the best of you."

Stover looked his old manager squarely in the eye. Wallie's right hand grasped that of Teft. "Randy, I am broke. Flat busted. My wife has at least $100,000 worth of jewelry. I have a trust fund—you know, the one you got for me—of $100,000. That apartment house on the avenue is more of a liability than a money maker. Randy, I am coming back because I've got to go back to work."

Teft's eyes welled. Then the old campaigner smiled. "Why you gosh durned idiot. You nincompoop. You say you've got to go to work! Well, Randy will attend to that."

* * *

### CHAPTER III

TEFT arranged it in a clever way. He went around to the sports editors and boxing writers and asked them to come to Wellman's Gymnasium at noon the following day.

"I am going to show you birds a phenomenon—a comer if ever there was one—well, take it from Randy, another Stover," he told them.

To humor the old man, they came. "Trot him out, Randy, and let this be short," said Barry Stimson, of the *Star-Telegraph*. "I have been watching these new Stovers of yours for six years and I figure I have wasted a total of three months and four days."

"Okeh, you muggs," chuckled Randy. He rang the bell attached to the ring, and a hooded figure rushed out of the dressing quarters, hurdled the ropes and then stood revealed—Wallie Stover, retired welterweight champion—the unbeaten king who had quit the game out of deference to the wishes of Mabel Landell, daughter of THE Landell—the banker.

The gang roared. "What's the gag, Wallie? Going to one of your society masquerade balls?" queried Barry.

Stover held up his hand. "Friends, this is no gag. I never was more serious. I am making a comeback. I know all about it. Told you I was through. But are we ever through, we of the ring?

# WHO CAME BACK

## *What Happened When Wallie Stover, After Retirement of Six Years, Sought His Title Again*

"My doctor warned me I was softening up. I told him I would rather fight than go the way of all you pot bellied buzzards"—and he pointed to Ricks of the *Eagle,* and Stanton of the *Examiner,* and Rivers of the *Bulletin.*

"Today I start training in earnest and before long you will see me in the ring again—the champion of old. Only twenty-eight—well, if you birds must be accurate for the first time in your lives, thirty. At thirty a man should be in his athletic prime if he has lived a normal life."

"Quit stalling, Wallie," said Barry." Are you busted?"

"Busted hell!" laughed Stover. "Bonds and stocks and houses, and money in the bank. Busted hell! Just the love of the game—and physical well being."

* * *

CHAPTER IV

AND so it came about that Wallie Stover spent the Summer training. He refereed a few fights to get back into the limelight, did a few turns for the newsreels, worked up the publicity as only Randy Teft knew how to develop it.

A sceptical public soon was won over. Stover met Johnny Trainer, a third rater, in a Jersey ring and threw gloves at Johnny in the old Stover manner. It was a shame to take the money. In the fifth round Stover discovered that his wind was giving out fast, so he put everything he had in the old Stover left hook, and shot it to the button.

Trainer was staggered, but he kept right on fighting. "They never took that one in the old days," Wallie said to himself.

It took three of the Stover lefts to turn the trick, and they carried Trainer out while 10,000 fans gave the comeback an ovation that reminded Wallie of that starry night when he knocked out Frankie Bruns in that same ring—a fine kid, he was, but a tough hitter.

The second fight was out in Chicago. The Stover left was in better shape then. Four rounds, and they took Kid Grainger out by the head and feet. Then came a few jobs of refereeing, then a third scrap out in Reno. Wallie scanned the faces at the ringside eagerly. No, she wasn't there. Well, hard luck. But her friends would tell her about it.

Wallie was nervous. He went down in the fifth, half slip, half knockdown. The house was as still as an ice rink in July while Wallie took a short count. A sob broke the silence. Wallie peered into the darkness, but it was just that—dark, now still again.

In a fury he tore after Vlastez, his Mexican opponent, and knocked him cold with that Stover left.

"Okeh, Randy, I'm ready to go!" he told Teft when he saw him that night.

* * *

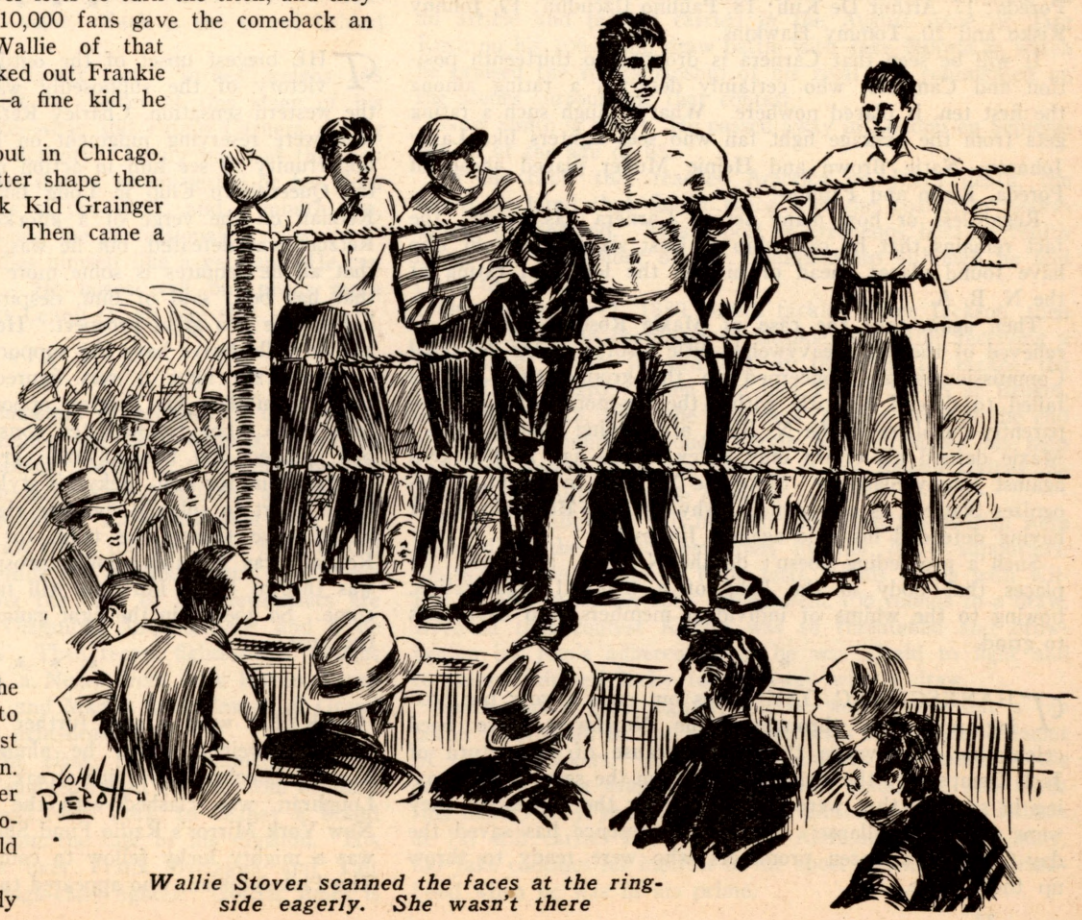
CHAPTER V

THEY met in the big Garden in New York on a cold night in January, Chick Daveney, welterweight champion, and Wallie Stover, former holder of the title. The house had been sold out for days. The Stover name still had an alluring quality in little old New York, where Wallie was born and reared.

The first round was rather tame. But in the second Wallie began to put on some of his old stuff. He stepped inside Daveney's swings and struck with left and right, now for the head, now for the body. Daveney laughed. Fancy stuff, but no sting.

The third round was Stover's, too. He landed thrice with that old Stover uppercut. Daveney was content to act the counter fighter. "They never come back, Chick," Ike Landsier, his manager, had told him. "His legs will take him five or six heats. If he doesn't hurt you, well, give the gang a run for their dough. Let Father Time and Dame Nature soften him up and then give him the works. But not until I give the word."

The fourth passed, and then in the fifth, Stover felt his knees weakening a bit. He rushed at his man, and put everything he had into a left to the jaw. (*Continued on page 42*)




*Wallie Stover scanned the faces at the ringside eagerly. She wasn't there*

# Nat FLEISCHER says:

## *N. B. A's Heavyweight Rating Brings Criticism*
## *Dempsey's Exhibition Tour Helps Boxing in West*
## *Death of Hart and Smith Recalls Famous Fight Days*

AT its annual meeting recently the National Boxing Association issued a ranking which, to say the least, was most fantastic. An index to the peculiar tinge of this rating is the fact that Primo Carnera is thirteenth among the heavyweights.

Irrespective of the line of reasoning which guided this list in the making, why should the N. B. A. worry itself about those quarterly ratings? Why doesn't that association busy itself more with the task of strengthening its position and making itself an actual power? Why spend so much time, why pay so much attention to compiling lists which are open to nation-wide criticism?

Boxing isn't guided and governed by anybody's ranking lists. Let critics on the outside attend to that. Just now there are a lot of more vital propositions for the N. B. A. to tackle.

Now, let us look over the N. B. A.'s annual ranking. Starting with the heavyweights we find this alignment: 1, Schmeling; 2, Sharkey; 3, Tommy Loughran; 4, Ernie Schaaf; 5, Mickey Walker; 6, Young Stribling; 7, Larry Gaines; 8, Charley Retzlaff; 9, Tuffy Griffiths; 10, Heinie Muller, Germany; 11, Larry Johnson; 12, Natie Brown; 13, Primo Carnera; 14, Steve Hamas; 15, Otto Von Porat; 16, Stanley Poreda; 17, Arthur De Kuh; 18, Paulino Uzcudun; 19, Johnny Risko and 20, Tommy Hawkins.

It will be seen that Carnera is dropped to thirteenth position and Campolo, who certainly deserves a rating among the first ten, is placed nowhere. What a laugh such a rating gets from the average fight fan who sees fighters like Larry Johnson, Natie Brown and Heinie Muller placed ahead of Poreda, Risko and Paulino!

Regardless or how many setups Carnera has fought, the fact remains that he can whip at least six of the men who have found places ahead of him in the lop-sided rating of the N. B. A.

Then again take the case of Maxie Rosenbloom. He is relieved of the light-heavyweight title insofar as the National Commissioners are concerned on the ground that he has failed to defend his title within the six-months limit. Apparently members of the N. B. A. are playing politics. Didn't Maxie defend his crown only a few weeks ago in Brooklyn against Jimmy Slattery? Since the N. B. A. in its rating recognizes Slattery as a contender, why penalize Rosenbloom for having defended his title against Jimmy?

Such a proceeding doesn't do the N. B. A. any good. It places that body in the light of a political organization, bowing to the whims of individual members who have axes to grind.

* * *

THANKSGIVING DAY comes but once a year but boxing promoters throughout the Northwest have been celebrating in advance this year because of the return of Jack Dempsey to the ring. He has been the salvation of boxing in sections that were hit so hard by the depression they were about to collapse. Dempsey's presence has saved the day for half a dozen promoters who were ready to throw up the sponge.

An idea of his popularity may be gleaned from the fact that 72,300 persons paid admission to see the erstwhile Manassa Mauler in five western appearances—a record attendance. Considering that the Dempsey tour is only an exhibition tour against five setups, the attendance and gate receipts are simply astounding. Can you imagine what Dempsey would draw in a fight with Schmeling for the world championship? Here's hoping that Jack's legs will hold up under the strain and that he will find it possible to announce his return to real ring combat. Personally, I don't think that possible.

For bowling over a lot of unknowns, Jack has collected to date close to $50,000. It is remarkable how he is able to hold his following. Schmeling, in a six-weeks tour preceding the start of his training for his Cleveland battle, didn't play to more than $75,000, all of which indicates how sadly the boxing game is missing a champion of the Dempsey type. The enduring appeal of the Manassa Mauler may be traced directly to his fists. He left an indelible impression both on the fight fan and his opponent and the fan is always willing to take a gamble that he will see more of the socking that put away Willard, Carpentier, Firpo, Sharkey and almost regained the title for him in that famous seventh round at Chicago.

* * *

THE biggest upset of the outdoor season was the recent victory of the supposedly washed-up Joe Sekyra over the western sensation, Charley Retzlaff. The Broadway boys who were reserving judgment on Retzlaff until they had an opportunity to see him in action under fire, had their fill at the Queensboro Club in Long Island City, where they saw Retzlaff on the verge of a knockout in the seventh round. Retzlaff was defeated, but he was not disgraced. He proved that all he requires is some more experience and everything that has been said of him, despite the loss to Sekyra, still holds. He is a great prospect. He may never reach the top, but he will always have the support of the fight fans.

Before the fight it was figured that the Duluth ripper would annihilate his Dayton opponent, but just the reverse took place. Sekyra, with ten consecutive victories under his belt, jabbed and hooked, then grabbed while Retzlaff kept reaching out for him. Sekyra's style was baffling and Retzlaff, in an effort to solve it, became right-hand crazy when a left would have turned the trick for him. The result—where Retzlaff was a million-dollar prospect before the battle, he was thrown for a fall that will take about a year to overcome. So goes it in the fight game—a hero one night, a plug the next.

* * *

SEKYRA went a step further in his advance among the heavyweights when he almost succeeded in checking Tommy Loughran's winning streak of eleven straight. In fact, Loughran, who clashed with the Dayton Bohemian at the New York Mirror's Radio Fund Show at the Queensboro Club, was a mighty lucky fellow to come through with a triumph. The Philadelphian, who appeared to be heavy-footed, won with

a typical Loughran finish in the last two rounds. It was mighty close up to that point, with scarcely anything to choose between the gladiators.

Then came the finish that brought to Tommy victory by the margin of a round. My score sheet showed Loughran with five rounds to his credit and Sekyra with four and one even. Sekyra took the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh and in the seventh, he had Tommy on the verge of a knockout. He staggered him repeatedly with rights to the jaw and only a well-conditioned athlete could have staved off defeat under such an avalanche.

That bout served to gain for Sekyra a place among the elite in the heavyweight ranks. For the first time in his long career, Joe now finds himself ranked among the first ten heavies. And well does he deserve that rating for it takes real courage and ability to do what the Ohio Bohemian has accomplished during the past three months.

Winning fifteen fights in a row is quite a feat in itself, but when those victories are over good boys, they deserve more than passing attention. It has taken Joe many years to reach the goal, and now that he has arrived, it behooves the other heavyweights to be on their guard for Sekyra seems to be at the height of his career at this writing.

* * *

HERE'S a tip. Watch Junita Olaquibal and Ray Impellettiere. Here are two heavyweights, one a superheavyweight, who look like the goods. The former is handled by Paulino Uzcudun who brought him here from Spain, and Ray is under the tutelage of Harry Lenny, veteran trainer and manager who brought out Johnny Wilson, Jack Delaney and Paul Swiderski.

Both require more experience, but they have the makings of great fighters and if teaching will do them any good, a year from now we will see both mingling with the cream of the talent. Junita has one of the finest left hooks that has been seen in this neck of the woods in many moons. He knows nothing about boxing, but when that left crashes against the anatomy of an opponent, the pain seems to be obvious on the faces of all within sight. Such is the power behind his fist.

As for Lenny's man, he is six feet 7 inches, weighs 268 pounds and handles himself far better at this stage of his career—he is only a novice—than did Primo Carnera during his first two years of ring activity. Lenny has had this boy under his care for two years during which period he has been teaching him the rudiments of the sport, and a month ago, he finally let him loose among the professionals.

For a big fellow he handles himself like a veteran. He can sock and he can take it. He boxes well but needs more experience and he can trust Lenny to get him that.

* * *

THE rise of many youngsters of promise in the various divisions, especially among the heavyweights, is looked upon as a good omen for boxing. Much of the depression this year was brought on by the lack of good material and the big demands of the veterans, many of whom had shot their bolt. Now with new blood to draw from, the vets have been forced into action and their demands for fabulous sums have come down considerably. Among the best of the newcomers are Retzlaff, Hamas, Poreda, Olaquibal, Impellettiere, and Gene Stanton among the heavies. Then recent fights have brought out Joe Knight, Al Gainer, a Negro from New Haven, Owen Phelps of Phoenix, Arizona, and Martin Levandowski of Grand Rapids, Mich., among the light-heavies.

And in the middleweight class, the tournament now in progress in Milwaukee has enabled Angel Cliville, who couldn't obtain sufficient work around New York, to display a brand of milling that has made him the talk of his division. His two sensational knockouts over Frank Battaglia and Tait Littman, stamp him as a high-class fighter. Gorilla Jones is another whose work in the tournament should make him a good drawing card for the indoor season.

Then there are Young Terry, Ben Jeby, Ben Miller, the new Coast sensation, and Paul Pirrone of Cleveland to instil new life in that class.

Of the boys in the other divisions, there are Lou Brouillard of Worcester, Mass., and Teddy Yarosz of Pittsburgh in the welter division; Wesley Ramey of Grand Rapids, Frank Bojorski of Erie, Pa., Prince Saunders, Harry Dublinsky and Barney Ross of Chicago, in the lightweight section and Tracey Cox of Indianapolis, Joey Costa of Jersey City and Joey Ghnouly among the 130-pounders.

* * *

MARVIN HART, who after the retirement of Jim Jeffries, fought Jack Root for the championship at Reno, with Jeff as the referee, has joined the great army of famous boxers who are now sojourning in the Land of Everlasting Rest. The Kentucky heavyweight, who, after knocking out Root in the twelfth round received the title from Jeffries, passed into the Great Beyond on September 16 at his home in Louisville, Kentucky, after an extended illness.

It was from Hart that Tommy Burns won the championship when he received the decision at the end of twenty rounds out in Los Angeles on February 23, 1906, thereafter successfully to defend it against all comers until Tommy was sadly whipped by Jack Johnson in Australia.

There were real, honest-to-goodness fighters in the days when Hart, Jeffries, Burns, McCoy, Ryan and others were in their prime. Hart was no marvel, but he was a first-class fighter. He had a long string of knockouts and faced the cream of the heavyweight talent. Among his knockout victims was Peter Maher. The year before he stopped Root he won a twenty-round decision from Jack Johnson.

* * *

HART'S death followed closely the news of the passing of another veteran, Jem Smith of England, an internationally known fighter of the bare-knuckle days. Only a few weeks previously, I had received a letter from Smith commenting on an article and picture carried in the August issue of THE RING on his 106-round draw battle with Jake Kilrain in which he praised the sportsmanship of his rival and commented on the scenes surrounding that contest.

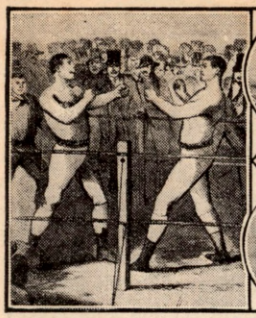
Now Smith is dead! He passed away in London on September 10 at the age of 68.

In the cable that reached America on Jem's death, the report declared that Smith twice was the champion heavyweight of England. This report is erroneous because Smith never was the holder of any championship although he laid claim to it.

On November 11, 1889, Smith tackled Peter Jackson, then recognized as the champion of Europe, and after receiving a shellacking, Smith jumped out of the ring to escape the fury of the Negro. When Jem met Paddy Slavin at Bruges, on December 23, 1889, the bout was called a draw at the end of fourteen rounds although Slavin had outclassed his man and even according to the reports of the British scribes, he clearly was entitled to the decision.

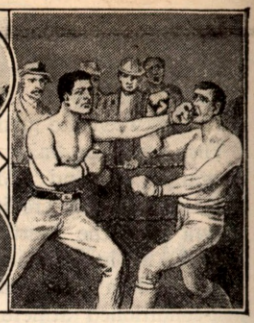
From the above it will be seen that even the British were opposed to the tactics employed by the Jem's supporters. Smith's greatest claim to fame rests on his battle with Kilrain on December 19, 1887, which went 106 rounds to a draw. Even in that contest Kilrain was so threatened and browbeaten by Jem's adherents that he was afraid to fight and considered himself lucky to get away with a draw.

Smith was a great fighter, but he would have left a far better record had he not been allied with the Carney element of trouble makers. Jem's death removes one more of the gradually passing army of bare-knuckle gladiators who made ring history fifty years ago. Of the present survivors, Kilrain at 72, still carries himself erect. Alert in mind and body, old Jake contiues his interest in the sport which was his livelihood when he was in his prime.



# FIGHTS *and* FIGHTERS

*By* A. D. PHILLIPS



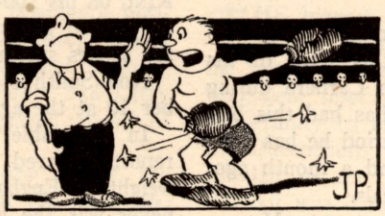
MANY stories are told of the eccentric John L. Sullivan but here is one that I have never seen in print. Being a New Englander by birth and coming from a family that was identified for many years with the theatrical profession both in the booking and management of vaudeville artists and the legitimate stage, I knew John L. well because my brother-in-law did much of his booking.

Early in 1887 the Boston Strong Boy, accompanied by his pal, William Muldoon, present member of the New York Boxing Commission, and his trainer, Mike Cleary, went to Charleston where Sullivan and his troupe were billed for several performances. In addition to a little skit, the show consisted of boxing exhibitions and a wrestling match and the first appearance at the Academy of Music drew a record gathering. It seemed that all of Charleston was anxious to honor the king of American pugilists and the price of $2.00, a stiff one in those days, failed to dampen the enthusiasm.

Charleston at the time was ready to bow down and worship the Boston Strong Boy and the entire theatre was sold out a week in advance. On the night of the show, the theater was so packed that the police stopped the sale of standing room coupons and ordered the doors closed. Sullivan was billed for a four round exhibition with Cleary and the house was wild in expectation of the "Great Master" in action.

Sullivan and his company were met at the railroad station where they were accorded a rousing reception from both the natives and the Northerners who chanced to be in the city. Only those who could get close to the Bostonian were aware of his condition.

The truth was that Sullivan was drunk. He could scarcely stand on his feet. When they got to the hotel, Muldoon ordered John to bed until it was time to go to the theater and by the time the curtain was raised, Sullivan's head had cleared considerably but he still was not in proper condition for a good performance.




* * *

THE curtain went up and the performance got under way. The audience was all tense with excitement and when John L. appeared, pandemonium reigned. The cheers were loud enough to tear down the house. It was one of the greatest receptions given a visiting fighter or actor in Charleston.

John bowed and then out came Cleary and at a given signal they sparred and their battle began. Instead of mixing it, as the crowd had expected, they danced around the stage for five minutes much to the disgust of the crowd and then both retired. Then came several other exhibitions of athletic skill and a vaudeville sketch and following that, Sullivan and Cleary again appeared.

They repeated their previous dancing skit and the crowd, well angered by this time, began to razz and boo both.

"We came to see you fight, not to dance," yelled a gallery god, and immediately Sullivan lost his temper and began to upraid the audience. In a few minutes the place was in a turmoil. The orchestra, at Muldoon's suggestion, tried to drown the cries and restore order, but without avail.

The performance was stopped and the curtain was rung down. Just as the police were getting ready to clear the house, the curtain went up again and at the sight of Sullivan with arm raised, silence again was restored. Then Sullivan lunged from one of the wings and staggering towards the footlights, almost plunged into the orchestra pit.

Then straightening himself, he exclaimed in maudlin tones: "There's hogs everywhere, especially in this town. I hate hogs and I can lick any hog that stands in my way. Now I'll give yer all a straight tip. If there's any hogs in this crowd that thinks he ain't had enough for his money, just let him come up here on the stage and I will give him all he wants. You know me! Them's John L. Sullivan's sentiments, damn you!"

There were evidently no hogs in that theater for no one was willing to accept John L's challenge. A few minutes later the house was cleared by the police amid wild shouting and threats to get even with the Yankee bully. Sullivan had to go to his hotel in a closed carriage because it was feared he might be shot by the irate Southerners.

* * *

CHARLESTON never forgave that insult. When Sullivan came down south again in 1889 to fight Kilrain, the city's sports in a body backed Jake. A purse was gathered to place against John L., even though Charleston papers declared that it appeared Sullivan would have easy sailing.

Kid McPartland, New York State referee who in his prime was one of the greatest fighters of his weight, had many thrilling experiences but none to equal that which he faced on August 16, 1897, at Buffalo when McPartland had to whip two men to win the purse hung up by the Olympic Athletic Club for his contest with Tommy McCune of Detroit. In the first round of his fight with McCune he handled him roughly with rights on the neck and lefts in the stomach. A moment before the bell was due he caught McCune with a terrific right on the neck, and, as McCune stumbled forward, struck him a crashing blow with the left in the stomach. McCune went down, spun over on his back, and began to moan. His seconds claimed a foul.

* * *

THE blow was struck so quickly and in such a position that the referee did not see it. The latter said he would withhold his decision until the doctor examined McCune.

A moment later he said he would permit McCune to continue the contest which was ridiculous, as McCune was lying on the floor, apparently unconscious, stripped of his breechcloth and his gloves. McCune was carried to his dressing room, where the doctor who examined him said that his heart action was regular, that he had not been struck low.

Meantime the crowd began to cry for McPartland to fight Kid Johnson of Indiana, a colored man, present to challenge the winner. McPartland agreed and Johnson was brought on and proved a better match than McCune.

They fought five brisk rounds. Johnson showing considerable science and rushing McPartland, who treated him to the same neck and rib punishment that he had given McCune.

McPartland was fighting against a strong prejudice on the part of the crowd, which cried foul every time he struck Johnson below the head. Finally, McPartland swung hard on Johnson's head and caught him with a left on the ribs, which put the Negro out exactly as McCune had collapsed.

Having no more fighters available the referee, W. C. Kelly, gave the fight to McPartland.

# Fight Aboard a Train

## *Ring Pitched in Copper Magnate's Car With Stakes of $15,000 a Side—Guggenheim Boys Act as Seconds*

*By* FRANKLIN R. DOHENY

BACK in the winter of 1908, Senator Guggenheim, the copper magnate, entrained from New York for Colorado on a tour of inspection of the family's vast copper mines. The trip was made in the Senator's private car, and accompanying him were a number of sportsmen several of whom hailed from Kentucky. It was on that trip, on one of the cars that was flying across the continent, that a ring was pitched and a fight was staged in which about $30,000 changed hands, a Kentuckian being the chief beneficiary.

The contest was pulled off in the palatial coach of the Colorado Senator, the first and only time in American ring history that a ring battle was staged on a moving train. It took place while the cars were moving at from 40 to 60 miles an hour. In addition to that portion of the thrill, the spectators were treated to a clean-cut knockout, the haymaker landing on Tom Hayden of Pittsburgh.

The referee was a well known member of the New York Athletic, a retired army officer with the rank of major; and to insure against a fatality, a physician of national reputation was picked up as the train pulled into Pittsburgh. In addition to these celebrities who took part in the activities, two of the Guggenheim boys acted as seconds of the defeated Pittsburgher, while in the Kentucky fighter's corner was his chief backer and two famous turfmen from Louisville, Ky.

When the fight was over, the Kentucky backer received $30,000, from which he paid the boys their share and handed out $1,000 to the doctor.

* * *

IT developed after the encounter that the contestants were cousins, the Kentuckian, Frank Sloane, being related to Hayden on his mother's side, but the Guggenheim boys declared that they hadn't known of the relationship or they would not have permitted the affair to go on.

The Guggenheim boys and their distinguished sire, at the time controlled the American Smelting Company, just as does the family at present and when they prepared for the western trip to inspect their vast interests, the proposal was made that the fight be arranged to break the monotony of the journey. On almost every trip that had been taken by the Guggenheims, some form of entertainment was prepared, and on the occasion referred to, an innovation, in the form of the fight, was decided upon. In order to make the affair worth while, it was agreed to have two middleweights clash for a purse, and the arrangements were left to a Kentucky friend of one of the smelting kings.

For two days the wires were kept hot between New York, Pittsburgh and Louisville before the gladiators were found who it was thought would answer the purpose. First the Kentuckian, Sloane, was signed and then the Pittsburgher.

The fight was to be pulled off while the coach was whizzing through Illinois over a level section of the track of the Big Four. The ring posts were padded with cotton and were covered with a trick satin while the mat was an expensive piece of tapestry tightly drawn. This tapestry, it was said, was worth several thousand dollars.

The ropes also were of expensive material. There was nothing cheap about that fight, not even to the extent of the water bottles. These were of an expensive make and instead of water, they contained champagne. Quite different from what we see in the ordinary ring affairs!

AT Indianapolis, the morning of the battle, an expensive banquet was arranged. It beggared all description. At that affair it was agreed that the bout should take place that night, and during the dinner thousands of dollars were wagered by Guggenheim's friends on the result. If ever there was a sportsmen's fight pulled off, that bout between the Pittsburgher and Kentuckian was one. It was agreed by those in charge that the men would fight for twenty rounds under the Marquis of Queensberry rules.

That night the spectators, about thirty all told, were treated to one of the oddest fight scenes in the history of pugilism. With the train running at more than forty miles an hour and the cars from time to time traveling with a jerky movement that would toss the spectators and gladiators about, the fighters went at each other like two wildcats. There was nothing in their movements or actions that would indicate the contest was not on the level, and the only reason for doubting it later, was the revelation that the fighters were cousins.

In the third round the Pittsburgher was knocked down twice but in the fourth he came through with a whirlwind attack that had the spectators in a state of excitement. In fact it was that display that caused many wagers to be laid on his chances.

From the fourth to the tenth, the Smoketown lad had by far the better of the encounter. It was a tough battle, with plenty of gore and plenty of hard, terrific hitting. The Guggenheim boys were elated with their man. They figured he had the victory within his grasp and couldn't foresee anything but a triumph.

But they had failed, unfortunately, to realize what effect champagne would have on an athlete engaged in such a combat as the fight on the train. In the eleventh round, Hayden, who previously had simply been gargling with champagne during the intermission between rounds, took a deep swallow of the wine, and when the twelfth was about to begin he took another. That proved his undoing.

When the gong sounded, he walked out of his corner like a drunken sailor. The backers of the Pennsylvanian were dumfounded. They couldn't understand his actions. They felt that he had not been sufficiently injured in the previous round to react as he did and they became suspicious. They didn't apparently realize that it was the champagne in the fighter's water bottle that had paralyzed him. He was drunk and his opponent immediately set out to end the fight.

Wobbly as he was, Hayden still carried a hefty wallop, and one wild swing, a right, caught Sloane's jaw and sent him down with a bang. But Hayden couldn't follow up.

Sloane arose and set sail for his man. They got in close and were pummeling each other when suddenly the train gave a lurch. Hayden fell back, partly off balance, and as he did, a left crashed against his jaw and he was hurled clear across the car, down and out. The end came in the thirteenth and it took more than fifteen minutes to revive the Pittsburgher.

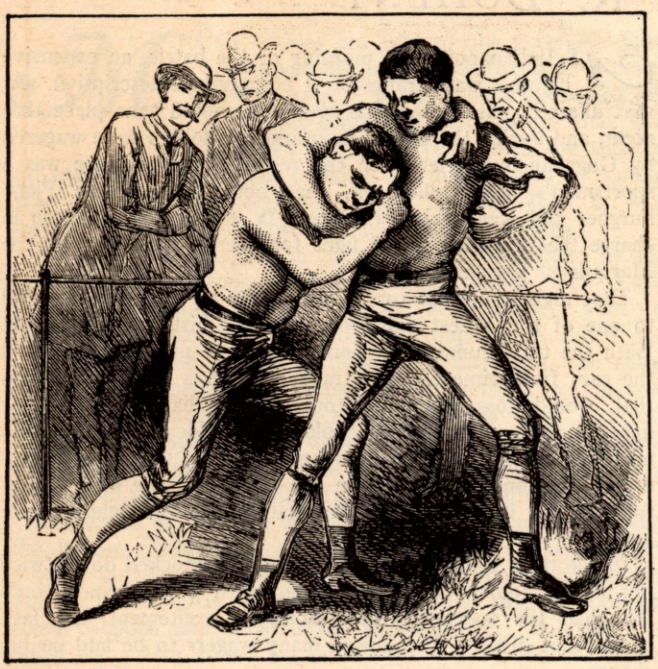
The stakes were turned over to the Kentucky backer of the winner who split the purse to winner and loser, share and share alike. It was that which started the rumor of a double-cross and was responsible for uncovering the kinship of the fighters. The Guggenheims refused to admit that a raw deal had been pulled. They declared that it was simply a coincidence that the boys were related and that no one had known of this until after the fight was over.

# CRADLES of BOXING

*The Seventh of a Series of Articles on Famous Fights in New England*

By DOC ALMY

*(Boston's leading boxing authority)*



***A ringside drawing of the Thurston-Loftus battle. Thurston had his head clamped in chancery and Loftus, with his free hand, was fast reducing "Sherm's" features to a pulp***

BUT for Harry Finnegass and his troubles, the early winter months of 1858, might have been a bit dull for Boston sports and their pet amusement of hit, get away, or take. First of all was the cold weather, and old Boston's winters were tough ones. Secondly, the police continued to refuse to look the other way—other law-enforcement bodies were ever on the alert with their wet blankets.

Also to be considered, was the fact that many of the gay boys had dropped their loose coin when Johnny Monaghan lost to Barney Aaron at Rocky Point, R. I., in September of the previous fall. What with this and that, the fraternity was more inclined to hug the stoves in the various sporting centers of the town and discuss what might have been rather than start anything.

Finnegass, however, who had landed in Salem jail, later to be transferred to the "college" at Lawrence for his participation in the muss with Johnny Roberts at South Danvers, March 5, 1857, was out again, and, to use a modern expression, "on the bum."

All agreed that something must be done for Harry—that it was unfair that he should be compelled to face the proposition of eating icicles with a toothpick. Even in some of the mild sport pages of the day there blossomed forth the editorial opinion that "it was a crying shame the way Finnegass had been neglected."

Out of it all developed what was termed a "Revival of Boxing in Boston." This was largely a benefit affair for the ex-prisoner, presided over by "Prof." William G. Taylor, at that time the proprietor of a "Boxing Parlor" located in Mason street. The grand event, a double-header, was brought off on the evenings of January 26 and 27, at the old Melodeon in Washington street, about where the former Bijou of B. F. Keith fame once stood.

OF course Finnegass was one of the bright and shining lights —was much in evidence on these occasions but, as in one of the earlier stories we gave many of the details, we will not repeat such here. It is sufficient, that among the others who participated in the double festivity, were John W. Woods, a big truckman from Maine, who had selected Boston for his stamping ground, Orville "Awful" Gardner, another product of the Pine Tree State though usually announced as from New York, and Tom "Slasher Jack" Wilson, a fighting man recently arrived from Leicestershire, England.

All willingly, yea, and strenuously, did their bit for Finnegass, and the revival, as was stated at the time, "was a handsome success." As for Harry finding himself re-instated in popular grace and once more eating regularly, he decided that something more to the point than mere exhibition boxing would serve to please the public fancy.

Looking over the field of prospective opponents, he finally alighted on Bob Armstrong, a husky youth of arms hailing from Liverpool, England. Armstrong being perfectly agreeable they made it $100 each, and to a finish, and had it out in private in a Sudbury street resort on February 12, 1858. Finnegass was seconded by Taylor and one Young Biffin, while Armstrong was esquired by "Slasher Jack" Wilson and one other whose name has slipped from the records. Woods was the referee.

Armstrong, with about 20 pounds in his favor, thought he foresaw an easy victory but it turned out otherwise. At the end of 20 rounds he was so clearly whipped that there was nothing to it but for Finnegass to collect the dough. As was often the case, this mill contained the makings of another. Some rough talk ensued between Woods and "Slasher Jack" following the announcement that Armstrong was the loser and both repaired to the Ned Price headquarters where fighting articles were drawn up at once.

* * *

IT was to be one of the usual $100 affairs, but with tight gloves, one of the first occasions when such were worn in a Boston ring, London Rules. They came together on February 23, at 31 Howard street in the presence of about 50 cash customers. Joseph T. South, an old sport follower, now deceased, has left this account of it:

"Woods hit him so hard and drove him back with such force that the prints of the Slasher's shoulders showed like bootheels on the wall. When Woods cross-buttocked him and threw him once to the floor, all of the spectators except three of us jumped from the back windows out into the deep snow. These chaps though the Slasher was dead."

It may be gathered from this that Woods won. Further details of the scrap, a famous brawl in its day, declare that it lasted for 27 rounds, covering but 30 minutes. As a knock-down or toss to earth in those days ended a round, the gentlemen who jumped from the windows can hardly be blamed for their state of nervouness.

Finnegass, assisted by Joe Smith, was in Woods' corner, while William Evans and another were first aid men for their pet. Wilson weighed 185 pounds, and Woods 190. It is a bit amusing to note in the old account that, "Woods was not in good fighting condition."

The pugilistic history of this Woods who, when not in fighting condition, could dent the plaster of a wall with an opponent, is well worth recounting. It strings along through the early years of strenuousness, even up to 1878, when, pitted against John L. Sullivan in old Cockerill Hall in Hanover street, Woods

# How the Sport Was Revived in Boston—William Sherman Thurston and His Adventures

afforded the "Boston Strong Boy" his first big chance to start that fistic reputation which has lasted unto the present time.

Known as the "Yankee Boy" because of the fact of his birth near Belfast, Me., in 1833, Woods in his prime stood 5 feet, 11½ inches, weighed about 185 pounds, and was one of those all bone and sinew chaps possessed of enormous strength. For years he was regarded as one of the gamest, toughest fighting men in either Boston or the East—the most formidable native-son heavyweight pugilist produced in New England up to the advent of Sullivan.

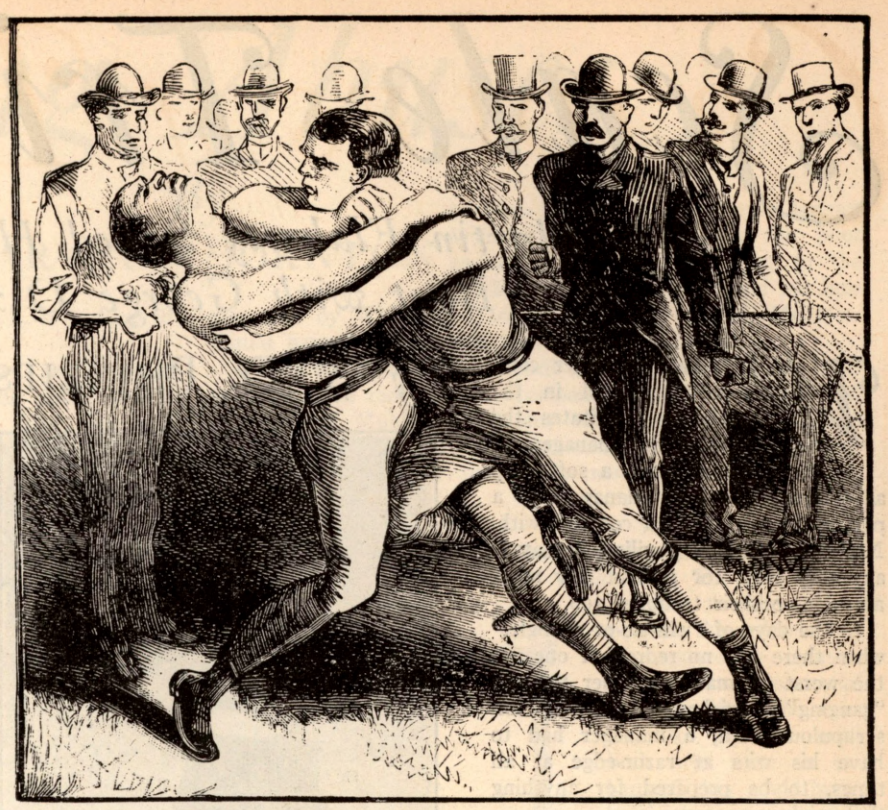
* * *

DRIFTING down from Maine along in 1855, Woods got a trucking job in Portlant street, and, for a few weeks, remained dormant. His oats were troubling him, however, and in selecting the West End section of Boston for his abode he had located in one of the exact localities where plenty of exercise for the strenuously inclined was to be found. First we hear of him as a wrestler, Maine style, rough and tumble, no particular rules prevailing.

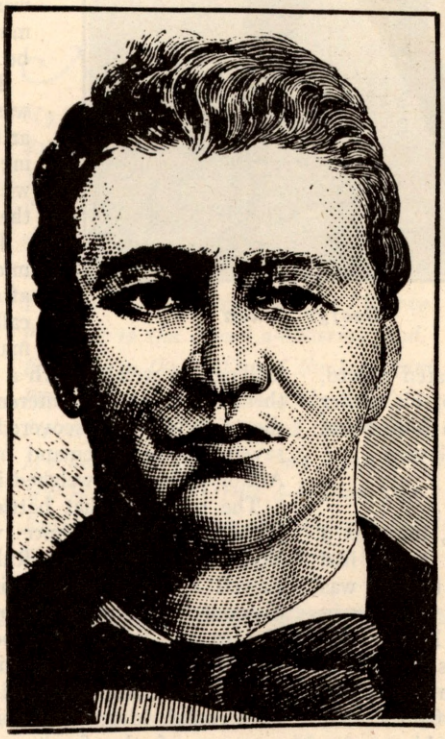
One of his early notable encounters of the sort was with one "Dead Eye" of New Bedford, a cash-on-side affair, staged on Boston Common. According to the terms, it was a "run-and-catch" battle, that is, staged within a large circle wherein either man might run, the other to pursue, a time limit being set. If either caught his man, then the wrestling would ensue.

As the story goes, "Dead Eye," having a mortal fear of Woods' great strength, decided to make a face of it, he figuring to stand his man off until the expiration of the time limit. He covered himself with grease as an added precaution though the same was contrary to Hoyle. "Dead Eye" did his running, dodging and twisting for several minutes—led Woods a merry race about the circle, all to the great amusement of the observers.

Finally he was cornered and trapped, and, if the spectators had not interfered, Woods would have squeezed the life out of him. Clarke Green, a local grappling celebrity, met Woods later on and fared no better. From wrestling John speedily branched out into fisticuffs—became one of the city's gamecocks.



*The end of the brutal encounter between Thurston and "Cocky" Woods in Tom Grew's saloon. Thurston was forced to yell "quits." This is a drawing that appeared in "Wilkes' Spirit of The Times"*



*Mike McCoole who managed Thurston in the middle West*

ABOUT this time, there returned from the West, William Sherman Thurston, variously referred to in the old records as "Sherm" and "Bill Sherman", a native Bostonian, and one of those devil-devil chaps who feared neither God nor man and never was backward about saying so. While a willingness to mix into any brawl was his specialty, he had a few side lines which on one occasion landed him in the prison at Charlestown, Mass. On his arrival in the old home town, Thurston openly boasted that he had "blown his way back," he meaning, thereby, that he had blown safes in various localities while on his way East.

Aside from this tinge of professionalism, "Sherm" as a biter, kicker, pounder and gouger, maintained his strict amateur standing. Wandering out to Ogdensburg, N. Y., when a boy of 16, flaming youth caused him to make the mistake of taking a punch at a canal boatman. He was promptly thrown into the river and narrowly escaped being drowned. Such was merely the beginning of an exciting life.

In 1848-49, he was a roustabout on the Mississippi, and gained the name of being one of the meanest, toughest men on the river—and the Mississippi is a long stream. In course of time St. Louis, Mo., a redhot town for the rivermen, became aware of his presence. There "Sherm" got in touch with one Louis Looney, known as "The Priest", who was associated with his brothers, "The Rat" and Jack Looney, in a saloon known as "The Clipper", presumably so-named in honor of Frank Queen's New York sporting publication, a much-read weekly in its heyday.

Inasmuch as many of the saloons nowadays have their gunmen, back in the '50's and for years later, they had their fighting men. Thurston and one Jake Powell, finding themselves rival candidates for the top (*Continued on page* 41)

# Scale Trickery

## *How Martin Flaherty Saved His Forfeit in Bout with George Dixon*

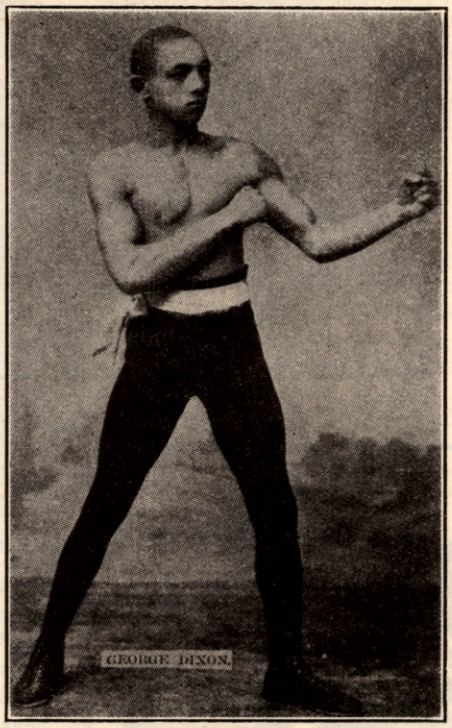
*By* A. D. PHILLIPS

WITH boxing under commission control in the majority of States the present day managers of boxers have a soft snap as compared to what managers of a past generation had to contend with. Not that handling pugilists to-day is anything easy, for present day managers have their troubles, too.

In the days of "win-tie-or-wrangle," when there was no redress if one got the worst of matters, either through "ganging" or trickery of the most unscrupulous kind, a manager had to have his wits at razor-edge at all times, to be prepared for anything that might come up.

With weighing in done under the direct supervision of the State authorities, as is the case to-day, there is little chance of having the scales "rigged," or sticking a piece of gum or some other adhesive on the bottom of the weight in such a manner that the weight of one man would show him to be from 5 to 8 pounds lighter than he actually was.

Up in New England in 1896 there was one of the greatest featherweights the world ever knew in Martin Flaherty, of Lowell, Mass. George Dixon was then at the top of his form. He was the world's featherweight champion, of unbeaten record, except for the decision given against him in one of his earlier bouts while still a novice and the decision given to Billy Plimmer in their four-round bout in Madison Square Garden.




*George Dixon*

* * *

FLAHERTY had a fine record over distances, but was a slow starter, and many decisions in short bouts had been given against him. He got it into his head that he was as good as Dixon, if not better, at 122 pounds, weighing in at 3 o'clock, and sought a match with the great Negro. He knew that Dixon's greatest asset was his famous "one-two" punch, a combination feint and blow that had won him a majority of his championship battles, and Flaherty figured that he could solve the "one-two" of Dixon's and whip him.

With that in mind, Flaherty started training quietly at Lowell. He found he could make the weight and then went after the match. He asked for 124 pounds, feeling that he would have to make concessions, so left himself a margin. After a lot of haggling, the weight was finally agreed upon as 123 pounds at 1.30, the weighing in to be done at the rooms of the Suffolk A. C., at the West Newton Street Armory.

On the morning of the contest, Martin arrived in fine shape and fully a pound below the weight agreed on. He got on several scales to make certain he was not overweight, and the result was the same—he never budged the beam at 123. Martin then went to the Crawford House, while Dixon made his headquarters at Seville's on Cambridge Street, next door to the old Revere House. Dixon at this time had broken from Tom O'Rourke, and was under the management of a Boston man. About noon, Dixon's representative called Flaherty's manager on the phone and asked that he change the place of weighing from the Armory to some point down town. He pointed out that it was a long trip out and back, whereas if some place close by were selected, it would benefit both boys. Seville's had always been a popular place for weighing, so when this was suggested, Flaherty's manager had agreed.

* * *

PROMPTLY at 1.30 both boys got ready to step on the scales. Dixon was first. The weights were set, and George did not move the beam. Martin got on and wham, up went that beam. The weights were moved until they showed his weight to be above 125 pounds.

Instantly realizing that something was wrong and with the written articles of agreement calling for weighing in at the Armory, Martin was sent with a club member to weigh in up there.

Paddy Cahill, the crack amateur middleweight from Jersey City, looked after Martin and he immediately called in an expert from the scale maker and his tests showed that by drilling the weights with a very fine drill and then repainting them, there was a difference of nearly four pounds. Thus the trickery was discovered and Flaherty's forfeit money was saved despite a demand by Dixon's backers for it. At the Armory, Flaherty weighed in at a trifle over 122.

The result of that battle justified New England's faith in Flaherty. The distance was to be twenty rounds under Blanchard's Fair Play Rules, with Capt. Bill Daly referee. Lowell admirers of Martin who felt at first that he was overmatched came down by the train load prepared to back him to the limit. The betting was Dixon by a knockout.

Martin started off in his slow style, and it looked as if Dixon would win inside of ten rounds. But along about the sixth round, Martin got going and from that point onward it was one of the finest and hardest featherweight matches that Boston had ever seen, with Flaherty more than overtaking whatever lead Dixon had gained before the fifteen-round mark had been reached. From that point on Flaherty had the better of the going and when the 20 rounds had been boxed he was the fresher of the pair. Capt. Daly called the bout a draw; a good verdict.

Dixon later returned to the management of O'Rourke, and efforts to rematch him with Flaherty failed, which was rather a tribute to the ability of the Lowell boy.

Later Martin went right along up the fistic ladder, until he ran into the left hook of Dal Hawkins' at Carson in one of the events that preceded the Corbett-Fitz match, when Hawkins won in a single punch in what has been recorded as the second shortest fight on record, there being less than 14 seconds from the start of hostilities until the "battle" was over.

# Ring Abuses

By HARVEY THORNTON

FINDING fault with boxing is a national trait and the man who cannot discover some imperfection in the sport at least once a week, is lacking in public spirit.

Yet the critics of boxing as it is today are unaware of the conditions some years ago when the sport reeked with abuses and still lived through it. The improved condition of boxing to-day over that of yesteryear is due almost entirely to the wise supervision of numerous boxing commissions. To be sure the ruling powers are by no means perfect, but their efforts have resulted in a marked improvement in the game of hit, stop and get away.

Violators of laws and rules of boxing seldom escape without punishment, under present conditions, while in the past the most shocking violations of rules and regulations went unpunished, and the violators continued to appear in the ring at frequent intervals.

One of the most pernicious of the long list of violations of not only rules, but human decency, was the affair at the Old Lenox A. C., which resulted in fastening the nickname of "Oil of Mustard Jack" on a well known and popular boxer. Jack Bonner of Summit Hill, Pa., was the man in question, and while it never was proven that the scheme originated with him, yet the fact remains that the outrageous trick was put into execution.

Bonner had been matched with Tommy West, and the contest took place at the Lenox A. C. on April 6, 1900. The fighters were quite evenly paired, and the handler of Bonner, apparently sensing defeat for his man smeared Bonner's gloves with oil of mustard, which was done during the minute rest between the fifteenth and sixteenth rounds.

As soon as the pungent fumes reached West's eyes, he was practically blinded and covering his head with his arms, he stopped boxing. An investigation of Bonner's gloves revealed the cause of West's condition, and the bout was immediately halted and the decision awarded to West.

But that was not all. A delegation of West's friends induced Bonner's manager to go down into the basement underneath the arena. As there was no boxing commission to take charge of the matter, the delegation decided to take the question of punishment into their own hands. This took the form of a beating from which the manager never fully recovered. A break in his skull required the insertion of a silver plate. This was a summary method of punishment, and while it was severe, it was the only remedy at hand in those days.

A somewhat similar case bobbed up in the wrestling bout between William Muldoon and Clarence Whistler many years ago, the bout ending in a draw. According to the fiendish trick conceived of and put into execution by Whistler's manager, and chief second, Muldoon should have been declared the winner on a foul.

During the bout Whistler made a practice of using his head as a battering ram against Muldoon's breast, which soon had that part of Muldoon's anatomy bruised and bleeding. The recipient of this brutal treatment made no special outcry, and so Whistler's manager prepared a new form of torture for Muldoon.

The trickster proceeded to saturate Whistler's head with ammonia, and the next time that Whistler butted Muldoon in the breast, the latter feared he would faint. The matter was brought to the attention of the referee, but he apparently considered it inconsequential and permitted the contest to proceed until both men were so exhausted they could barely continue.

IN spite of the fact that there was a Commission, at the time and that the details of the affair were broadcast, the Mike O'Dowd - Johnny Wilson bout at Madison Square Garden on March 18, 1921, resolved itself into a case of punishment by non-officials. That was the first year of the New York Commission, and it lacked the efficiency of the present organization.

Mike O'Dowd, who was middleweight champion in 1920, had gone over to Boston and dropped his title to Johnny Wilson, a southpaw, in a 12 round bout that seemed to have been won by O'Dowd. Apparently there was a side agreement for a return bout in New York, and the men got together in the Garden on March 18, 1921.

Wilson started hitting low in the early rounds and kept it up to the end of the fifteenth, when Wilson received the decision over the nearly exhausted O'Dowd.

Many of those at the ringside counted from three to six low punches to a round, and while there were heated protests nothing was done about it by the Commission. The fact that O'Dowd, three days after the bout went to the Long Island City Hospital and was operated on for hernia, came as added force to the reported fouls, but the case never was reopened.

O'Dowd never fully recovered from the effects of the foul treatment he received at the hands of Wilson and soon quit the ring.

Yes, indeed, boxing conditions are greatly improved over what they were in pre-Commission days.

## Dempsey of Today

*After the manner of "My Heart's In The Highlands." With apologies to the great poet, Robert Burns.*

*By* JOHN HARVEY BELANGER

*MY heart's in the ring, my heart is not here.*
*My heart's in the ring a-fighting with cheer.*
*Rushing and jabbing, and socking the foe,*
*My heart's in the ring wherever I go.*
*Farewell to the ring, farewell to the day*
*Of Boyle's Thirty Acres, of Maumee Bay.*
*Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,*
*The sport of the ring forever I'll love.*
*Farewell to the crowd a-hollering mad.*
*Farewell to the "ref" and the ten count sad.*
*Farewell to the ropes and the resin's smell.*
*Farewell to the gloves and the clang of the bell.*
*My heart's in the ring, my heart is not here.*
*My heart's in the ring a-fighting with cheer,*
*Rushing and jabbing and socking the foe,*
*My heart's in the ring wherever I go.*

# Frank Slavin's Spectacular Career

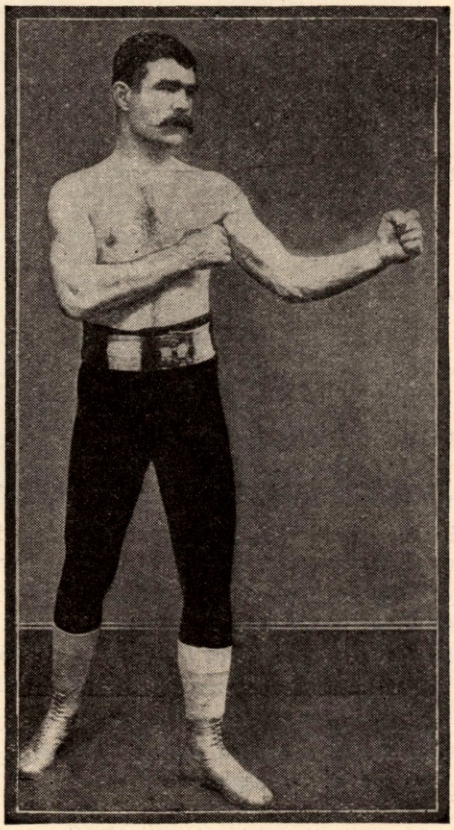
By JOHN L. (Ike) DORGAN

FRANK P. SLAVIN, a leading warrior of the bare-knuckle brigade of London rules days, who died at Vancouver on October 17, 1929, had a spectacular career in and out of the ring. He was born at Maitland, New South Wales, on January 5, 1862, and lived in Sydney, Australia, for the greater part of his youth.

Owing to his height, 6 feet 1½ inches, and his erect, military bearing, he acquired the nickname of the "Sydney Cornstalk." No doubt the Australian farmers raised some tall corn.

Slavin was a clean-limbed man, and seldom weighed more than 185 pounds stripped. He was not a particularly clever boxer, but was a hard, accurate puncher and could take care of himself in any kind of company.

Slavin was one of a pair of noted boxers who defeated Jem Smith, the heavyweight champion of England. Peter Jackson, the famous West Indian, was the other conqueror of Smith, the tall Negro causing Smith to jump the ropes in the second round.



*Frank Slavin*

BOTH victories over Smith were scored in the same year, 1889, and Slavin would unquestionably have stopped Smith in a few rounds, but for the intervention of a mob of Smith's followers.

Slavin, being a native of a dependency of England, was entitled to fight for the championship of that country, and the contest, which took place at Bruges, Belgium, December 23, 1889, was announced as for the championship of England and $2,500 a side. They fought under London rules, on the turf, and with bare hands.

George Alexander Baird, who carried the title of Squire Abingdon, was the backer of Smith, and in fact was on familiar terms with Smith, Charlie Mitchell, Jim Hall, and Jem Carney. Baird was very wealthy. Hardly had the bout started when a gang of Birmingham toughs began to gather about the ring, and, whenever Slavin got close enough to the ropes, the ruffians proceeded to beat him with sticks and often tried to trip him.

Despite these foul tactics, for which the referee would have been justified in disqualifying Smith, Slavin fought desperately. He had all the better of the engagement inside the ring. The appeals of Slavin and his seconds for fair play were ignored by Joe Vesey, the referee, who never said a word to the ruffians.

However, the mob, finding that Slavin did not yield to the logic of clubs and brass knuckles, and that Smith was gradually weakening under the impact of Slavin's fists, finally rushed into the ring at the close of the fourteenth round and stopped the encounter. Referee Vesey then indicated where he stood in the matter by calling the bout a draw, despite the fact that Slavin had won by a wide margin. The verdict was denounced by leading English sportsmen.

Although under London rules a referee's decision could not be changed, Slavin was awarded the stakes and declared by leading sportsmen the champion of England. In addition, Squire Abingdon was expelled from the exclusive Pelican Club, as a protest against his complicity in the unjust treatment of Slavin.

Previous to leaving Australia for England, Slavin and Peter Jackson, who were destined to fight for the championship of England and Europe, met in a barroom and proceeded to fight most informally. Jackson had the better of the brawl, and they did not meet again until they faced each other in the National Sporting Club of London. Singularly enough each won the heavyweight title of Australia before starting for England, Slavin by defeating Mick Dooley, title holder, in 1888, and Jackson by beating Tom Lees, title holder, in 1886.

Another singular incident was that Jackson defeated Joe McAuliffe in twenty-four rounds in San Francisco in 1888, and Slavin stopped McAuliffe in two rounds in London in 1890.

After beating Charlie Mitchell in a barroom fight in London in 1891, Slavin came to New York and sparred exhibition bouts with Mitchell and Jim Daly in Madison Square Garden.

Slavin next got a match with Jake Kilrain, the contest taking place in Hoboken. Slavin won in 9 rounds. Kilrain previously lasted 75 rounds with Sullivan.

Immediately after beating Kilrain, Slavin tried to get a match with Sullivan who, at the time, was on the stage in St. Louis. He found the mighty "John L." at the Lindell Hotel and, drawing forth a bundle of American money, asked Sullivan to sign articles for a fight for the world's championship, but Sullivan informed Slavin that he had retired from the ring, and went back to his part in "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands."

Several months later Sullivan posted a forfeit of $2,500 to bind a match with Slavin, but Slavin had already returned to England and all chances of a match vanished. Some accused Sullivan of avoiding Slavin, but such was not the case, for there never was any reason for John L. to fear Slavin.

THE Sullivan-Slavin controversy waxed high. Sullivan's backers were certain he could whip Slavin, and Slavin was equally confident he could beat "John L." Sullivan later on demanded a $10,000 side stake from Slavin, but Paddy refused to post such a wager, declaring he had arranged for a match with Peter Jackson for the championship of Europe and Australia.

Then came the turning point in Slavin's career—his defeat by Peter Jackson in the National Sporting Club, London. Jackson won by a knockout in the tenth round, after what was described by all who saw it as one of the most thrilling heavyweight battles of history. The beating he received from Jackson must have softened Slavin to a considerable extent, for one year later he was stopped by Jim Hall in seven rounds.

After that he returned to America, but was all done as a fighter. Yet he stopped Jake Kilrain in one round, lost to Bob Armstrong in six rounds, and then went up to Dawson City, where he beat Tom Lees, former champion of Australia, in twenty rounds. In his last recorded fight he was knocked out in two rounds by Nick Burley.

Slavin enlisted in the Canadian Expeditionary Forces for the World War, and served in the trenches when he was 54 years of age. His only son was killed in France during the war.

# Memoirs of a Promoter

(*Continued from page* 17)

at the thought of having one of his men engage in the ring. He told Jess to try his luck and if he failed, to come back for the job that would be waiting for him.

* * *

AND so Jess got started in the fight game. For several weeks he trained at the Y. M. C. A., but when it was learned that he was tuning up for a professional career, he and his trainer were ousted. The trainer then went to an old church building that was seldom used and rented it for a few dollars. Here he rigged up a gymnasium and put Jess to the task of learning the art of self-defense.

Incidentally, it was in this transformed gymnasium that Jess got his start by fighting a Salt Lake City fellow named Jack Drumgool. Jess won that fight although it is not listed in the books. He punished Drumgool so badly that the bout was halted in the fifth round. That fight gave Willard the necessary confidence.

Willard then went on to Fayette, Idaho, where he gave a three round exhibition with a fellow named Jack Clark. This exhibition was given at a circus, called the Pidur Show and when Jess got through with that, finding things dull, he went back to Pocatello to help build the Oregon Short Line Railway.

He didn't remain long at this job. He was signed to a contract by the "hobo," his first manager, and at the age of twenty-eight, Willard set out, not to become the heavyweight champion of the world, necessarily, but to earn money with his fists. Deaf to the call of the ring's romance that brings fighters swinging up from the streets and the byways in quest of the championship, he could hear the clink of gold that rattles round the ring and that's what he most wanted.

Like the fellow in the advertisement at whom they laughed when the waiter addressed him in French, Willard was laughed at when first he tried to fight. Six feet, six inches tall and weighing only 250 pounds, he had no notion of ring fighting and was so clumsy as to be grotesque. But he had strength and courage and natural hitting power on his side and while they laughed at him he belted his opponents out until, at length, he emerged from the tangle of Midwestern white hopes and headed East.

* * *

THERE, even though a meager reputation had preceded him, he was bounced and shunted around from manager to manager and promoter to promoter, to all of whom he was just another big, awkward dub whose ambition to reach the top of a class dominated by Jack Johnson was fantastic. Back and forth across the country he went, fighting when he could and subsisting on the lean purses that fell his way. The fortune he sought seemed far away as ever and the rebuffs he took from those who could have helped him, were so numerous and so cruel as to have discouraged a less determined man.

Behind him, when at last he climbed through the ropes with Johnson, were four years of bitterness and, constituted as he was, he could not sweep these away with the blows that felled the Negro. Success he had achieved and, with it, the fortune he had stalked but he could not forget the steps that had led to his triumph.

He would not accept the homage of the public that admired him except where it was expressed at the box office and he would not rest until he had severed his connections with Lawrence Weber and Harry Frazee, whose backing had made it possible for me to put him into a ring with Johnson.

* * *

BY the time he reached Toledo for the defence of his title against Dempsey, his years as champion had clothed him with an arrogance that was nurtured by his disdain of others. He had put away from him those who had been with him at Havana, myself included. He was his own manager and his own trainer and so useless were the sparring partners he had engaged that he might as well have had none.

He was scornful of those who might have aided him and scornful of the man he was to fight. He was, in short, ripe for the fate that was hurled upon him in the person of a lean and bronzed and savage Dempsey. So the man who had risen at Havana was brought down at Toledo and as he sat in his corner at the end of the third round, too badly battered to continue, there rang in his ears the howls of the multitude he hated.

Yet I was sorry for him, for I understood something of the man and, despite the differences we had had from time to time he had shown me frequently he had not forgotten it was I who placed him on the high road to the title.

Some months after the fight I met him and he greeted me warmly.

"I'm glad to see you, Jack," he said. "You always were all right with me. You gave me a fair shake from the time I hooked up with you and you never 'yessed' me when you thought I was wrong."

(*To be Continued*)

# Cradles of Boxing

(*Continued from page* 37)

berth at "The Clipper", decided to settle that issue man-to-man fashion—that is, all rules barred.

* * *

DURING the exercises, Powell lost one of his fingers, which "Sherm" chewed off. He also lost part of his face, and, after about an hour of tussling was forced to admit that he was in error. Next Thurston dropped in on Galena, Ill., where a boom in lead mining had filled the place with desirables and undesirables. "Sherm" herded in with the latter and was not long in taking a dislike to Mike Loftus, a gambler, fighter, two-gun man and other attainments. Our hero confided to Ben Sanders, another sporty gent of the green cloth, that if Sanders would buy him a pair of shoes he would undertake to remove Mr. Loftus from further uselessness.

Sanders bought the shoes—"Sherm" picked an open row with Loftus, and on the day set for the action, they went to work on each other. The Bostonian's first move was to collect Loftus' hardware, which he succeeded in doing, tossing the truck out of reach. However, he had the bad luck to get his head clamped in a chancery hold.

Loftus, with his free hand, was fast reducing Thurston's features to nothingness when the latter opened a barrage with his teeth on the gambler's ribs. He bit to the bone. Loftus, finding himself in danger of being devoured alive, finally remembered to shout, "Sufficient," and the fun came to an end.

While Thurston engaged in other adventures, his final exploit before returning to Boston was the capture of a Negro slave, a fugitive from St. Louis, for whom a $500 reward had been offered. "Sherm" trailed his quarry to Chicago, and there, on the borderland of freedom, the fugitive was enticed into white-washing a cottage. "Sherm" was there waiting for him, and, after a fierce melee, made him a prisoner.

After a week or so in Boston, "Sherm" noticed that Woods was shining up to a Portland street "wren" whose charms had made their appeal to his own heart. He decided that Brother Woods was standing in his light, and, one day when they found themselves in the home of their fair friend little time was lost in starting a fight. To the great surprise of Thurston, the inmates of the place, also those attracted by the noise of conflict, Woods not only handed his foe one swell beating but, as a clincher and convincer, tied him hand and foot with a bedcord and launched him thus trussed out the front door.

* * *

THIS entertainment so impressed Phil Perkins, that "Gentlemanly Mr. Perkins," who later was to be third man at the Johnny Monaghan-Barney Aaron mill outside of Providence, that he rushed to Price's sporting drum with glad tidings. Putting their heads together —a case of two minds with but a single thought—they agreed that a regular combat between the Maine "hick" and "Sherm" must be staged.

So they arranged things. Woods and

"Sherm" entered into it with zest but could not agree as to the London Rules part of it. At that time Woods wasn't much of a boxer, while fighting according to set codes, London or otherwise, was all contrary to Thurston's ways of adjusting difficulties of that nature. He preferred free-hand style, teeth foremost. As the "Yeas" favored rough and tumble, those favoring London Rules were forced to waive.

Tom Grew, keeper of a Portland street saloon, having an eye for business for himself, also possessed of keen sporting instincts, turned over his place for the combat. It was staged in due form—a brutal, murderous, terrific encounter on which hundreds of dollars were wagered by the spectators, while both principals had every cent they possessed up on themselves. Involved in the tussle was an agreement made by Thurston that he would quit Boston forever if Woods whipped him.

The fracas lasted for more than an hour with the fighters nearly wrecking the place and ruining themselves. Woods had the better of the going. In a report of the fight it is stated that above the noise of battle could be heard the voice of Mr. Perkins, Woods' second:

"The next time you get him down, John, mash his head into the floor until he yells quits."

In due course "Sherm" yelled "Quits," and the brawl was over. One of Woods' eyes had been so nearly gouged out that forever afterward he was known as "Cocky" Woods, while Thurston bore scars of the fray up to his death, October 18, 1887, in a Chicago hospital.

Two weeks after the fight he made good his word about quitting Boston if Woods licked him—and never returned. In the West he attached himself to Mike McCoole, one-time heavyweight champion of America, as his manager, and for years continued very much to the front. But, as stated, Death finally waited upon him in Chicago, and a few days later he was laid in a grave at Fremont, Neb.

# Heavyweights Instill Life Into Boxing

(*Continued from page* 5)

Jimmy McLarnin. When champions begin to pick their opponents, the public cannot regard them in the light of real title holders. McLarnin has repeatedly proved his right to a championship match yet may complete his career without getting that cherished opportunity and all because of Jimmy's greatness.

Whether Thompson retains his crown when he clashes with Lou Brouillard or whether Lou will be the new crown wearer, in either case, there will be plenty of excellent competition for the leader should he care to take it on during the indoor season. There is Young Corbett, for example. Those on the coast who are expert in the fight game, think he is by far the best boy at his weight. Yet he, like McLarnin, finds it impossible to get a crack at the title.

Any promoter who can get McLarnin and Corbett together, Corbett and Thompson, Thompson and McLarnin, Brouillard and McLarnin, and Brouillard and Corbett, will have a sell-out house. All these cards are naturals if Thompson retains his crown, but if he loses, his presence on a card as a headliner at the leading fistic emporiums, will not be attractive. In that case, Brouillard will replace him.

The leading promoters and matchmakers have their eyes focused on Benny Leonard. Should he come through as Jack Kearns, his mentor, expects, then he will be the biggest attraction of the indoor season with the exception of Jack Dempsey. A McLarnin-Leonard fight would be big enough for the Yankee Stadium. It would attract the biggest gate in three years. The matchmaker who lands that match will land the prize.

* * *

THE lightweight supremacy between Jackie Kid Berg and Tony Canzoneri has been definitely settled by their recent struggle, and with Tony the victor, the promoters will have an opportunity to stage several lucrative battles with him as the headliner. He is one of the most popular boys that has held the crown since Leonard vacated it, and as the division has plenty of good talent, there should be no difficulty arranging contests that should be both pleasing to the spectators and yield a fine return on the investment.

The best fight at this writing, would be a Petrolle-Canzoneri contest. Still better would be a Petrolle-Al Singer mill with the winner pitted against Tony. Such a bout would be a sell-out in the Garden. Still another as a Berg-Singer fight. Berg is still as popular as ever.

Then there are Sammy Dorfman, Mart Goldman, Eddie Guida and Andy Saviolda of New York; Tony Falco of Philadelphia; Wesley Ramsey of Grand Rapids, Michigan, a fine prospect; Barney Ross and Harry Dublinsky of Detroit and several others who have made their mark professionally. Besides them, several good boys have come up from the ranks of the National Guards and the amateurs, among them Patsy Pasculli and Al Gomez and Louis Jallos of Cleveland.

Kid Chocolate should be in a position to gather in the shekels as junior lightweight king as well as in the featherweight class. He and Earl Mastro or Bat Battalino with both of these boys, will prove good attractions for the indoor season. Kid Francis and Chocolate will be another good headliner. Tracey Cox of Indianapolis should force his way to the front this season as he has been making rapid headway.

Claude Varner of the Pacific Coast, Johnny Pena, a fine club fighter; Phil Stark, Lew Feldman and Josey Costa are other good youngsters who will be seen often in indoor competition.

Both the bantam and flyweight class can furnish little to excite the public. Al Brown, Midget Wolgast and Frankie Genaro, will undoubtedly be billed often around the country, but the matchmakers will have their troubles getting the kind of opposition in these divisions that will fill the big arenas or yield a good profit.

To me it seems that the activity this winter will be confined to four divisions, the heavyweight, middleweight, welterweight and lightweight, with the best drawing cards made up in the heavyweight, welterweight and lightweight classes. And with that I predict that the indoor season will be the best we have had since the depression began.

# The Two Who Came Back

(*Continued from page* 31)

Daveney hit the canvas, face down, feet spread. He was in bad shape but at the count of six the bell ended the round.

"Okeh, Chick, the works in this round. I didn't give him credit for having that much of a punch left," Ike commanded. "At the gong, the haymaker."

There was a clang, the boxers rushed to the ring center, and they struck with left and right—left and right.

* * *

CHAPTER VI

WELL, it was good to be back on Twenty-ninth Street and Tenth Avenue—back with the gang. . . . Wonder if any of the old boys were around . . . Sure enough, there is Potsy Clarke . . . Funny, Potsy doesn't recognize him, Wallie Stover, welter champion. . . . There's Dick Murphy . . . and in the doorway of Hanagan's flats, Flatfoot Tone, detective and hated of the whole neighborhood . . . Flatfoot Tone, waiting in the doorway of Hanagan's Flats . . . Was it that Deever kid in trouble again? . . .

Now, the old Fairmont Club, up in

the Bronx . . . They're shouting for me, Wallie Stover . . . Why, there's Dinky Cohen, whom I stopped last week . . . He's fighting Nigger Goldie . . . Billy Gibson in Cohen's corner . . . A fair mill, only that Cohen isn't using his right enough . . . Tell him, Billy. . . .

What's this? . . . The National Athletic Club . . . They expect me to fight Tags Teller here tonight . . . Well, they're going to see something . . . Here's where Tags loses that title . . . I've got his number . . . Howdy, folks . . . Howdy, Tags . . . Got some more of that cement tape on your hands tonight? . . . Better not try any of that stuff with me . . . Pulled it on poor Lafe Crooks out in Frisco, and got the title . . . Not with little Wallie . . . Well, here's Tags on the floor already, in the first round, and I am the champion . . . Sorry for Tags . . . Too bad. . . .

I've got to know that girl . . . Darn the curtain . . . Goes up and now the house is dark and I can't make out her face . . . To hell with the show . . . Who is the girl? . . . A year, it seems . . . The curtain goes down, the lights go up, the girl passes up the aisle . . . Who is she? . . . Well, she's back . . . Bill Crary talking to me . . . Gosh durn . . . He's introducing me to THE girl . . . Mabel Landell . . . Banker's daughter, pent house on Park Avenue . . . And little Wallie of Tenth Avenue wants to—little Wallie wants to know . . . Party next Tuesday? . . . Will I attend? . . . Glorious Lady, I'd be there if the party was on the moon . . . Glorious Lady. . . .

Glorious Lady . . . Quit the ring? . . . Marry and settle down? . . . Brokerage business? . . . Glorious Lady . . . For you, the moon, the stars . . . Retire at twenty-four, still champion, a million in sight? . . . For you, the sun . . . You would marry me, little Wallie of Tenth Avenue? . . . For me, the top of the mountain? . . . Glorious Lady. . . .

Now, it's California . . . And Mexico . . . Funny, I never got hep to this travel business before . . . Glorious Lady, and a honeymoon . . . Canada, and Europe, France and Paris, London and Tipperary . . . But I'm getting tired of this . . . Gosh, we're home . . . Home again, and no training to do . . . What am I going to do with my time? . . . A party tonight? . . . Had a party last night . . . Another party tomorrow night . . . What will Randy say? . . . But Randy is gone . . . The ring is gone . . .

I'm through with all this, Glorious Lady . . . I'm crazy about you, but six years of ease is a lifetime to me . . . My head aches so, Glorious Lady . . . My head aches so . . . Please, my head. . . .

* * *

CHAPTER VII

STOVER opened his eyes, blinked in the strong light of his dressing room, and found his head resting on the breast of his wife.

"Out for almost two minutes, Wallie," said old Randy, with a brave attempt at a smile.

"Out for life, Randy," said Wallie. "Gosh, what a headache. What happened? I thought I had him out?"

"Just a left hook to the button—and the crowd stood silent while we carried you here. It was the greatest tribute to a boxer New York has seen."

"Well, the gang was right." Stover laughed. "They never come back."

"Don't they, Wallie?" asked Mrs. Stover.

"Well, you weren't fooling me one bit, Glorious Lady—not one bit, even when I heard you sob out in the dark in Reno. I was licked then and there, Glorious Lady."

And they cemented their new compact even as Adam and Eve let their lips meet back there in the Garden of Eden.

THE END

# Ernie Schaaf, the Sea Tiger

(*Continued from page* 12)

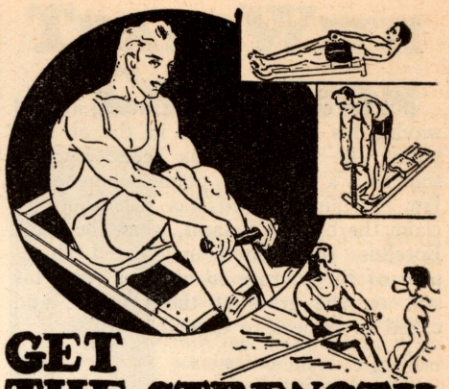
OF Ernie's various triumphs, his greatest came on the night of May 26, when the long-discussed mêlée with Jim Maloney—a bout for the New England heavyweight title, was staged in the Boston Garden. It drew a huge crowd, mainly Maloney rooters and adherents, as few realized the progress the ex-sailor had made, thanks to Jack Sharkey, Maloney ruled the favorite. It was figured that it would be another of Schaaf's sleepy fights. That Jimmy would both outsmart, outbox and outfight him. But to the amazement of thousands of ring followers, Schaaf, instead of going onto the defensive, started to tear from the bell and almost ripped Shamus apart.

It was bing-bang-slam, left and right hooks, terrific drives with either hand from the shoulder. In 70 seconds it was all over. Maloney was piled on the floor, Schaaf back in his corner without a scratch.

The work of Schaaf that night, his wonderful physical trim, his confidence and aggressiveness, was a revelation. As like an angry tiger into the mêlée, he looked well and fit enough to meet any ringster in the world.

That fight made Ernie Schaaf in Boston—his second kayo victory over Maloney a few weeks later—a thorough demonstration that his first was not fluke—completed the job. Jack Sharkey who was in his corner on both occasions and is always with him now, shared in the triumph. He had made Schaaf make himself—make himself in a few short months a fighting man of the first class—the best all around New England heavyweight Boston has seen since Sharkey himself ruled its rings.

Truly, it is not surprising that the aurora of a prospective world's championship is once more brightening the Boston horizon—that Hub critics of Jack Sharkey incline to forgive and forget. May his protégé keep on clicking. We think that he will.

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# Pugilistic Comebacks

(*Continued from page 9*)

But Dares got tired of strutting around waving his leaden gloves in the air and telling the folks he was keen to break somebody's neck or pound somebody's jaw to splinters, and was just about to claim the bull by default, when the aging Entellus, the retired undefeated champion of Sicily, rose to his feet from his seat on the grass at the ringside, and called to Aeneas to defend the title.

* * *

THE crowd yelled for Entellus to win. He had something like the reputation of our Jack Dempsey of the present. He had been the pupil and sparring partner of Eryx, the champion cestus wielder of the world, and was in Eryx's corner when the champion fought Hercules on that spot many years before.

In that fight, which was short and furious, Hercules caved Eryx's skull in with a slashing downward blow of his iron fist, and when Hercules left the island, and Eryx's corpse had been decently burned on a funeral pyre, Entellus then claimed the championship, and held it against all comers, giants and otherwise for a score of years, retiring only "when age bound his muscles, and dimmed his eagle eye."

Entellus said that he didn't care for boasters and that is why he consented to tackle Dares. Entellus admitted he was old, and had lost much of his strength but he felt certain that he still had one good fight in him, and was ready, so as not to disappoint the crowd, to take the Trojan champion on.

And then Entellus, as Virgil tells the story, took from his girdle the gloves that his old master Eryx had used in his combats. These gloves, to quote from the Latin poet, "were seven huge folds of vast oxen, stiffening with lead and iron sewed within," and they were stained with blood and spattered brains.

The gloves of course were barred, and Aeneas ruled that the fighters must wear the regulation Trojan cestus of leather set with iron knobs.

* * *

THE fight was fast and furious and Dares used his wonderful foot work to advantage, jumping in and jabbing Entellus about the face and chest and getting away without return. Entellus was soon badly winded, and covered with blood, and in a mighty effort, he struck a straight blow for his elusive antagonist's grinning mouth. The blow fell short and the exertion stretched Entellus on the ground.

Like old London Ring Rules, that ended the round, and Ascestes, Entellus' second, assisted the panting Sicilian champion to his feet. Aeneas, mercifully inclined, asked Entellus if he wanted to continue the fray, and Entellus, between his gasps for breath, said that he had not as yet begun to fight.

In the second round, Dares rushed in to finish the old man, and here he made the mistake of standing toe to toe and swapping punches with the retired champion. Inflamed with rage, as Virgil puts it, Entellus drove headlong into Dares' guard, and soon was chasing the younger man over the plain. He redoubled blows on blows, sometimes with the right hand and again with the left, and smashing him with vicious swings, tossed him hither and thither. Dares reeled, bloody and groggy, with drooping head and bending knees, his mailed fists hanging useless at his side.

And then Aeneas stepped in and stopped the contest, holding Entellus' crimson right hand aloft and proclaiming him the winner. Entellus, just to make the show more colorful, upon receiving the bull as the winner's end of the purse, killed the poor animal with a blow of his fist. "That's how Dares would have fared had I not held my punches," he vauntingly declared.

* * *

UNDER the old Roman sway, as the musty chronicles relate, boxing with the cestus was a part of the sports of the arena, and gladiators were trained in the art of how to use their fists.

In the Roman chronicles there is a record of one great cestus champion and all around gladiator, who having retired from the arena upon winning his freedom by successive victories, made a wonderful comeback and then hung up the gloves and the sword and shield for good as a professional, and opened up a training school for boxers and gladiators, and a rest cure and health resort for jaded aristocrats.

This first class fighting man was Lentulus Batiatus, who figured prominently as a Roman ampitheatre attraction along about B. C. 80. He was perhaps a man of mean and humble birth or a slave, for in his time only the captive and the lowly figured in the gory means to make a "Roman Holiday."

Batiatus was both a boxer and a swordsman, just as the English fighters of two hundred years ago were skilled in the use of the fist and the single stick, and he probably won his freedom by a succession of victories. His name appears with the names of others of his bloody trade in inscriptions on slabs found along the Appian Way, and in the ruins of a Lanista, or Gladiators' Training School, not far from the Colosseum in Rome.

* * *

AMONG Batiatus' pupils both in boxing and sword fighting was the great Spartacus, hero of Dr. Bird's wonderful tragedy, who led a monster revolt of the slaves against imperial Rome and shook the Empire to its very foundations. Spartacus was never a gladiator at Rome, as popular legend has it, and the fact is he was only in Rome a short time, where he was exposed for sale in the slave market, along with other Thracian prisoners, taken in their native mountains as brigands.

Spartacus was purchased by an agent of Batiatus and sent to Capua for training under the old master for future showing in the arena at the capital. Spartacus had many fights with the cestus or sword in Batiatus private arena or club at Capua, but he never made the great ampitheatre at Rome.

Instead, he broke for liberty and after several years of successful campaigning against Roman armies, was overcome at the battle of Silarus, and fell, sword in hand, piling the gashed and mangled dead around him as tribute to his might as a fighting man.

The inscriptions found on the Roman slabs are indeed curious and through the darkness of the past, throw light on the ancient prize ring. One of the records is of "Poetius, a Syrian, who teaches a gladiatorial school at Forina, where you can buy or sell a lot for the ring, for the cestus or the sword."

Another inscription bears record of the death of the boxer, Astianax, after he had been victorious in the first day of the games in the Roman arena. His antagonist, the record says, was "Symmachus Maternus, who was skilled in the use of the cestus and all weapons."

And all this was 2,000 years ago. Truly is the prize ring a famous and venerable institution.

# Gene Tunney Speaks

(*Continued from page 6*)

beginning to give you your proper place in the history of American pugilism. The public would greet you as they cheer Dempsey."

"Well you see," replied Gene, "Dempsey knew mob psychology. He always knew how to handle the crowd to his best advantage. Even his present exhibition tour is only a gesture. He is just keeping his name in the limelight and by so doing, he is benefitting financially through big gate receipts. Dempsey always has been a far smarter man outside the ring than within it."

* * *

AS for Sharkey, he dismisses him with a shrug of the shoulders. He doesn't think much of the Boston gob. He thinks his timing is poor for a heavyweight with the reputation that Sharkey possesses. His miserable showing against Mickey Walker he attributes to that poor timing and his failure to meet Walker's attacks properly. As for the newcomers, he says that he is happy to learn that there are several good prospects in the field. "If this Retzlaff boy learns something about boxing and can combine that with his hitting powers, he'll be a worth while heavyweight."

If Gene is to be taken at his word, there will be no comeback for him. He'll rest on his laurels and continue to increase his fortune with the kind of work in which he is now engaged.

# Fistic Firms

(*Continued from page* 11)

Taylor, so the story goes, would have hung up his gloves long ago, except that he hated to walk out on Long, for whom he had a true friendship. Kane died several months ago, not long after Mandell, whom he piloted to the lightweight title, lost the crown to Al Singer.

Among the foreign firms was that of Lew Mayer, Bertus Perry and Arthus. They specialized in Spanish fights, their ace being Paulino Uzcudun, the bounding Basque. Paulino tore loose from them a couple of years ago and now the firm, so far as I know, is broken up. Hilario Martinez was another good one they had.

* * *

JIMMIE BRONSON, he of the bow tie, was in partnership several times. He teamed up with Lew Brown to handle a large stable, including Bobby Garcia, Allentown Johnny Leonard, the Zivic boys, the Katkish brothers, Jeff Smith, Sandy Siefert, Meyer Cohen, Eddie Brunbrook, Bob Martin, Jack Horner, Phil Golstein and others. Bronson also hooked up with Bill Miller for a time. Brown is associated with Benny Embinder.

A New York firm that is riding high at present is that of Sol Gold and Frankie Jacobs. Jack (Kid) Berg, the Whitechapel Whirlwind, is their pride and joy. They also have a good one in Sammy Dorfman, who has turned in several sparkling exhibitions of late, after threatening to crash the inner circle for several years.

Johnny Keyes and Jimmy Kelly constitute another well known combination. They have the contract of Midget Wolgast, who owns that part of the flyweight title not in the possession of Frankie Genaro.

Sam Pian and Art Winch, the Chicago firm, has a great featherweight contender in Earl Mastro and several other youngsters who are coming along.

Jack Hurley and Ray Alvis were partners for a time and when they counted up they discovered they had more than a hundred fighters under their banner, including Jack Thompson, the welterweight champion, and Billy Petrolle, the Fargo Express. This combination lasted only a few months.

There are promotorial combinations, too. Most famous is that of Herman (Muggsy) Taylor and Bobby Gunnis of Philadelphia. They have been doing business together in the Quaker City for many years and probably will continue for many more. They still call themselves the "boy promoters" in Philadelphia.

The Lynch Brothers, Ed and Bill, are promoters in San Francisco.

There are many, many other fistic firms of more or less renown, but lack of space forbids going into this subject any more fully here.

# America to Fore!

(*Continued from page* 23)

of whom are young college athletes.

In this country, the revival of the sport last year and the big receipts for wrestling, have made it easy to obtain good talent. Most of the college football stars, seeing what is in store for them in a business career during the depression, have turned to wrestling.

"I have it from Nat Fleischer, THE RING Editor, that his book department has sold more than 3,000 books on wrestling to college and high school boys last year. That shows what an interest there is in wrestling," said Curley.

"Football players are flocking to the ranks as fast as they can be admitted," he continued. "I expect that in the next few years wrestling will be a compulsory sport at all colleges and when that happens, you'll find at least a dozen good, high class wrestlers turned out to the professional field yearly.

"On the whole, though, wrestlers come from the small towns. Many come from the farms, as in the case of the leading Europeans. In those places entertainment is at a premium. There are no movies to speak of, no outdoor sports like our daily baseball and no theaters of the proportions we have in America. Therefore sport has to be manufactured rather than acquired.

"In most of the European cities and towns, there is the local gymnasium and there the leading sport is wrestling. They have their physical instructors who prepare the boys for state championships and then for international tournaments which abound in Europe, and from these come the star wrestlers. They are developed through those clubs.

"Of course Europe contributes more to the mat game than here in America, but that is natural because the sport has always thrived abroad while in this country it is only beginning to thrive now after an extended period of poverty. The prevalence of athletic societies in Europe also has been a factor in building up and keeping the sport on its high pedestal. There it is rated as a major sport in every institution of learning."

With this off his chest, Curley declared that he expected a greater indoor season starting this fall, than this country has ever had. He opined that despite the depression, the public required something in the form of entertainment to help it to keep its mind off the depression and that wrestling afforded the greatest means for doing so. He said that Holuban and other foreigners who went home early last year to enter European tournaments, will return here for the winter sport. And with them, will come several young stars whom Curley has picked up in his three months' tour.

The sport is in for a big year, that is a foregone conclusion.


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| ...Rupture | ...Weak Back | ...Increased Height |
| ...Thinness | ...Weak Eyes | ...Muscular Development |
| ...Pimples | ...Short Breath | |
| ...Insomnia | ...Weak Heart | ...Great Strength |

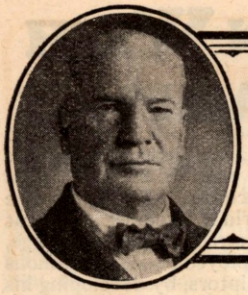
Private Ailments.....

Print Name.....

Age.....Occupation.....

Home Address.....

City.....State.....



# IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

**Ancel Firman, Los Angeles, Cal.**

Q.—Where and when was Luis Angel Firpo Born?

**A.—Junin, Province Buenos Aires, October 11, 1896.**

**Mark Thompson, Hartford, Conn.**

Q.—Did Bob Fitzsimmons hold three titles at one time?

**A.—No. He held three titles but not at the same time.**

**Jimmy Carrora, Chicago, Ill.**

Q.—How old is Jimmy Slattery? Where was he born? Where can I obtain a record of his fights?

**A.—Born August 25, 1904. Irish-American. Get his record from either Andrews' or Everlast record book.**

**Harold Smollen, Newport, R. I.**

Q.—Could Mike Gibbons at his best have beaten Stanley Ketchel?

**A.—No. Ketchel was one of the greatest fighters of his weight boxing has ever had.**

**Walter Osgood, Rochester, N. Y.**

Q.—What is the cost of a license for a club in New York State?

**A.—That depends on the locality. Write to Bert Stand, Secretary, New York Commission, Worth Street, New York City.**

**Alice Wrenn.**

Q.—Are there any clubs in New York where women can take up boxing?

**A.—Philadelphia Jack O'Brien's Gymnasium.**

**Frank Costello, Washington, D. C.**

Q.—What were the height, weight, reach and chest measurements of Kid McCoy, Corbett and Fred Fulton?

**A.—Corbett—6 feet 1 inch tall; 187 pounds; reach 79 inches; chest 42 normal and 46 expanded. Fulton—6 feet 5 inches; 208 pounds; 83½ inches reach; 43 inches chest normal and 47 expanded. McCoy—5 feet 11 inches, 165 pounds; reach 76 inches; chest 41 normal and 44½ expanded.**

**Milwaukee Reader.**

Q.—How old should one be to be able to manage a boxer properly?

**A.—Not a question of age, but one of ability. It stands to reason that age and experience form the best combination for success as a manager.**

Q.—Do you need a license to second a boxer?

**A.—Yes.**

Q.—Where could I learn to be a trainer?

**A.—By studying closely at gymnasiums the duties of a trainer and then studying carefully so that you know the contents almost by heart, Nat Fleischer's great book on the subject, "How to Second a Boxer." Get it from THE RING, Price $1.00.**

Q.—Where can I get a license to manage a fighter?

**A.—From Walter H. Liginger, Secretary Wisconsin Commission, 123 Wisconsin Ave., Milwaukee.**

Q.—Where can I get a photo of King Tut?

**A.—From THE RING Photo Shop, 11 West 42nd St., N. Y. City. Price $1.00.**

**J. C. Wrangell, Alaska RING Reader.**

Q.—How many times have Carnera and Stribling fought and what were the results?

**A.—Twice. Once in Paris, Stribling winning on a foul, and once in London, England, Carnera winning on a foul.**

**Trumble Esseltine, Sherwood, Mich.**

Q.—Do light-heavyweight champions receive belts? What do the champions in other divisions get?

**A.—No champion receives a belt for winning the title unless it is given to him by some private individual or a club. THE RING Publisher, Nat Fleischer, usually gives a belt to each new champion. He gave a beautiful belt to Max Schmeling recently.**

**Francis Huebner, Spokane, Washington.**

Q.—What was the weight and height of Sam Langford?

**A.—His height was 5 ft. 6½ inches. He was stockily built and when he started boxing in 1902 he was a lightweight and scaled 135 pounds. In 1908 he was 142 pounds, in 1909 160, 1911 165, 1914 175, 1916 190, and 1922 200.**

**IMPORTANT NOTICE**

***No answers will be sent by mail unless a stamped and self-addressed envelope is enclosed with your questions.***

Q.—Would Langford have beaten Jack Johnson in a title bout?

**A.—Johnson won title from Tommy Burns in 1908, and Langford and Johnson met in a 15-round bout at Worcester, Mass. in 1906, when Langford was a welterweight. Johnson got the decision at the end of 15 rounds, and Langford claimed the decision was unfair to him and clamored for another contest, which was refused by Johnson. Had Johnson met Langford when the latter had grown to be a light-heavyweight in 1914, Langford would probably have won. Johnson finally in 1908 consented to a match with Langford to be decided in London, after his victory over Burns, but Johnson ran out on the match and never did meet Langford. Johnson signed a contract calling for him to return to London and fight Langford after finishing his match with Burns in Sydney. But Johnson never returned to London.**

Q.—After studying a number of listings of the greatest fighters I have set down the names of the men that appear to be the best. 1—Peter Jackson; 2, Joe Walcott; 3, Bob Fitzsimmons; 4, Joe Gans; 5, George Dixon.

**A.—Jackson was unquestionably the greatest heavyweight of his time. Sullivan, Corbett and Fitzsimmons all avoided him when he was in his prime. Walcott was a great fighter, and whipped some of the heavies, but he never got a chance to show what he could do against first class heavies. In my opinion Fitz, doubtless the most accurate and effective hitter of all the heavies, would have taken Walcott. I would place Fitz second in the list. Walcott as a welter never had an equal, and Gans while he retained his health was the leader of the lightweight class. Dixon, as bantam and feather, in top form, had no equal.**

**Walter Hofer, New York.**

Q.—What is meant by ring generalship?

**A.—All around fighting ability.**

**RING Reader, Donora, Pa.**

Q.—Who would win in a Loughran-Schmeling bout?

**A.—Schmeling.**

Q.—My age is 16, weight 130, reach 60 in. 5 ft. 8 in. tall. What will be my dimensions at full growth?

**A.—At 21, you will be 138 lbs., 5 ft. 10 inches, and have a reach of 62½ inches.**

**Matt Brock, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

Q.—How can I reduce without injuring myself?

**A.—Read Nat Fleischer's "How to Train."**

**Harvey Mellon, Waco, Texas.**

Q.—I am 6 feet 2½ inches tall, weigh 198 pounds and am 19 years old. I have a chest development of 42 normal and 45½ expanded. I have loved the sport of wrestling since I was a kid. Do you think that I would do better in wrestling than in boxing? I have taken lessons in both at school and will graduate next year at which time I want to join the professional wrestling or boxing ranks as I am adept in each.

**A.—That is up to you. See which you like better. You certainly are well built for both. I would advise that you buy the wrestling books for sale at THE RING Book Shop and master the material in these. Your chances in wrestling, if you should prove good, would be better than in boxing.**

**Malachy Thomas, Chicago, Ill.**

Q.—What nationality has the best boxers?

**A.—The Hebrew, Italian and Irish are running a close race for the honors.**

**Thomas Horan, Miami, Florida.**

Q.—In your opinion is the point system of judging a fight better than the round by round system employed by the New York State Commission?

**A.—I'm sorry that I can't answer that as I am a judge in good standing in New York and naturally feel that my opinion might be biased. However, I will say that each has its good points. States where points are counted, have had as many or more unsatisfactory decisions rendered as in New York where the rounds count.**

**Martin Flaherty, Tulsa, Okla.**

"How old was Dempsey when he first started his professional career?

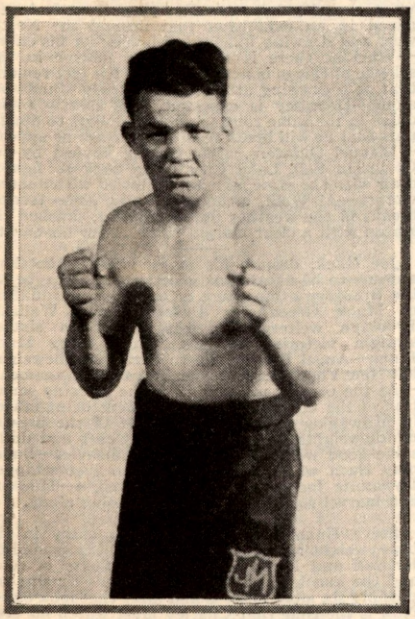
**A.—First bout of record, 1915, at which time he was 20 years old.**

## EASTERN CANADA AND MONTREAL TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

ARMAND VINCENT, hustling young local promoter, has achieved his object to promote a bona-fide world's championship fight. He presented a titular fifteen round bout at the Forum between Panama Al Brown, world's bantam king, and Pete Sanstol, the Montreal Norwegian flash. Brown gained the verdict. The fans turned out in great numbers and the gate receipts amounted to the healthy gross total of $20,436. The attendance in itself was a triumph for Vincent and the fight proved to be a worthwhile spectacle.

Brown won but Sanstol, the "Blond Bullet," fought one of the greatest fights of his career and his heady work in the early rounds carried him through to a garrison finish. Sanstol only won two of the first eight rounds, split two with Brown taking the other four by good margins. But the tide changed in the ninth and Pete began to assume command of the situation. He kept charging in with a two-fisted body attack, switching to the head occasionally, and the Negro slowed up considerably during each of the following rounds. The last round brought the fans to their feet as Sanstol slugged at close quarters while the fast fading champion held on till the bell. Sanstol's manager, Raoul Godbout, was happy at the showing his popular protege made. Sanstol went to Europe a few days later en route to Norway where he will visit his home town, Oslo, and then return with his mother to settle here.

In the semi-final, Art Chapdelaine, a cousin of Jack Delaney's from Springfield, Mass., was awarded a technical K. O. victory over Benny Brostoff, New York featherweight slugger, in the fourth. Benny's eye was badly cut, in a collision of heads. Harry Leibovitz, local flyweight flash, and Freddy Lattenzio, New York, drew in six rounds.



*Johnny Minella, Detroit featherweight*

Bobby Leitham, Sammy Gibbs' brilliant Verdun bantam, stole some of the spotlight from the main event with his clean cut win over Young Peter Jackson, New York Negro, in a special six-round event. Leitham dropped the first round honors but came back fighting in great style to win the next five in succession. Jimmy Thompson, hard hitting local Irish lad, dropped the duke to Al Annone, a sturdy lightie from Springfield.

Vincent's next show at the Forum featured Newsboy Brown, of California, against Eugene Huat, the hard hitting Frenchman, in a twelve-rounder. The speedy and rugged Brown left-handed an early lead that gave him a merited verdict. Bobby Leitham gave the heavy slugging Art Chapdelaine a boxing lesson as well as a few pounds but the latter's occasional wallops influenced the judges in giving a draw in the ten-round semi-windup.

Benny Brostoff and Peter Jackson repeated their furious fight in Quebec City some weeks ago. Their Quebec battle ended in a draw and so did their six-rounder on the Forum card. Al Gauthier, Springfield lightweight, sprang a surprise with a one-round kayo over Willie Carruthers. Wilf Carufel and Tommy Paish, local featherweights fought a slashing six-round battle with Carufel the winner.

Art Giroux, Gene Brosseau's highly rated Canadian bantam champ, returned to the rings after a layoff of three months to headline Rosy Delisle's open-air show at the Baseball Stadium against Harry Roberts, the tough little Boston battler. Giroux won handily.

Frankie Lebrun, hard slugging Sherbrooke featherweight, won over Ray Lirzin, local star, in the ten-round semi-final. Lirzin was holding the edge until he broke his right hand midway through the bout. Paul Mecteau, local lightweight prospect, left-handed blond Jack Sides to defeat in six. Rene Taillefer, another local youngster, trounced Walter Ryan, local welter, in six.

Eddie Martin, formerly Armand Martin of amateur note, out-biffed "Biff" Lemieux, Edmunston, N. B., in a six-rounder marking the local lad's pro debut. Tony Fugazi, Jules Racicot's sturdy flyweight, outslugged Rene St. Amand in a four-round opener.

Al Foreman, the heavy hitting British Empire lightweight champion, is likely to return to Canada for a few shots this month. Foreman is out for the world's lightweight title with a vengeance and is out with a defi to the ranking contenders. Foreman has bouts pending in England for late November or December with Johnny Cuthbert, British Feather King, and Panama Al Brown, world's bantam champ, at 128 lbs. Brown is a great fighter at the heavier poundage, much better than at his title weight, and his bout with the dynamic Montrealer should be a classic.

Johnny Nemis, Eastern Canada welter and middleweight king, renewed his campaign for the Canadian Middleweight title after a layoff of several months by journeying to Corner Brook, Newfoundland, to knock out the Newfoundland Middleweight champ, "Tiger" Payne, in 2:40 of the first round. Johnny performs in vaudeville and over the radio with his $1,000 piano accordion and must be quite an accomplished player as he entertained radio fans all winter.

Battling Tracey, alias Sig Hoiseth, is back in Montreal. The rugged Norwegian did well among the middleweights in New York and vicinity as he was good enough to give such stars as Ben Jeby and Harry Ebbets worthy battles. His pal and room-mate, Freddie Andersen, is a former Metropolitan and National Amateur champ, winning those titles in 1927, and he is going like a house on fire among the lightweights in and around the big city.

## WINS FROM WINNIPEG
By D'ARCY McILROY

THE Amphitheatre Club stages both boxing and wrestling shows every week and each week sees a larger turnout of fans.

Charlie Belanger and Fred Lenhart battled ten fast rounds to a draw here. It was a good bout all the way.

Nick Schmeling, cousin of champion Max, won a six-round decision over Joe Wakeham in a bout that was featured by heavy punching.

Kid Lees was given an unpopular decision over Bert Scofield after six rounds of fast hard fighting.

Vic Skerlton and Billy DeCossimo went six rounds to a draw.

Young Farmer Burns and Tommy McPherson wrestled to a draw in a rough-and-tumble match.

Winnipeg has a crop of young scrappers that are fast coming along and who will soon be heard of in big fight circles. Steve Trojack, heavyweight, Nick Schmeling and Bert Scofield, middleweights; Kid Taunch and Young Stroppa, lightweights, and Frankie Wolfram, bantam, are the pick of the local lads.

## SHERBROOKE AND VICINITY

JACK RENAULT opposed "Dynamite" Tony Thompson, of Worcester, Mass., in the feature ten-rounder of a gala card in Sherbrooke, Que. Renault, though far past his peak, was much too experienced and classy for the game New England heavyweight, after knocking him to the canvas three times, he clouted him for keeps in the fourth heat.

Kid Perusse knocked out a local lightweight rival, Freddie Appleton, in the third. Perusse has been improving rapidly. Tiger Ryan and Kid Lapointe fought a draw. Tony Daigle, Coaticook, scored over Eddie Sarazen, of Waterville, Que., in a sensational four-rounder. Sheik Rowley, Sherbrooke 130-pounder, scored a surprising one-round kayo over Jackie Noel in four.

Billy James won from K. O. Hogan on a foul after Hogan had slugged James around the ring and had him on the verge of a kayo. Many were of the opinion that the blows were not low and it was unanimously agreed that James would not have survived. Tiger Ryan beat Frenchy Lupien in the semi-windup.

At Littleton, N. H., Billy James was kayoed in the fifth of a scheduled six-rounder by Kid Heberts, of Laconia, N. H. Joe St. Onge, of Granby, Que., dropped a close one to Herman Prince, of Berlin, N. H.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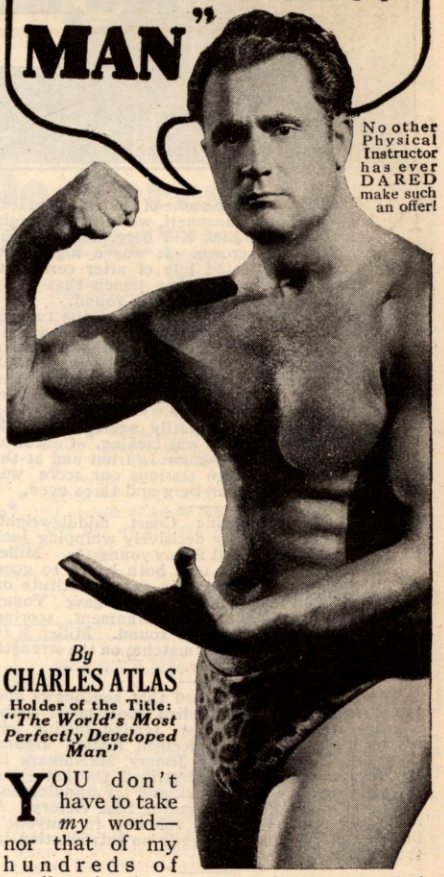

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# Along the Great Fite Way

## EDDIE BORDEN

NEW YORK was the scene of the return match between Tony Canzoneri, world's lightweight champion, and Jack Kid Berg, holder of the junior-welterweight crown. It was a highly exciting affair and created lots of after comment, particularly regarding the low punch that Tony was guilty of striking in the eighth round.

The Berg rooters contend that was the turning point in their battle. Up to the seventh session the battle was evenly fought and the punch in question was delivered in the following round. From that period on, Canzoneri went ahead and administered a decisive licking to his gallant foe, especially around the body.

Berg fought his customarily aggressive battle but somehow the old pep was lacking. Canzoneri fought hard enough to remain in front and at the conclusion of the fifteen sessions our score was eight for Canzoneri, four Berg and three even.

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Benny Miller, Pacific Coast middleweight, turned in a fine fight by decisively whipping Jack Rosenberg, highly touted Bronx youngster. Miller has plenty of class and uses both hands to good advantage. Miller stepped in as a substitute on the McLarnin-Petrolle card and gave Young Terry an exceedingly tough argument, scoring two knockdowns in the last round. Miller is in position to land some good matches on the strength of that Rosenberg victory.

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The person who remarked that southpaws and punchers could never be relied upon, never spoke a truer word. Ray Miller, terrific hitting left hooker from Chicago, redeemed himself around these parts by flattening Jimmy McNamara in the first round. Miller electrified the gathering with the rapidity of his work and his standing has increased manyfold since scoring that victory. A one-punch victory speaks volumes for anyone's hitting ability and Ray needs no introduction in that quarter.

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Although the point was never thoroughly discussed, Jack Kid Berg still retains his right to the junior-welterweight title. Anyone that dethrones Berg must meet him at the weight limit of 140 pounds. Canzoneri must meet Berg at that weight before he can claim both crowns.

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The Berg-Canzoneri match was a disappointment in the matter of gate receipts. Everything pointed to a sure $75,000 gate but the failure of the newspapermen to support the bout was responsible for the decline—Babe Barron, Johnny McDonald and Tom De Pino made the trip from Chicago and were rewarded by seeing a great scrap—Berg does not intend to let the defeat worry him and confidently expects to win the next bout if he is given a return go—Canzoneri intends to remain active by taking on all comers.

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Tommy Loughran was tendered a dinner by the Queensboro Stadium and the Mirror Radio Fund officials prior to his bout with Joe Sekyra at the Tavern Restaurant and Tommy was the recipient of many choice compliments heaved in his direction which he accepted with his customary modesty. This also paved the way for Nat Fleischer, Editor of THE RING, to present Tommy with the solid bronze statue donated by THE RING Magazine for being elected the country's most valuable boxer. There were many distinguished speakers that evening but the oratory prizes were shared equally between "Senator" Bill Lyons and Izzy Kaplan.

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The middleweight tourney in Milwaukee has been making excellent progress. The field has simmered down to Gorilla Jones and Angel Cliville as the finalists. Cliville is the Porto Rican who turned in a one-round knockout over Frank Battaglia, one of the favorites in the tournament, and also over Tait Littman in five rounds. Jones whipped Tiger Thomas and stopped Clyde Chastain. The Wisconsin Commission appears to have the initiative to start something which they are sure to finish and they are to be commended for trying to bring about order in the middleweight division.

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George Courtney expects to get down to the middleweight limit and wants to mix with the leading 160-pounders instead of the light-heavies that he has been meeting during the past year—Willie Suess has opened up a gymnasium in Brooklyn—Willie Beecher's youngster, Georgie, has the makings of a great little scrapper and one would never suspect this good looking cherub to be an aspiring pugilist—Willie wants his boy to vacate the ring and go to college but the urge is mighty strong in the boy—Jimmy Coster, of Philadelphia, is handling Mel Welsh, former amateur star, of Pennsylvania.

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The more one watches the feats of Ernie Schaaf, the more one becomes convinced that Jack Sharkey leaves behind a mighty menace to take his place among the reigning heavyweights—Schaaf's remarkable performance against Campolo was sufficiently convincing to the most skeptical—The only flaw one can find in his work is the cold deliberateness with which Ernie goes about his task—There is too much placidity and not enough of that magnet called color or showmanship.

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Al Brown defended his bantam title against Pete Sanstol, at Montreal, and came through the winner, though one of the Canadian officials decided in favor of Sanstol—Brown has removed any possible doubt of his claim to the title.

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Dave Shade and Ben Jeby staged their own middleweight elimination contest at the Queensboro Stadium and the result ended with both parties claiming victory—Conflicting opinions were offered as to why one or the other was entitled to the fight, but the arguments must end when the ring officials call it even—It was a good fight and could stand a repeater—Eddie Ran sprang a surprise by winning over Baby Joe Gans—Ran was floored in the sixth round but Gans appeared to fight sporadically and allowed his opponent to come on with a spurt at the finish—Lew Massey has given up the junior-lightweight chase and in the future will compete as a lightweight—Davey Abad and Joe Ghnouly engaged in one of those no decision mixups in St. Louis in which both sides claimed victory—Two papers decided on Ghnouly, one on Abad and the other a draw—Another reason why decision bouts should be legalized, providing capable officials render them.

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Jackie Fields could not overcome the New York jinx that seems to surround him—He had the necessary class to whip Young Terry but fought just the fight that was made to order for the rugged Trentonian. Fields, instead of using his skillful boxing to proper advantage, tried to outfight and outrough Terry in the clinches and the task was too much for him. Fields was beaten, but far from disgraced—Jackie is a legitimate welterweight and should confine his efforts in that class—My Sullivan, making his New York debut, fought a draw with Solly Krieger. Sullivan arrived in New York about three years too late. The appearance of class was shown in many of Sullivan's moves, but the youthful snap and energy was missing—Roger Bernard fell victim to Prince Saunders in the second round by a technical knockout. Saunders is a lightweight and Bernard seems to have outgrown the junior-lightweight class—That was a real surprise when you consider that Saunders was whipped by Mike Dundee and Frankie Hughes only a short time ago—Luis Gutierrez is getting kicks from all directions with Chocolate and Ignacia Ara idle, Mateo Osa getting kayoed by Retzlaff, Campolo suffering the same dose at the hands of Schaaf and Gans losing to Eddie Ran—Sammy Mandell was given quite a licking by Kapland and then lost to Steve Wolanin—Its about time that Mandell took someone's advice to hang up the gloves.

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Jimmy De Forest, veteran trainer, has taken over Joe Mach, Brooklyn's hard-hitting middleweight. Jimmy is also tutoring Joe Sepe, a welterweight—Harry Bloomfield has started his promotorial activities at the Columbus Sporting Club, of Yonkers, alternating weekly with boxing and wrestling shows—Charley Bennett picked up a real fistic gem in Al Minnehan, Irish light-heavyweight—Minnehan can punch and can also take it if necessary but Al believes in the theory of giving rather than receiving—Benny Miller has two other brothers on the Coast who are stars in their divisions—Hymie is a first-class featherweight while Abie meets the top-notchers in the flyweight class—Tom Heeney returned to the hopeful stage again by winning over Jose Santa, Giant Portuguese heavyweight.

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Joe Marciente is now living in Buffalo under the care of Jack Singer, manager of Tommy Paul—Jimmy De Angelo, who manages Joe Scalfaro, has a fine little prospect in Patsy La Rocco, crack Harlem featherweight—Patsy is a fighter pure and simple and has fought several Garden preliminary matches in which he looked very promising—Harry Baron is training again after a long siege of illness—Tallone, that well known scholar of boxing form is training Harry—Leonard and Harold Kleckner, sons of Dave, of "Blue Room" fame, are keen students of boxing and are forever around Stillman's watching the boys in action—Joe Netro is now handling Abe Lichtenstein, Rochester welterweight—Lichtenstein is the type that is as good as he cares to be and Joe thinks that he can make Abie settle down—Henry Bartels is managing three of the best little prospects around Brooklyn—Nick Pastore, Matty Stanish and Vincent Maracanda—They are training under the care of Joe Sullivan and Bartels expects to have them in the big money shortly.

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No matter how bad boxing is supposed to be, Jack Dempsey does not have any trouble in attracting the attention of the fans no matter in what capacity he acts—Dempsey is actively engaged in an exhibition tour around the Northwest and drawing unheard-of houses for his efforts—Whether there is any ulterior motive in this scheme of things is not known but the fact remains that as a drawing attraction Dempsey stands out alone—Dempsey is expected East shortly to indulge in the same routine and it's dollars to doughnuts that he will break records wherever he appears—Manuel Quintero, after getting kayoed by Joe Cortez in Salt Lake City came back to fight a draw with the same man and followed with another victory—Al Weill, although getting some terrible breaks in the weather during August, finished the season with a clear margin of profit for his efforts.

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Joe Glick, despite his many years of battling, appears to be fighting as good as ever—Maybe it's the Brooklyn atmosphere or possibly the influence of Mack Green, his trainer—Harry Wallach, Brooklyn welterweight, has turned in sixteen straight victories, his last victim being Mario Pinna—Angel Cliville, Porto Rican middleweight, left New York because he could get no engagements—At the present moment he is the reigning sensation of the middleweight tournament being staged in Milwaukee—Harry Smith, best of the present middleweights, is on the Pacific Coast and doing some good work against the light-heavies—Smith may clash with Ace Hudkins who just whipped Dynamite Jackson, Negro heavyweight—Hudkins is a marvel for the way he keeps going along.

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Steve Hamas, Charley Harvey's entry in the heavyweight ranks, seems to be gaining ground on Retzlaff and Poreda—Hamas has plenty of color and the knack of punching—He needs nursing for possibly six more months and after that look out—Now is the time that Charley must watch his step in matching Hamas—Steve scored four brief knockouts during the month—Stanley Poreda made his bow in Boston and easily triumphed over Babe Hunt—Poreda has remained in the background during the summer months and allowed Retzlaff and Hamas to capture the limelight but it may be a different story in the winter—Jackie Pilkington gave Louis Kid Kaplan a very close battle in Hartford—Far better than what the experts expected—Jackie sprang a surprise in Hartford some months back when he trounced Cecil Payne.

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Keep your eyes open for Sid Silas—A youngster with terrific punching powers—Has wonderful possibilities and may suddenly develop over-night—Surprises come and go but it will take something of a super-order to surpass what Joe Sekyra did when he whipped Charley Retzlaff at the Queensboro—It was almost like the night that Petrolle whipped McLarnin—At least it restores faith in the boxing game—They put Retzlaff in with a smart, cagy boxer with plenty of experience against the heavier fellows—Sekyra has always been a light-heavyweight but rarely meets men of his own poundage and likes mixing it with the heavy boys—The fight won't hurt Retzlaff but will merely remove any of the ego that may have gathered around the brow of the Minnesota Farmer Boy, if he had the slightest notion that he was invincible.

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Jimmy Dunn, of Cleveland, is grooming a wonderful bantamweight prospect in Ross Fields, who hails from Weirton, W. Va.—At one time Dunn had the greatest stable of boxers in the country—Murray Waxman and Jackie Gordon are both booming the cause of Al Ciullo, former amateur star—Ciullo has scored four kayoes in five pro starts—Eddie Benson, Lithuanian heavyweight,

seems to have the jinx put on him by someone—Since giving Campolo a stubborn battle and whipping Pat Redmond, Charley Retzlaff and Steve Hamas have refused offers to meet him—Stillman's Gymnasium did capacity business when Sharkey, Loughran and Sekyra engaged in their training periods at the same time.

Tom McArdle is again experiencing considerable trouble in getting first-class matches for the Garden—Just after the summer season closes and the approach of fall, Tom is always faced with the difficulty of getting together something really appetizing for the Garden patrons—For the October second program he sent out wires for about fifteen different matches without enjoying any success—Ordinarily, making matches for Madison Square Garden is much easier than getting together shows for a small club, but at a time like this with no cards in the distance and no prospects of future development it makes it doubly hard for McArdle—Louis Jallos, Greek lightweight from Cleveland, is making wonderful strides around New York, and has improved tremendously since deserting the amateur ranks.

Anyone wishing to make a trip to South Africa for the purpose of engaging in several fistic engagements will please get in touch with Henry P. Innis, 35 Water St., New York City, who has been appointed the American representative of a South African Syndicate to bring over several American boxers and wrestlers for an extended tour—Boxers in the heavyweight, middleweight, lightweight and bantamweights are particularly wanted—Please send along your complete record and number of years you have been fighting, and send same to Mr. Innis. All expenses will be paid, and Mr. Innis will give further details to those asking for the information.

Ernie Schaaf encountered some trouble in winning from Tuffy Griffiths in Chicago which is no reflection on Ernie's ability but only proving that Tuffy is coming back to form—Larry Johnson, Negro heavyweight, whipped Lew Scozza, ranking light-heavy, while Dave Maier, Milwaukee southpaw, put over a surprise when he stopped Tiger Thomas in two rounds—Matty Mario, Staten Island welterweight, is coming back into form and looking like his old self again at Stillman's—Matty is now managed by Chief Engineer Morris of the Salmon Tower Building, who has him booked for the opening indoor show at the Staten Island Club—Joe Sekyra must certainly be reckoned in the heavyweight division—Following his surprise victory over Charley Retzlaff he came very close to winning from Tommy Loughran at the Queensboro Stadium—Retzlaff kayoed Dick Onken in the second round on the same program which was staged for the Mirror Radio Fund.

## MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRIBUTES

**By CLIFF SCHIEBERL**

THE outdoor boxing season has come to a close around the valley. There were some good shows and a couple of flops financially, but Red Heneghan goes right along singing . . . (the blues).

Young Terry, most promising lightweight in this part of the country, has won his last ten fights decisively. He is gunning for Roger Bernard, Harry Dublinsky and others.

Davenport, Ia.—Young Terry Davenport trounced Davey Rosen of Chicago in ten heats. Lawrence Anderson beat Kid Leonard 10 rounds. Billy Blunke, East Moline, and Bud Dempsey, Rock Island, drew 6 rounds. Cliff Beckman, Davenport, and Young Powell, Rock Island, went six furious spasms even. Farmer Miller and Hot Dog Perry opened with four rounds. Miller won.

Leo Kautz, sports editor of the Davenport Times, is making preparations for the Tribune Golden Gloves tournament. Leo is a hard worker and knows his sports from A to Z.

Frank Duffy, the Davenport referee, has been offered engagements in Illinois, but refuses to take out an Illinois license as Iowa may pass the bill and he will be the leading referee.

Besides managing Young Terry, Paddy Jaaske and Snubs Ganaway, Peanuts Schieberl, of Davenport has taken over the managing of Harvey Carothers, Lefty Martler, Lou Taylor and Bert Viscioni, whose contracts he purchased from Duke Barry.

Promoters and managers of Waterloo, Cedar Rapids, Dubuque, Clinton, Marshalltown and Muscatine, Ia., get in touch with the writer at 431 W. 3rd St., Davenport, and let the world hear of your shows.

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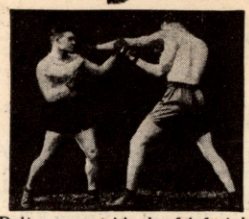

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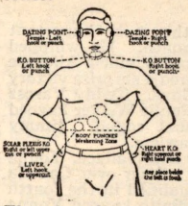

The knockout spots and vulnerable points, one of the many charts

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## PITTSBURGH GOSSIP

**By WILLIAM PIKOR**

TEDDY YAROSZ is on the mend. He broke his hand in the sixth round of his battle with Tiger Joe Randall.

Jimmy Thomas, local Negro bantam, stamped himself as a future threat in his scrap at Meyers' Bowl against Vidal Gregorio of Spain. The battle was fairly even up to the eighth round with Gregorio rallying to gain the verdict. In defeat, Thomas was not disgraced. He is yet a youngster, and will improve.

Thomas technically stopped Matty Matthewson in four rounds at Erie a few days previous.

Natie Brown established himself as a formidable contender for Maxey Rosenbloom's crown by holding the noted Billy Jones to a draw at Hickey Park Arena, Millvale. Bruno Sala, Donora light-heavyweight contender, defeated Buddy McArthur of McKeesport in the semi-final. It was a bruising melee with both fighters dealing out considerable punishment.

Jimmy Belmont of Braddock defeated Bucky Lawless in the feature event at Meyers Bowl in ten rounds.

Tuffy Griffiths, Natie Brown and Frankie Bajorski are visitors who were impressive in bouts here during the month. Bajorski remains undefeated in close to fifty bouts.

Teddy Yarosz looked good in winning over Tiger Joe Randall in decisive fashion in spite of a broken hand.

JUMBLED JABS—Jackie Wilson, dusky little scrapper is a fine prospect—He has defeated his last eight opponents—among them being Babe Peleco and Marty Gold—Bobby Vogel, 135, will also be heard from—Wilson trounced Johnny Warner on the Natie Brown-Jones card—A Jimmy Belmont-Yarosz match is in the making now that Belmont has beaten Lawless—Teddy holds a decision over Belmont, scored at Oil City before Jimmy went under Frank Klaus' direction—Belmont got the Lawless engagement after stopping Buck McTiernan twice—now both Belmont and Yarosz hold a decision over Lawless—Frankie Bajorski made his third appearance at Hickey Park Arena in Millvale against Andy Martin, of Boston—Bajorski, like Yarosz, has yet to taste defeat in close to fifty pro bouts—Young Saylor of Charleroi had his jaw broken on both sides in his brief tussle with Tiger Joe Randall—Randall is going strong—should be matched with Tug Phillips, another Charleroi scrapper—Bruno Sala of Donora split a pair of decisions with Buddy McArthur, McKeesport, light-heavyweight—Frank Klaus, manager of Jimmy Belmont, has a fine middleweight in Carl Montebano—Paul Pirrone of Cleveland will box as a middleweight hereafter—Johnny Ray, former boxer is now a manager.

## WESTERN RHODE ISLAND

**By A. SOLOVEITZIK**

THREE boxing shows were staged in Westerly during the past month and the local town continued to flourish as the leading fistic center in this section.

Joey Carpino of Jersey City won from Harry Devine, of Worcester, on a technical knockout in three rounds. Devine was winning by a mile when a cut was opened over his right eye and the referee halted hostilities.

On the same card, Joe Russo of Westerly, holder of the state middleweight title, retained his crown by scoring a knockout over Bernie Monahan of Providence in four heats. Another six-rounder saw Hookie Jackson, local sensation easily beat Kid Adams of Bayonne, N. J.

Rene Peloquin of Danielson beat Young Rochette of Westerly in six rounds. Joe Devens of Stonington stopped Kid Mack of Westerly in two frames. Gil Culver scored a three-round kayo victory over a Westerly rival, Young Remore.

Eddie Moore of Bridgeport made short work of Eddie Williams of Worcester when he upset him for the count in two minutes of the first round. The bout was scheduled for eight frames.

Hookie Jackson won a slugfest from Artie Brusso of Worcester. Jackson was down once and Brusso five times during the six rounds of the battle. Pete Savageau of Worcester halted the winning streak of Al Lacy, Norwich, when he easily beat him in four sessions.

Young Stanley of Wakefield scored two one-round knockouts. His first victim was Tiger Miller of Boston and the next Jimmy O'Dowd, of Westerly. Young Reta, Norwich beat Gil Culver, Westerly in four rounds.

Orson Record of Boston lost on a technical knockout to Jack Perry of Millbury, Mass. in four rounds. Rene Peloquin beat K. O. Frisko of Barre, Vt. in six rounds. The latter recently won the featherweight title in his home state.

Joe Russo, Westerly won from Artie O'Day of Worcester in eight rounds. Sal Comforte, Westerly's ball player-fighter, scored over Al Langlois of Norwich in four. Jimmy Metcalf won on a technical knockout from Joe Spostao, Westerly in four rounds. Jimmy Quinn turned in one of the most sensational victories of the year when he defeated Young Rochette of Westerly by a kayo in three heats.

The short but meteoric career of Joe Devens of Stonington came to a halt when he was stopped by Young Henry, also of Stonington, in four rounds.

Big Boy Burlap of Westerly did not fare so well in a bout at the Boston Garden, recently. He was stopped by Henry La Mar, Harvard boxing instructor in four rounds.

# A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

BOXING looks like it is returning to its own. The field is crowded with an abundance of talent and plenty of fireworks took place among the headliners the past summer. The winter looks most promising, if the boys maintain the competitive urge.

Ernie Schaaf made the season's greatest progress. He stands out as the best bet in the heavyweight division through his knockouts over Vittorio Campolo, Roberto Roberti and victory over Tuffy Griffiths. He has finally found himself and there doesn't seem to be anything stopping him. Tommy Loughran came through with a victory over Joe Sekyra, after Joe himself delivered that stunning surprise over Charley Retzlaff. Sekyra gave Loughran plenty of trouble during the mixup.

Ace Hudkins, supposed to have seen his best days, decisively whipped Dynamite Jackson, a rugged heavyweight on the Pacific Coast. The middleweight tournament is coming along finely in Milwaukee with Angel Cliville in the spotlight. His kayo victories over Frank Battaglia and Tait Littman put him over the top. Gorilla Jones is right behind him with a victory over Tiger Thomas and a technical kayo over Clyde Chastain.

Tony Canzoneri retained his lightweight championship by defending it successfully against Jack Kid Berg. Canzoneri appeared highly formidable and outside of Billy Petrolle, there doesn't seem to be anyone in sight to give him trouble. Battling Battalino evened matters with Eddie Shea by whipping him in a return match in Hartford. Al Brown clinched the right to the bantamweight title through his fifteen round victory over Pete Sanstol.

Tommy Loughran headed the list of fine performances among the heavyweights with his victories over Joe Sekyra and Jack Gross. Ernie Schaaf loomed strongly with his knockouts over Vittorio Campolo, Roberto Roberti, and win over Griffiths. Griffiths whipped Con O'Kelly and kayoed Emmett Rocco. Campolo disposed of Umberto Torriani in two rounds. Joe Sekyra surprised the universe with his astonishing victory over Charley Retzlaff. Charley returned to dispose of Gene Stanton and Dick Onken.

Stanley Poreda triumphed over Babe Hunt. Steve Hamas kayoed George La Rocco, Mike De Santo, Jimmy Russell and Armando De Carlos. Tom Heeney defeated Jose Santa. Andy Mitchell kayoed Duane Duncan in seven rounds and drew with Jimmy Braddock. Larry Gains scored over Jack Renault in Toronto.

Maxey Rosenbloom defended his title against Owen Phelps in a no decision bout and came through the winner on points. He also drew with Battling Bozo who whipped Walker Smith. George Manley scored over Pete Latzo. Natie Brown, heavyweight, drew with Billy Jones and kayoed Pavisi Presidio in six rounds. Larry Johnson, Negro heavy whipped Lew Scozza. Ace Hudkins scored over Dynamite Jackson. Al Gainer whipped Bob Olin and kayoed Jimmy Sullivan in one round.

Chuck Burns was beaten by Owen Phelps and Muggs Kerr. George Nichols kayoed Battling Archie in two rounds and defeated Jack McVey. Joe Knight kayoed Carl Knowles in eight rounds. Charley Belanger fought draws with Fred Lenhart and Martin Levandowski. Joe Anderson kayoed Vincent Forgione in four rounds and whipped Rattle Kitchline.

Gordon Fortenberry scored over Jack Tunney. Dave Maier disposed of Buck Everett in the fifth round, and Tiger Thomas in the second. Roy Wallace won from Leo Mitchell. Bob Godwin kayoed Jack Cotey in one round and Jack McCarthy whipped Mickey Taylor and Ring Larsen.

There seems to be a merry chase for that vacated middleweight title. Harry Smith, the leading aspirant, defeated Jimmy Hannah and kayoed Joe Anderson in three rounds on the Pacific Coast. Ben Jeby fought draws with Dave Shade and Pete August. Angel Cliville showed the middle westerners some hard hitting when he put away Frank Battaglia in one round and Tait Littman in five. Battaglia kayoed Billy Light in seven rounds and Littman whipped Ham Jenkins.

Young Terry defeated Jackie Fields and stopped Dick Evans in two rounds. Gorilla Jones whipped Tiger Thomas and stopped Clyde Chastain in six rounds. Chastain scored over Rudy Marshall and Al Stillman. Thomas whipped Humberti Curi and Curi scored over Red Boyette. Boyette whipped Frank Morris for the New York National Guard heavy championship. Benny Miller, Pacific Coast middleweight, defeated Jack Rosenberg and Marty Sampson. Frankie O'Brien won from Jack McVey and Mannie Davis.

Henry Firpo scored over Tom Patrick and Roy Williams. Solly Krieger drew with My Sullivan and whipped Hans Mueller. Mueller was kayoed by Trader Horn in two rounds. Ray Tramblie defeated Joe Sharkey and disposed of Jimmy Eiller in the second round. Izzy Grove stopped Denis Golden in six rounds. Jack Hood whipped Sandy McKenzie in England.

Lou Brouillard leads in the most important welterweight bouts of the month. He whipped Jackie Brady. King Tut kayoed Vivincia Alicante in five rounds. Eddie Ran scored a surprise victory when he whipped Baby Joe Gans. Teddy Yarosz whipped Tiger Joe Randall. Paulie Walker kayoed Vincent Hambright in the first round. Jimmy Belmont scored over Bucky Lawless.

Mike Payan won over Harry Kid Wallace. Young Harry Wills was declared the winner over Canada Lee when the latter was disqualified in the fourth round for not trying. Red Affinito kayoed Young Lefty in three rounds. Tommy Herman whipped David Velasco. Harry Wallach trimmed Mario Pinna.

Jack Kid Berg is the rightful holder of the junior-welterweight crown until he is beaten at the weight. Manuel Quintero, in returning to the 140 pounds both parties claimed credit for the victory. Joey Costa whipped Lew Feldman and drew with Harry Carlton, lightweight. Battling Bulahan kayoed Jack Sharkey in one round and defeated Natie Schwartz.

Battling Battalino won over Eddie Shea in an overweight match in Hartford. Shea stopped Pete Sarmiento in three rounds. Kid Francis scored over Max Tarley on the Coast. Freddy Miller whipped Emil Paluso but was beaten by Tommy Paul. Nel Tarleton stopped Albert Barker in the fifteenth round in England.

Dick Corbett scored over Teddy Baldock in London. Pete De Grasse won from Roland Lecuyer. Carl Wells outpointed Hymie Wiseman. Oscar Goldman defeated Danny London and stopped Joe Curry in two rounds. Sammy Farber won over Conrad Conde and Jackie Cress. Paris Apice whipped Johnny Hanlon.

Al Brown clinched his right to the bantamweight title through his fifteen round triumph over Pete Sanstol. Newsboy Brown scored over Eugene Huat. Vidal Gregario defeated Jimmy Thomas. Art Giroux scored over Harry Roberts. Ross Fields won from Joe Dragon and kayoed Mickey Barron in six rounds.

Emile Pladner won over Francis Biron in Paris. Willie Davies defeated George Annarino and drew with Johnny Edwards. Bobby Leitham drew with Art Chapdelaine and whipped Peter Jackson. Lew Pacion won over Young Grenada, and kayoed Tony Monin in four rounds. Marty Gold drew with Billy Landers. George Nate whipped Jose Fino. Petey Hayes whipped Joe Abrusci and kayoed Frankie McPoland in four rounds. Raymond Montoya won over Young Nationalista and Young Tommy whipped Chato Laredo.

Midget Wolgast engaged in some activity among the flyweights by whipping Happy Atherton, Frisco Grande, Joe Dragon and Johnny Edwards. Phil Tobias won over Moralito in South America. Young Perez whipped Jean Cuarto in France. Jackie Brown won on a foul from Jim Maharg in England. Speedy Dado kayoed Abie Israel in one round. Little Pancho whipped Tony Sacramento in the Philippines. Ruby Bradley scored over Lew Franklin. Pablo Dano won from Little Bayan. Jackie Harmon defeated Harry Little and Freddy Lattanzio drew with Harry Liebowitz.

## RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER

The following are my ratings for the month ending September 23:

| Heavyweights | Light-Heavyweights | Middleweights | Welterweights | Junior-Welterweights |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| World's Champion Max Schmeling | World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom | Title Vacant | World's Champion Young Jack Thompson | World's Champion Jack Kid Berg |
| 1—Jack Sharkey | George Manley | Harry Smith | Lou Brouillard | Billy Petrolle |
| 2—TommyLoughran | Billy Jones | Marcel Thil | Jimmy McLarnin | Manuel Quintero |
| 3—Ernie Schaaf | Lew Scozza | Vince Dundee | Young Corbett | Justo Suarez |
| 4—Mickey Walker | Ace Hudkins | Dave Shade | Jackie Fields | Tony Herrera |
| 5—Primo Carnera | Jimmy Slattery | Ben Jeby | Johnny Indrisano | Steve Haliako |
| 6—Joe Sekyra | Joe Banovic | Young Terry | King Tut | Joe Glick |
| 7—Charley Retzlaff | Al Gainer | Angel Cliville | Eddie Ran | Joey Goodman |
| 8—Paulino Uzcudun | Owen Phelps | Gorilla Jones | Paulie Walker | Billy Lynch |
| 9—Tuffy Griffiths | George Nichols | Ignacio Ara | Teddy Yarosz | Andy Callahan |
| 10—Stanley Poreda | Joe Knight | Benny Miller | Baby Joe Gans | Young Firpo |

| Lightweights | Junior-Lightweights | Featherweights | Bantamweights | Flyweights |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| World's Champion Tony Canzoneri | World's Champion Kid Chocolate | World's Champion Battling Battalino | World's Champion Al Brown | Title Vacant |
| 1—Billy Petrolle | Benny Bass | Earl Mastro | Pete Sanstol | Midget Wolgast |
| 2—Louis Kid Kaplan | Tracey Cox | Kid Francis | Newsboy Brown | Frankie Genaro |
| 3—Ray Miller | Mike Dundee | Tommy Paul | Archie Bell | Phil Tobias |
| 4—Wesley Ramey | Petey Sarron | Eddie Shea | Vidal Gregario | Speedy Dado |
| 5—Sammy Dorfman | Joey Costa | Claude Varner | Eugene Huat | Young Perez |
| 6—Al Singer | Davey Abad | Fidel La Barba | Emile Pladner | Jackie Brown |
| 7—Sammy Fuller | Joe Ghnouly | Freddy Miller | Cris Pineda | Steve Rocco |
| 8—Harry Dublinsky | Johnny Farr | Bushy Graham | Ross Fields | Young Pancho |
| 9—Johnny Jadick | Lew Feldman | Nel Tarleton | Mose Butch | Victor Ferrand |
| 10—Frank Bojorski | Miki Gelb | Dick Corbett | Art Giroux | Ruby Bradley |

The ten best prospects of the month are:

**Flyweight—Sammy Sweet, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

**Bantamweight—Sammy Levine, Chicago, Ill.**

**Featherweight—Hymie Miller, Los Angeles, Calif.**

**Junior-lightweight—Al Ciullo, Brooklyn, N. Y.**

**Lightweight—Jerry Buckley, New York City.**

**Junior-welterweight—Jack Stanley, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

**Welterweight—Eduardo Duarry, Cuba.**

**Middleweight — Honeyboy Shimar, Williamsport, Pa.**

**Light-heavyweight—Al Minnehan, Brockton, Mass.**

**Heavyweight—Vincent Parrila, Argentine.**

Tony Canzoneri is still the monarch of the lightweight division following his victory over Jack Kid Berg. Louis Kid Kaplan scored over Jackie Pilkington and Sammy Mandell. Mandell won from Owen Duvernay in New Orleans. Al Singer stopped Cannonball Eddie Martin in two rounds. Harry Dublinsky stopped Eddie Koppy in eight rounds and won from Orrie Mosher.

Ray Miller whipped Danny Delmont and kayoed Jimmy McNamara in the first round. Frank Bojorski defeated Johnny Farr, Andy Martin and stopped Charley Baxter in two rounds. Eddie Kid Wolfe scored over Al Rivers, Ray Kiser and drew with Louis Avery. Tod Morgan whipped Cecil Payne. Prince Saunders kayoed Roger Bernard in two rounds but was beaten by Mike Dundee. Mike also whipped Spug Myers.

The junior-lightweight failed to show much action. It dwindled down to a no decision affair between Davey Abad and Joe Ghnouly in which ranks, drew with Joe Cortez, whipped Frankie Darren and kayoed Freddy Wells in two rounds. Al Rowe stopped Buck Oliva in three rounds but was beaten by Steve Haliako. Joey Goodman stopped Jack Portney in the third round when the latter injured his hand.

Joe Glick defeated Mel Aragon and Emil Rossi. Billy Lynch won over Marty Goldman. Andy Callahan stopped Joe Canamere in six rounds. Young Firpo scored over Henry and Herman Perlick. Herman drew with Tony Falco. Al Rossi kayoed Joey Abrams in three rounds but was beaten by Philly Griffin. Ernie Ratner defeated Jimmy Donato and was beaten by Sid Silas. Max Koshover whipped Eddie Reilly. Frankie Hughes kayoed Jimmy Lundy in six rounds.

## MAINE BOXING
By FRANKIE BREARD

ROCKY STONE, Bidderford, proved to be one tough boy when he took on Harry Eastman and Chevy Chase in the same ring and on the same night and won both bouts at Sanford.

Paul Junior, Lewiston lightweight, knocked out Bristol Brown, Fall River, Mass., in the third round at Portland. Bobby Jones, Portland, lost to Eddie Mandell, Boston; Joe Canomaree, Lewiston, stopped the previously unbeaten Eddie Williams, Worcester, in two and Tony Caralaro, Portland, lost to Tommy Logan, Bath.

Jerry Dupree won the state mythical middleweight crown by defeating Jimmy De Caupa of Bath, at Bangor. Cyclone Violette, Old Town, beat Tommy Burns, Bangor; Young Valla, Waterville, beat Tuffy Taylor, Bangor, and Fred Lowe, Bangor, drew with Tommy Logan, Bath.

On an all-star card presented by the American Legion of Lincoln, the bouts resulted as follows: Carl Steward, Berlin, N. H., ko'ed Chesty Currie, Howland, in one; Kayo Ferguson, Howland, sent Young McDonald, Millinocket, to the showers in three and Flash Fogg, Lincoln flyweight, lost to Joe Gillespore, Burlington.

A capacity crowd filled the Bar Harbor Stadium to watch Ben Thomas, 135-pound champion of Uncle Sam's scouting fleet, kayo Little Johnny Moore, of England, in two rounds.

R. C. Patch, enterprising Sanford promoter, is giving the fans of southern Maine some classy boxing shows. Other active promoters are Al Weatherbee, Lincoln; Charlie Miller, Greenville; Bill Barry, Bangor; Chick Hayes, Portland; Tom Travers, Old Orchard; Bob Mainfort, Bar Harbor, and Butch Dorr, Old Town.

Tuffy Taylor, Bangor, made short work of Eddie Sullivan of Boston, kayoing him in the third round at Milo. Jack Shumway, Old Town, licked Pal Bryant, Calais; Kayo Ferguson, Howland, won over Flash Wise, Bangor; Freddy Amero, Milo, sent K. O. White of Old Town, to the showers in four, and Sonny Emery, Brownville, drew with Kid LeClair, Boston.

Mike Payan, of New York, outhit and outsmarted Patsy Santo of Boston in the Milk Fund show at Bangor. In the semi-final, Young Villa, Waterville, won over Tommy Burns, Bangor, on a foul. Fred Lowe, Bangor, ko'ed Cecil Grant, Waterville, in two, and Young King, Bangor, licked Al Bouchard, Waterville.

A packed arena turned out to see Young Stanley Ketchell, Bangor, stop Tuffy Taylor at the Guilford Fair. Young Bonsey, Dover-Foxcroft youngster, knocked out the veteran Rocky Kid Stone of Sangerville, in three. Tony Brennan, Bangor, beat Joe Grant, Lewiston, and Sailor Utah, Bangor antique, clowned six rounds with old Irish Barney Grant, Auburn.

Bill Geagon, sports editor of the Bangor *Commercial* and generally recognized as the leading fistic authority in Maine, has been enjoying his vacation at Charlie Miller's training camp at Moosehead Lake.

Johnny Bouchard, Old Town light-heavyweight, should hang up the gloves. He was knocked out by Max Berg and Paul Rodeque in his last two starts.

Tex Austin, of THE RING staff, is due in Maine in November.

Hy Diamond, of Boston, put a stop to Al Kid McCoy's winning streak at Waterville in a slow, one-sided battle. In the slugging-semi-final, Young Audet, Waterville, shaded Sam Snyder, Boston.

Louie Memis, Bangor's Toy Bulldog, won by a narrow margin over Patsy Santo, of Boston, at Bangor. Pat Grant, Bangor middleweight, kayoed Eddie Briscol, of Lynn, in one; Tuffy Taylor, Bangor, drew with Killer Brown of Hampden; Young Villa, Waterville, ko'ed Fred Lowe, Bangor, in one, and Kayo Peters, Negro welter, won by a knockout in the second round of his bout with Sailor Skeen of New York.

Paul Breakton, Bangor, heavyweight, was counted out by Gene Tunney in the third round of Breakton's bout for the Navy championship at Montauk, N. Y.

The following are considered the best among the Pine Tree boys—Heavies, Harold Mays, Gardiner; Rosie Batout, Van Buren; light-heavies, Max Berg, Auburn; middles, Terry Dupree, Bangor; welters, Al Kid McCoy, Winslow; Louie Nemis, Bangor; lights, Ted Kid Drew, Bidderford; Paul Junior, Lewiston; feathers, Cyclone Sawyer, Bath; Young Audet, Waterville; flys, Art Giroux, Portland.

## FROM MAINE
By CHARLEY MILLER

SAILOR UTAH, former middleweight champion of Maine, staged a brilliant comeback by easily defeating Barney Grant at the Guilford Fair. The sailor, in the form that he has so far shown, can handle any of the so-called middleweights in this State.

Tuffy Taylor, the head of the welterweight class in Maine, locked horns with Stanley Ketchell on the same card. For two rounds they fought toe to toe until they bumped heads and the referee stopped the fight due to an injury over Taylor's eye.

Hy Diamond, former amateur lightweight champion of Mass., won over Kid McCoy, state welterweight "champ" in 6 at Waterville. Diamond is now a full fledged welter.

Charley Miller is teaching boxing at his camps on Moosehead Lake. He has some good prospects. He will soon become a manager again. Some good boys will be developed by Miller, as Moosehead is a great country to bring them up. "Tex" Austin can testify to that.

The ten best Maine fighters are: Louis Nemis, welter; Jerry Duprey, middleweight; Tuffy Taylor, lightweight; Johnny Risko, heavyweight; Sailor Utah, light-heavy; Kid McCoy Jr., welter; Art Giroux, flyweight; "Bill" Geagon, feather and Young Dempsey of Lewiston, bantam.

## HOLYOKE, MASS., NEWS
By GEORGE "KID" ROSS

ERNIE SCHAAF vs. Unknown Winston bout was called off on the eve of battle, when Eugene Buckley declined to sanction the match. The bout created much interest in this section, over $5,000 worth of tickets having been sold in advance.

Primo Carnera, the Italian giant, failed to attract the crowds to the West Springfield American arena as he has in other parts of the country. Only 1500 fans turned out to see him spar two rounds apiece with Charlie Anderson of Chicago and Louis Infrate; against these unrated sparring partners he looked like a real threat.

The other bouts on the card were all that could be expected in the line of fights. Roland Lecuyer vs. Pete DeGrasse bout of ten rounds was full of action from start to finish and DeGrasse was given the decision. Ruby Bradley, Holyoke flyweight, won an eight-round fight from Lew Franklin of Brooklyn.

Jackie Dupont of Holyoke won a five-round decision over Joe Banis of Worcester, Mass. Dupont scored a knockdown in the fourth round.

Frankie Costello of Worcester, Mass., took the second straight fight from Kewpie Ledeou of Holyoke, Mass., another five-round bout.

Al Williams of Chicopee Falls, Mass., was k.o.ed by the hard punching Gabriel Navos, the Philipino from Holyoke, in the second round.

Chris Pineda of Manila, flyweight champion of the Philippines, won a decision over Miget Wolgast of Philadelphia, in a ten-round bout at the Meadowbrook Arena.

Jackie Harmon of Waterbury, Conn., won a cleancut decision over Harry Little of Philadelphia in the semi.

Joe Benjamin won over Lou Boschetti in four rounds and Young Dundee won a technical k.o. over Al Kelly of Bennington in the other four.

Lew Pacion, featherweight champion of the Philippines, won over Young Granada of Hartford, Conn.

Billy Champney of Worcester, Mass., won an eight-round bout from Trent Vaughn of Tampa, Fla. He floored the latter seven times.

Battling Archie of Hartford, Conn., k.o.ed Olaf Herset in the first round. Young Villa won over Huddy Huddleson on a technical k.o. in the sixth.

Mickie Lagess, brother of Harry Lagess, of Adams, k.o.ed Chuck Toomey of Bennington, Vt., in the second round of another four-rounder.

Johnny Gaito of Yonkers, N. Y., beat Tommy Crowley of Pittsburgh, in ten rounds.

Kid Decker of Pittsfield, Mass., won over Al Mariano of Worcester, Mass., in the eight-round semi.

In another eight, Joe Mangold of Pittsfield, Mass., stopped Gus Holmes of Bridgeport, Conn., in the second.

Billy Herman, Shorty Britt, of Springfield, Mass., and Al Williams of Chicopee Falls, journeyed to Littleton, N. H., to box boys from that State. Billy Herman returned the only winner from this section.

Meyer "Young" Jefferies, Springfield middleweight, is in New York.


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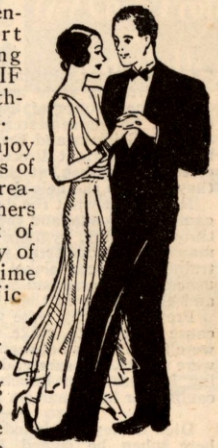

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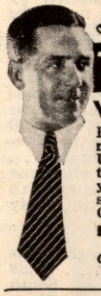

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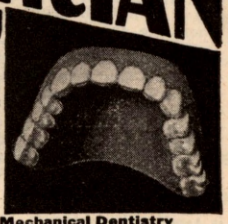

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"All for $1.00, see page 59 about Gus Martel, the K.O. Record Holder of the World, and Developer of Champions."

# In and Near Chicago

By FRANK MASTRO

THE indoor season started here in big and interesting style and everything points to a banner winter of fisticuffs following the poor outdoor boxing semester in this city.

Tuffy Griffiths and Ernie Schaaf started the ball rolling in the right direction in the first main event of the new season, at the Chicago Stadium, when they drew in the neighborhood of $35,000.

It was just what the doctor ordered for the fistic game in Chicago, and those who make their living through boxing, gymnasium proprietors, ringsters, managers, promoters, matchmakers, publicitors, trainers, referees, ticket sellers and ticket takers, ushers, et cetera, had happy looks on their faces and glad hearts in their bosoms.

Previously they were worried and unhappy because chances to make decent chunks of money were few and far between. As a result "the boys" were slowly, but surely, deteriorating and did nothing but stand in bunches at the different local cauliflower headquarters and "sing the blues."

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Dick Curley continued the rejuvenation of fights here when he signed King Levinsky and Joe Sekyra to meet in a ten-round windup at the Coliseum seven days later. The contest was to draw the largest crowd to a professional fight show at the Coliseum since the Jackie Fields-Young Jack Thompson mixed fracas riot.

Subsequent to Sekyra's defeat of Charley Retzlaff ringworms in this vicinity were anxiously awaiting the Dayton light-heavyweight's appearance. Promoter Curley felt the throbbing beat of their various pulses for a look at the Duluth Dynamiter's conqueror and he signed Sekyra to meet Levinsky.

Levinsky decisively defeated Con O'Kelly but the Irishman received a draw and the verdict was so unpopular that the unpopular King was, before the Sekyra bout, one of the most popular boxers in this locality.

Those facts alone made the match a local natural. But Promoter Dick wasn't satisfied and made the contest more alluring by announcing a price scale of tickets to fit every pocketbook, 50 cents to $2, plus tax.

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The best Illinois fighters in seven of the eight divisions follows:

Bantamweight—Harry Fierro.
Featherweight—Earl Mastro.
Junior-Lightweight—Eddie Shea.
Lightweight—Harry Dublinsky.
Junior-Welterweight—Danny Delmont.
Welterweight—Sammy Mandell.
Middleweight—Ray Tramblie.
Light-Heavyweight—Larry Johnson.
Heavyweight—Tuffy Griffiths.

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Ray Alvis and Charley Hall will promote in the Coliseum all winter. Alvis, who is the real promoter, and Hall, who has the license, plan on sharing dates at the old Wabash Ave. swat emporium with Dick Curley. Bill Miller, comanager with Frank Churchill and later Jimmy Bronson, was summoned from Los Angeles, by Alvis, to publicize the cards and help make the matches.

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Fistic Rumors—Primo Carnera and George Godfrey will meet at Atlantic City before the year is over . . . Damon Runyon has Tiger Thomas . . . Jimmy Dougherty has Cecil (Seal) Harris but wants to buy him from Barney Abel for $750 . . . Nick Scialaba will turn pro under the managerial wing of George Blake of California . . . Thomas Jefferson Patrick, the Angeleno who came into the loop quietly and left just as quietly, with Manager Tom Scott, lived and trained with Jimmy McLarnin for two years.

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Inside stuff—Vernon Whaley, ex-Chicago sports writer, is with the Detroit Mirror . . . Ernie Fliegel leaves BAUM off his name . . . South Side Jack O'Keefe has a new heavy in Elvor Anderson . . . Ed Ballatin, who sold life insurance ever since he left the boxing game fourteen months ago, has the urge to don the mittens again . . . He married six months ago and is 24 years of age . . . Mrs. Bourque wedded for the third time when she faced the preacher with Izzy Klein, Winch's and Pian's trainer.

Miss Penny was missed by her many friends when she journeyed to Detroit with Gen. J. V. Clinnin for the N. B. A. Convention and election of officers . . . Whitey Ekwert, Jack (West Side) O'Keefe's stable trainer, celebrated the 23-month birthday of his only child . . . Harry Dublinsky is 21 years old but with the state commish, 23 . . . Earl Mastro is a year younger than the Illinois body's records.

George Siddon, feather star three decades ago, is tending bar here . . . Rabbit Hedlin returned to a local ring after an absence of 14 years . . . Mickey McFarland received $750 and Baxter Calmes was handed $500 for fighting an eight-round draw at the Chicago Stadium . . . The same pair met at a local small club in a ten-rounder, fought one of the best bouts, for big fellows, seen here in some days and drew $532 net . . . Sammy Levine continues his winning ways and Mentor Harry Weiss is broadcasting the fact that Levine's latest victim is Charley Cerminaro.

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Do you know that—M. Jacques Armand Curley, wrestling promoter, used to write sports on the old Chicago Inter-Ocean? . . . Jack Kearns told Mark Kelly, of the Los Angeles Examiner, that Benny Leonard would return to the roped square long before the retired undefeated lightweight ruler did that very thing? . . . Peewee Jarrell whipped Manuel Quintero because the latter's incessant chatter while they were fighting rattled him? . . . Doc Morris, New York's fight scribe, was a boxer in Frank Carillo's stable on the West Coast?

Young Jack Thompson, welterweight champ, takes his name from the old colored heavyweight who used to be a rough, tough hombre but nothing else? . . . Eddie (Mushky) Jackson is said to be the best second behind battlers in Gotham? . . . A. J. Cermak, Chicago's mayor, furnished Tunney's camp when Gene trained for Dempsey? . . . Sidney Strotz is only 33 years of age, attended Cornell University, served overseas with the 326th Battalion Tank Corps and lives in Lake Forest? . . . Nate Lewis was born in Elkhart, Ind., 1881? . . . Midget Smith, the bantamweight who made many good combats here, now weighs 180 pounds and is working at Bill McCabe's cabaret on Miami Beach?

Soldier Leavitt, ex-wrestler and boxer, was seen in the loop? . . . Walter Winchell wires boxers his congratulations on a victory?

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Hot off the griddle—Meyer Frager's wife saw him knocked out by Jackie Davis in his first tilt since their marriage a short time ago. . . . Thompson received 16,000 pesos ($7,500) for scrapping Tommy White at Mexico City. . . . Sammy Ford sells insurance when he isn't refereeing. . . . Referee Harry Mueller is an electrical shop worker. . . . Harry Neilly hung the monicker "Moe" onto Forrest Meyer of the *Daily News*. . . . Jabber Young has given 163 embryonic boxers lessons in the manly art of self defense the three years he has been a boxing instructor. . . . Archie Ward was sports editor of the Rockford *Star* before acquiring the Chi *Tribune* position of sports chief.

Charley Riley would like to write fiction for Nat Fleischer. . . . He wrote a peach of a fight story for Midweek, which was discontinued. . . . Doc Krone's first name is John. . . . Jimmy Bidwill had to quit boxing due to a weak heart. . . . Hugo Kelly is a half century old and is in the lumber business at 21st and Robey. . . . Georgie Goodman bought a marriage band for a girl and within two months she returned it. . . . She was No. 2. . . . Edwin (Eddie Poposki) Parkes, Central A. A. U. boxing inspector, shoots 96 for 18 holes of golf. . . . Eddie Mead is enthused over the promising futures of Patsy Perroni and Paul Pirrone.

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In Canada boxers are fined every time they land a low blow. That would be a good thing here and it'd go over in a big way. No suspensions, no stopping of encounters, just fines by the referee whenever a boxer scores with a low punch.

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Many ringmen have sidelines, other ways besides fighting of making money. More often they have not. Those who haven't may be interested in printing business cards, etc., for money, when they aren't scrapping. The writer's been told of the contemplated sale of a hand printing press, five cases of type, leads, slugs, quads, work table, galleys, etc., for the small sum of $25. The seller is a boxer who has reached the heights of his career and wants to get rid of the outfit. The miniature print shop earned him enough money to see his way clear while trying to make the grade. If interested write or wire Frank Mastro, 180 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

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America has its Eugene Tunney but England has its Theodore John, son of the greatest living English painter, Augustus John. Moreover Tunney retired from the boxing game to go into society while "Teddy" left society to go into the fight sport. Young John scored a technical knockout over Ned Giles at London recently in his ring bow, which took place before peers and peeresses, long-haired lads and short-haired lassies, and the Bohemian set of painters, poets and novelists.

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England generally has been given the honor of creating the padded mitt for boxing. But in reality it was in France that the first recorded contest with stuffed gloves took place. Boxing gloves were used in exhibitions, but not in fights, as far back as 1756.

In 1818 at Aix-la-Chapelle, France, two English heavyweights fought for the first time in history with big gloves. A blow to the heart finished the battle, but history does not give the round or the names of the victor and the vanquished.

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Some of This and a Little of That—Al Sweeney, who is 24 years old, is leaving the ranks of the bachelors and will be married to Bernice Pelz of Chicago, next June. . . . Joey Sangor, who owns a half interest in a drug store at Milwaukee, made a lot of money while mingling with the best featherweights in the game, but he is property poor. . . . Jack Barry, sheet marker for Babe Barron and Dave (Dingey) Halper, has a new 126-pounder in Danny Neenen. . . . Marion Matuszak, Chicago heavyweight who knocked out Buck Everett, who beat Joe Dokter, will be back in action in December following the removal of his tonsils.

Einar Hedquist and Joey Kleko are in the fourth year of high school and when they graduate will concentrate upon pro careers. . . . Paul (Leberto) Dazzo is ready for action once more after a period of five months on the shelf because of hand trouble acquired while losing to Hymie Wiseman. . . . Al Miller secured Teddy Zev as a partner in his lobby cigar stand at 180 W. Washington St.

Eddie Stanton is the full-fledged manager of Young Stuhley, Kewanee, Ill., welter, who is going good in this town. . . . The Gales, Peewee and Johnny, brisk bantamweight breezes from Three Rivers, Mich., are anxious to get started at the Chicago Stadium against Jose Fino, Georgie Nate, Midge Liuzza or any boxer from 118 to 126 pounds. . . . Augie Zabish was capable of arising after taking a ten-count on his return start here. . . . Dick Sisk spoiled a record of thirty-some-odd straight wins when he lost to Mickey O'Shea on a foul. . . . Sisk looked like a sure knockout winner.

One-eyed Connelly, the notorious gate-crasher, paid $5 to watch the Great Lakes boxing milk fund benefit at Waukegan. . . . Willie Bowler, former Illinois athletic commission inspector, is now in the department of the Sanitary District. . . . Dave Maier is German and not Jewish. . . . Danny Gasparo is a jack of all trades. . . . He was a fighter and theater manager, and is a ring trainer but he isn't satisfied and is going to be a policeman. . . . Gen. John V. Clinnin, N. B. A. president and chairman of the Illinois Comm., was amateur champion in the middle and light-heavyweight divisions over thirty years ago and boxed at 24th and State. . . . Young Quintero, Spanish Tampa, Fla., lightweight, would like to journey to the Loop and face either Harry Dublinsky or Barney Ross.

Ed Bang, Cleveland newspaperman and fight promoter, wanted Kid Francis to meet Battalino in a featherweight title scrap in the annual Christmas fund show but inasmuch as Mastro decisively defeated Francis, Earl should get the shot at the champion. . . . Jim Irwin may be in the fisticuffia business a good many years but the match between his Owen Phelps and Maxie Rosenbloom at Des Moines right after Phelps' disputed decision over Larry Johnson, isn't smart. . . . That match in Chicago or anywhere else would draw a banner house.

Felix Kolk, boxing instructor, was unable to beat Dave Barry playing handball almost two semesters ago but he trims him daily now. . . . With the remark that he is getting too old Barry showed newspaper clippings telling of his knockouts of two thugs who were trying to steal a $2,000 payroll from a business agent. . . . While the Whalens next door were celebrating their twenty-sixth wedding anniversary last month Frank and Mrs. Mastro were celebrating their second and Patricia Ann Mastro her ninth-month birthday.

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It may be in Cleveland, O., or Lancashire, England, but one thing is certain. THE RING, world's foremost boxing publication, is a great advertising medium because of its large circulation and because readers read everyone of the sixty-four pages it embraces.

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Manny Robins, coach and manager of the Cleveland amateur boxing team, read what Promoter Pep Kerwin, of Western Stadium, here, was doing, on this page, and immediately got in communication with the leading Chicago amateur impresario. The result was, Robins brought five members of his Cleveland team to this city to battle local stars at Kerwin's Stadium before a capacity crowd of 3,800 persons.

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Another of the many instances of the popularity of THE RING can be gleaned from the following fact. This writer mentioned Bryan Downey was appointed boxing instructor at Kid Howard's gym and shortly afterward Bryan received a letter from a gentleman in Merry Ol' England congratulating him upon his appointment.

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Sam P. Hall, well-known boxing authority, left a flock of friends behind when he died following a hernia operation at the age of 48 years. The writer was among Sam's many friends and he admired the former sports editor of the Chicago *Herald-Examiner* and boxing writer for New York and Los Angeles newspapers. He learned to know and love Sam through close association with him in the matter of publicizing Jim Mullen's and Joe Coffey's boxing and wrestling shows. Among Hall's close friends were Sammy Wolff, Max Schmeling and his manager, Joe Jacobs, Oscar and Mrs. Kuffer and Jack (West Side) O'Keefe. Hall was one of the best publicists the writer knows and he worked with many good ones. I learned a lot about writing from Sam. He was publicity director at the Schmeling camp for the heavyweight titular fracas against Stribling. He was unmarried.

## DETROIT AND VICINITY
**By RAY POWERS**

OFFICIALS of the Olympia, Detroit's slugger-house, recently inveigled one Floyd Fitzsimmons, Benton Harbor promoter to take over the fall and winter contract with a dispirited clause embracing a 17½ cut on the gate receipts. The over-ambitious, vastly optimistic Fitz immediately signed the King Tut-Jackie Fields bout scheduled to shoot on the second, as his opening boom.

A year ago Fitzsimmons staged the Bud Taylor-Earl Mastro battle at the Fair grounds and set it down as one of the biggest successes of the season. If the initial fall show is anything of a success Floyd has promised the fans a juicy card for the remainder of the year.

The State Athletic board went into a huddle at Lansing and decided upon Friday night of every week as "swat" night for Detroiters. When Floyd Fitzsimmons is not using the Olympia on that night, independent aspirants may stage their shows if they wish to stand the stiff tariff set out by the officials.

Louis Newman, former manager, was given a license at the meet and will stage his cards at the Arena Gardens. His first shot at promotion, the Benny Touchstone-George Neron bout was slightly a failure but failed to put a stop to Fitz's ambition. Touchstone won Harry Tuthill's decision over the Chicago Greek Iron-man. The supporting card drew plenty of applause. Lanky Howard McLain won over Jackie Horner; Carlos Mazzola beat Wilbur Chevalier; Johnny Mitchell won from Jackie Russell, and Gideo Gowatch decisively defeated Johnny Riggi.

Scotty Monteith's second shot at independent promotion work went haywire both financially and pugilistically when the Ray Miller-Danny Delmont card soured.

Although the erstwhile suit and cloaker from Chicago won referee Allie Day's decision after ten floundering rounds, the half a dozen thousand that sat through the fray at Navin Field were dissatisfied. Miller at times tried to push the fight, but was hampered by Delmont's ability to clinch and stay clinched.

Andy Mitchell, of the West Coast, and Jimmy Braddock, stumbled through another ten-frame affair to a draw. A great percentage of the boos belied the fact that perhaps Mitchell had a slight edge.

Benny Touchstone won a technical victory over Pat McLaughlin in the second; K. O. Jack O'Dowd put the sleeper on K. O. Harper; Mickey Balabon beat Jackie Fiegerger in a six-rounder, and Buster Trenkle, of Ypsilanti, beat Young Risko, Hamtramck heavyweight.

Jack O'Dowd, Detroit heavy, and his manager, Bud Clancy were under indefinite suspension by the M. B. A. as a result of their scheduled bout with Leo Lohman, Toledo trial-horse. Referee Sam Hennessey stopped the bout in the seventh round after O'Dowd had refused to use anything but a mild left jab. "Bingo" Brown, chairman of the commission made the announcement.

The Monroe Athletic club staged an all-knockout show recently. Alex Hadrian, Detroit, put the sleeperino on Lew Haines, Toledo, in the fourth stanza of their featured lightweight event; Al Honas, Detroit, flattened Steve Shea, Toledo; Eddie Wells kayoed Red Hommer; Ted Barnes was too much for Lee Moore, and Sammy Lazette eliminated Hughie McGinnis.

Grand Rapids promoters edged back into the limelight again last month when they staged the Levandowski-Belanger joust. The former kept his undefeated professional slate clean by collecting a draw with the Winnipeg youth. Pete Petroskey of Muskegon won the semi-final bout from Jackie Horner, Detroit lad.

The Outdoor Arena at Mt. Clemens will provide their capacity crowds with nothing but the best in the form of slugfests, and for that reason, referee "Cuts" Burde, Port Huron, stepped in and called the Harry Fine-Johnny Palma act "no contest." Andy Puglisi and Jim Dorsey in the semi-final was the best show-off to the gallery. Young Bill Douglas, in a preliminary fray with Stan Sabin, of Detroit, broke his right hand during a hot exchange in the third and will be out of circulation for awhile.

Benny McArthur, state lightweight champ, of Saginaw, and Benny Duke, Polish idol, of Grand Rapids, slugged ten rounds to a draw at Traverse City recently.

The state middleweight title stayed with Bob O'Signac, of Benton Harbor, when he put Frankie Misko away in the seventh round of their headlining card at Mt. Clemens. Walter Majeske defeated Al Wolgast on the same program.

The Ruguzzoni-Miller bout, also held in the Bath City, was another flashy bit of slugging for the suburbanites. The Italian title holder putting the Ypsilanti youngster away for the count in the sixth spasm, after flooring him three times in the earlier rounds. Johnnie Nardoni, Detroit middleweight, added another name to his long list when he defeated Billy Brophy; Art Decker, Wyandotte, won over Johnny Petosky, Windsor; K. O. Morgan, Mt. Clemens, stopped Ernie Marshall, Center Line, and Buddy Kearns, Chicago, won the nod over Paul Sparton, Detroit.

Hector Van Maele, following his success at the open air Velodrome will move into the Naval Armory to stage his bouts for the winter.

The Gesu Athletic Club staged it's second amateur show last month and played to a good house at the Detroit University stadium. The club cleared $5,000. The proceeds will go to charity.

Twenty-four simon-pures furnished the best card ever to be witnessed by lovers of the little fellows.

Ray Cook, Toronto, won the decision over Billy Stewart, Detroit; Gene Stanley, New York, decisioned Clayton Bridges, Detroit; Billy Marone, Detroit, knocked out Jack Maurer, Toronto; Johnny Miller, Detroit, decisioned Jack Strawas, University of Michigan; George Riley, D. A. A., won over Tony Kosiba, Detroit; Preston McKinney, Detroit A. A., won over Joe Stalnes, Detroit; Leon Wright defeated Billy Walker, both of Detroit; Nick Feldman, Detroit, won decision over Tony Alverez, Y. M. C. A.; Nick Kolnick, F. S. S., won a technical knockout over Walter Dexter, D. A. A.; Joe Skeegi, Detroit, decisioned Holman Williams, D. A. A., and Jack Slater, University of Michigan heavy, knocked out Ceaser Voccia, Detroit, in the opening round.

Wrestling a la Adam Weismuller programme, is still forging to the front. When the inadequate space of Danceland hall caused the former bone twister to move his ring and stable of groaners, Adam spotted the old Arena Gardens on Woodard Ave., and after investing a few yards of what it takes, reopened his bi-weekly shows. The inaugural pitch between Jack Reynolds, world's welterweight champ, and Tetsura Hygami, Japanese star, packed the ardent contortion lovers into the new home. Reynolds tossed the Oriental in two straight falls. Harry (Speedy) Schaefer, St. Louis, took the first and only fall from Danny Morris, Columbus, and Ben Stefanski and Joe Kopecki drew.

## MICHIGAN MITTS
**By BILL PERRY**

AT Muskegon, Harry Dublinsky had a hard time beating Orrie Mosher, a southpaw. It was Mosher's first attempt over the ten-round route. In the semi, Emmett Curtis shaded Ace Martin. Pete Petrosky won over Pee Wee Jarrell in six rounds.

In Ludington, Tony Cancela battled Prettit Ferarer, the state light-heavyweight title holder ten rounds to a draw.

While in Muskegon, Harry Dublinsky and his manager, Jack Eile, were entertained by the writer. Harry looks bigger and stronger than when he last appeared in Michigan.

Martin Levandowsky, the Grand Rapids strong boy, broke into the major league fistic circles by holding Charley Belanger, Canadian light-heavyweight champion, to a ten-round draw.

On the semi-final, Pete Petrosky fought the best fight of his career in winning the decision over Jackie Horner.

Benny McArthur of Saginaw won the state lightweight championship by winning a ten-round decision over Don McLeod of Detroit. Benny displayed a nice left hand. Two weeks later McArthur fought Benny Duke ten fast rounds to a draw.

Bob O. Signac, state middleweight champion, knocked out Frankie Misko in seven rounds at Saginaw. Frankie might have won if he had been in better shape.

James "Bingo" Brown, chairman of the State Boxing Commission, made a trip to New York in order to visit his mother and dad. Both will be eighty years old their next birthday.

Emmett Curtis has his wife as his manager. Now he knows that he is managed.

Toots Abel, who was with Tommy Gibbons and Eddie Kane for a number of years as dietitian, spent the summer with Morrisseys at their summer home at Grand Haven.

The National Boxing Association held its Annual Convention in Detroit September 14-16, inclusive. It was the quietest convention the N. B. A. has ever held. Much of this is due to the capable manner in which Brig. Gen. John V. Clinnin has served as its president. He was again elected to that office without opposition. James M. Brown of Michigan was also re-elected to the office of first vice-president.

The writer seeks the co-operation of promoters, boxers and managers in making this column a worthy one. Address your boxing news to the writer at 1527 Sixth Street, Muskegon, Michigan.

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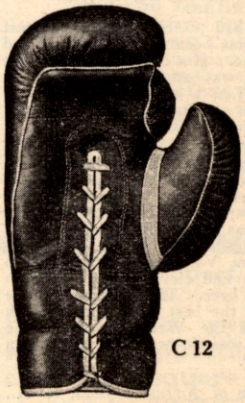

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# Timely Ring Chatter from Great Britain

By TED BROADRIBB

TO LEICESTER belongs the credit of introducing the two new arrivals in the country, Joe Woods, the Michigan heavyweight and Don McCorkindale, the South African heavyweight champion. Woods was opposed by Reggie Meen in a good dozen-round contest and referee Jimmy Wilde named Meen as the victor.

On the Woods and Meen bill we saw Don McCorkindale stop Jack Stanley in 3 rounds. Stanley was outclassed.

Unless Charlie Smith can find work here very soon it is reported that he will undertake a second trip to America.

The Blackfriar's "RING" which has been closed for a few months so as to allow alterations to be made according to the demands of the London County Council is now ready for the winter season.

It seems an age since we had a 20-rounder, but at Edmonton, Harry Abrahams staged such a bout between two stable companions, Hadyn Williams and Tom Benjamin, and at the "journey's end" Ted (Kid) Lewis who was the referee, gave his decision to Benjamin.

After considerable dickering, Nel Tarlton, England's clever featherweight who made a hit in the United States last year, has been matched with Johnny Cuthbert for the British featherweight championship at the Liverpool Stadium on October 1. Johnny Best, Liverpool's well-liked promoter, obtained the bout. The result will be known before this edition of THE RING is on the newsstands.

Harry Mason "doddled" a points victory over Stoker Reynolds, the welter champion of the British Navy, in a recent charity show at Portsmouth.

In the South Wales district, much interest was aroused in the contest between Steve McCall (Scotland) and Frank Moody, ex-British cruiser-weight champion and present holder of the Welsh championship of that division. The bout attracted a crowd of over 10,000 and was staged at Ninian Park, Cardiff, for the Cardiff Royal Infirmary. At the close of 15 rounds a draw was the decision. It was Moody's first bout in 12 months.

At Nottingham, Reggie Meen knocked out Epifano Islas, a Negro "mountain of flesh" from the Argentine, in the 4th round. Meen had a narrow escape from earning disqualification for a low punch immediately before he scored the K. O.

Johnny King, by his K. O. of Pat Gorman in round 6, proved to be the winner of the Northern Area eliminating Bantam Division. He qualified to oppose Bill Lewis, the winner of the Southern Area, and the winner of this King and Lewis contest will meet Dick Corbett for the title.

Len Harvey who had to call off his contest with Vince Dundee, has been confined to his bed for a considerable time. His illness proved to be more serious than it was at first anticipated to be. Here's wishing Len a speedy and complete recovery. We want to see that third meeting with Dundee.

Johnny Best, Liverpool's promoter, has secured a site for his new stadium, but the building plans have been shelved pro-tem by the local authorities. Johnny would appear to have "struck oil" at the Winter Gardens Southport where he has been running a summer season. One of his recent "tops," saw Dom Volante in opposition to Bryn Powell, a tough and clever Welshman who has never yet toppled over. The "quarrel" while it lasted, was one of the best ever. In the 6th round Dom stretched the Welshman upon the canvas, and the towel was thrown in to save Bryn from an official K. O.

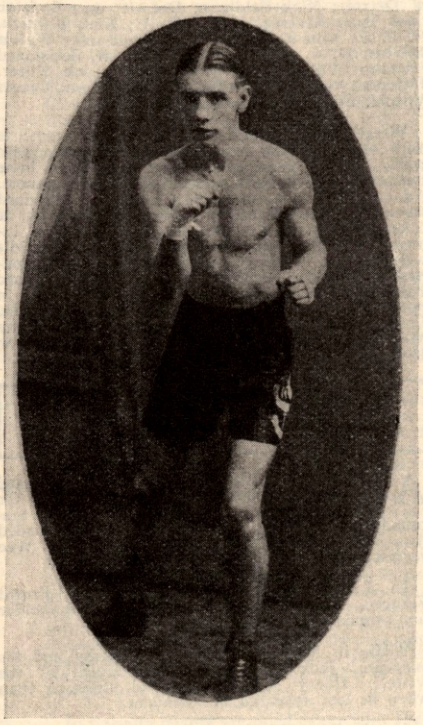
Teddy John, the son of Augustus John, R. A., the world-famous portrait painter, made his debut as a professional boxer at the Croydon Stadium when he had for his opponent Ted Giles, local middle-weight. Giles is a tough customer and a reliable "trial-horse," but the novice was the more scientific of the two, and proved that he could "take-it" and was well in front in the 8th round when the bout was ended in his favor owing to the condition of Giles' damaged eye.

In an eliminating welterweight championship bout which was staged at Bristol, George Rose comfortably outpointed Archie Sexton over 15 rounds.

Jackie Brown (Manchester), British flyweight champion, and Jim McHarg, flyweight champion of Scotland, met over 15 rounds at Belle-Vue, Manchester, before a big gathering. There are many good judges who label McHarg a worthy successor to Elky Clark and the late Johnny Hill, and believe that he will one day "lift" the British title. Anyrate, this fight in question ended in round 8, owing to the disqualification of McHarg for striking a low blow as Brown came leaping in, so the question of supremacy is still unsettled.

Tommy Toner, the heavyweight cousin of "Philadelphia" Jack O'Brien, outpointed Gerard Chesquiere, a Belgian heavyweight in 10 rounds at Croydon.

Seaman Watson now a publican in Newcastle, beat Benny Sharkey with ease, at St. James's Hall, Newcastle.



***Nel Tarlton, one of England's best featherweights***

Frank Markey, Scottish bantam champion, was on view at Blantyre where an open-air promotion was held. He was billed to oppose George Hassard over 10 rounds, and although the bout went the distance, Markey won, by many a "mile."

Phineas John, the clever Welsh boy, since he came under the management of Jack King, has been picking up winning ends of purses up and down the country, outpointed Johnny Clark in good style at Barnsley recently.

At the Winter Gardens, Morecambe, Jack O'Brien, the Irish middleweight champion, stopped Alf Noble in 10 rounds.

The B. B. B. C. has received a cable from America, which says that Len Harvey and Jack Hood have been selected to compete in the middleweight tournament at Milwaukee to create a world's champion. Harvey and Hood are reported to have accepted, subject to satisfactory arrangements being made.

## BRITISH BOXING RESULTS

At Edmonton—George Brown outpointed George Porter over 15 rounds. Jimmy Thornton K. O.'ed Sam Walters in the 7th. Seaman Jim Duncan stopped Charlie Hodges in 4.

At Croydon—Jim Wheeler beat Charlie Rowbotham on points in 12; Les Ward outpointed Red Pullen; Billy Jones scored over Wyndham Richards; Charlie Jordan outpointed Herby Spencer, in 10 and Bud Walley (Singapore) stopped Jack Connell in the 6th.

At Kilburn—Kid Connor won a points' decision over Dod Oldfield. Wally White won from Billy Collins in the 4th round on a foul; Ted Kendal outpointed Billy Chilton.

At Southport—Jack Coney won on a foul from Herbert Jacques in round 7. Lew Sullivan K. O.'ed Dick Inkles in the first round. Dick Burke, Liverpool bantam, who is a menace to the best in his class, scored another rapid win by stopping the clever George Morgan of South Wales in round 3. George Foran and Teddy Snowball boxed a 15-round draw. Terence Morgan forced Tommy Rose to retire in the 5th.

At Manchester—Jock McAvoy stopped Joe Lowther in the 8th round for the middleweight championship of the North of England.

At Leeds—Nipper Cooper K. O.'ed Alban Mulrooney in the 6th. Joe Lowther outpointed Paul McGuire in 12. George Slack beat Tom Tucker on points in 12, and Jim Learoyd beat Vic Maudsley. All the above bouts were staged at the Leeds N. S. C.

The new Brunswick Stadium at Leeds opened its doors with a rattling bill, a hectic 12-rounder between Francois Machtens (Belgium) and Douglas Parker, that thrilled the large crowd right up to the finish. The Belgian deservedly got the decision.

At Sheffield—Spike Bradley outpointed Ginger Rennie in a 10-rounder. George Aziz and Tommy Barber boxed a 12-round draw.

At Plymouth—Seaman Fraggott defeated Tommy O'Neil. Seaman (Cock) Barry outpointed Bill Hood. Seaman Fraggott and Dick Burt boxed an interesting draw. Dick Burt received a points decision over Tommy O'Neil. Ted Cavanagh stopped Phil Jude in the 5th round.

At Smethwick—Leo Phillips outpointed Billy Graham by a tiny margin. Ted Sullivan and George Reynolds boxed a torrid 12-round draw. Ted Hinton and Bert Layton also divided honors in 8 rounds.

## SCOTTISH BOXING RESULTS

At Glasgow—Charlie Smirke defeated Young McLeod on points over the 10-round journey. This proved to be a real classy contest, bubbling over with action. Spider Kelly outpointed Johnny Grant in another 10-rounder. Jimmy O'Neill stopped Geo. White in the 7th. Phil Malloy was disqualified in the last round of a 10-rounder with Johnny Brown.

At Blantyre—A boxer, answering to the illustrious name of Joe Gans, caused a bit of surprise here by holding the clever Jim Boyle to a draw. Boyle is as good a feather as they possess in Scotland to-day, and the way Gans took him out of his stride, stamps the latter as a real good boy. Fred Hughes outpointed Johnny Grant in clever fashion, and Frank Markey beat George Hassard in easy style. Freddie Hughes deservedly received a verdict over Phil Malloy. Jim Boyle K. O.'ed Tom Timms in the 3rd round.

## WELSH BOXING RESULTS

At Cardiff—In supporting bouts to the Frank Moody and Steve McCall contest in aid of the funds of the Cardiff Infirmary, Glen Moody, younger brother of Frank, outpointed George Gordon, Scotland, over 15 rounds. Freddy Morgan defeated Ron Stephens on points. Minty Rose boxed Dave Dando to a draw.

## IRISH BOXING RESULTS

At Belfast—Jack Flynn outpointed Bob Bell in a 10-round bout that was full of action. Peter Kelly defeated Al (Spike) Robson by a narrow margin. Young Warnock beat Tancy Lee in 10 rounds. Jack Fisher outpointed Jim McCleery in a thrilling ten-rounder. Ginger Dwyer stopped Jim Little in the 4th.

At Ardglass—Alex Crilly K. O.'ed Billy Smith in the first round. Al (Spike) Robson stopped Jim Smith in the 5th round. Bob Bell and Jim McCleery boxed a real good 8-round draw.

## GOSSIP FROM EUROPEAN RINGS

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

JEFF DICKSON'S new Paris Palais des Sports opened as per schedule with ice hockey featuring. The new venture of Dickson's will be utilized every night in the week. There will be no dead days or nights which have practically wrecked some of the American places of amusement. Dickson is a real showman and a business man combined.

Everywhere that Dickson has promoted, his ventures have proved successful. No man ever had a harder time butting into a country than Jeff Dickson did when entering the English boxing field. Finally he was permitted to promote there, and now he is recognized as the greatest boxing promoter who ever operated in Great Britian. He has always been on the level, which accounts to a great extent for his marvelous success in England, France and Spain.

Jack Curley the champion wrestling promoter, spent a few weeks with us in the gay city. Old boy Jack, who knows Paris well, is a mighty popular fellow. He may send some of his grapplers over for Dickson to spin in his Palais des Sports. There are some good wrestlers in Europe and a revival of the game might be had. Before the war, wrestling was one of the best sports patronized in Paris.

The Norwegian heavyweight, Otto Von Porat, has challenged the European champion, Helm Muller, who recently defeated Pierre Charles for the title in Berlin. Von Porat, who is anxious to get a crack at the European title, considers the German would be easy for him. Muller is fighting very well now and Von Porat would have his own troubles trying to defeat him.

Jeff Dickson's rating of French boxers follows: Flyweight, Young Perez, champion, Angelmann, Mura.

Bantamweight, Kid Francis Spider Pladner, champion; Gene Huat.

Featherweight, Tassin, Bensa, Simende.

Lightweight, Humery, Baudry, Vuillamy.

Welterweight, Alverel; Vuillamy, Raphael.

Middleweight, Thil; Candel; Le Brize.

Light-heavyweight Sportiello; Gandon; Alonzo.

Heavyweight: Griselle; Bouquillon; Gardebois.

During the fall and winter season all of the above will receive spins at Dickson's entertainments. The best heavyweight prospect here is Andre Labertit.

There are some very likely appearing amateurs in France, but until after the Los Angeles Olympic Games, they will remain as simon pures. French fight promoters have agreed to keep hands off amateur prospects until after the big meet of next year.

Harry Persson, of Sweden, who was going along very well for a few years, was defeated by Otto Von Porat and has decided to quit the ring.

Nick Bensa, former featherweight champion and Quadrini, former European champion, went ten fast rounds at the Cirque Medrano of Paris, which was decided a draw. This is of course a no-decision verdict. At the same entertainment, Perrier of France defeated Lenglez of Belgium in the ninth round of a scheduled ten rounder.

Maurice Griselle, the French heavyweight, lost a decision to the German fighter Neusel, of Bochum, after ten hard fought sessions. The bout which was held at Hamburg, attracted a big attendance. The French fighter always puts up a hard fight.

The new French heavyweight find is Andre Labertit, nineteen years old, stands 6 feet 3½ inches and weighs 235 pounds. He recently knocked out the Italian Mario Zampa, who has considerable of a reputation, in the third round. Jeff Dickson, will see that he is handled and trained properly hereafter and he has great hopes that another Carnera has come to the surface out of Europe. By the time the boy reaches twenty-one, he should be a bit taller, and surely heavier.

Max (Wailing Wall) Waxman spent a short visit with Uncle Joe Jacobs, in Berlin, and along with Max Schmeling, the pair had a fine time. I hear that the eye of Schmeling's is really in a bad way.

Waxman, while in Paris made lots of friends. He was always found to be on the level and no trouble maker over decisions or any other matters concerning boxing. "Well" Max would say, "they decided against us so we must take it without a kick after Vince Harvey only received a draw in his bout against Hood of England." Vince, according to all of the English sporting writers without but one exception, was a comfortable winner, but referee Ted "Kid" Lewis, could not see things as they were.

Marcel Thil, the French champion, will shortly be matched against the European champion middleweight, Doemgoergen, of Germany, who recently defeated Polbi Steinbach, of Austria, for the title, on a point decision.

Gustave Roth, of Belgium, the European title welterweight title holder, defended his title against Gustave Elder, of Germany. After a bitterly fought contest the judges decision went to the holder.

Hein Muller, of Germany, defeated Pierre Charles, of Belgium, for the European heavyweight title, in a bout held in Berlin.

Francis Biron, the sensational French flyweight, met the German fly and bantamweight champion Willie Metzner, at the fall opening of Jeff Dickson's "home sweet home" of boxing, the Salle Wagram arena. The bout went the full distance of twelve sessions, with ten out of the number going to the French boy. The German champion is a tough, hardy fellow and Perez, was unable to knock him out. Perez put over an ocean of punishment. On several occasions it did not seem possible that the German lad could stand up under the sharp shooting blows he was receiving, but he was there at the end.

Boxing has been going very well at Monte Carlo, for a couple of months. In a recent bout held there for the European featherweight championship Jose Girones of Spain, the Spanish holder of the title, and who last winter received a draw against Al. Brown, forced Guy Bonaugure, of France, to abandon in the eighth of a scheduled twelve-threes. The French lad was game but he took a bad battering while he was gaming it.

## AUSTRALIAN BOXING NEWS

By SAM HART

JACK CARROL, Australia's uncrowned welter champ, won a decision over Herman Bundren, Los Angeles middleweight. It was the second time they had met Carrol, winning on a foul in the first bout. Art Hoare won from Johnny Brown and Jack Higgins Ko'ed Bill Lyle in the first.

Young Bill Tyson outpointed Kid Dencio in a fast 15-round bout.

Jack Haines, Australia's former brilliant middleweight champion, is drawing big houses to his act at the various theaters.

Wally Hancock, former welter champ, knocked out Keith Lawson in the 6th, after flooring Lawson five times.

Allen Edgecock stopped Joey Lavers in the fifth.

Bert McCarthy, former featherweight champion, of Australia, died as a result of his bout with Ally Roberts. Several years ago, Young Dencio, great Philippine featherweight, died in the same ring, after collapsing in the fourteenth, during a bout with McCarthy

Fred Hannaberry outpointed Russ Critchen, welterweight champion, in a 15 round non-titular fight.

Ambrose Palmer, middleweight champion, stopped Norman Johnson in the third.

Rube Brown knocked out Lou McSweeney in the eighth.

Herb Bishop won on a foul from Al Singleton.

Archie Orange knocked out Art Leslie in six and Eddie Flinders did the same to Eddie Keys in the third.

Ron Leonard outpointed Al Cashin and Bill Christie got the nod over Sid May.

Billy Grime outpointed Reg Wilcox in a fast fifteen-round bout. It was a good performance on Wilcox's part to run the experienced Grime to a close decision.

The young and greatly improved lightweight Bobby Delaney, won the title from former champion, Norm Gillespie, on a knockout in the fourth round. Gillespie never had a chance with his youthful challenger. Delaney had him on the canvas four times.

Bob Thornton is the new middleweight champion of Australia. He created a surprise when he won the title from Ambrose Palmer on a foul in the fourth round. It was a very unsatisfactory ending to a championship bout, and I think the referee erred in stopping the fight so early. Thornton has only been boxing about two years and his last twenty-eight bouts have resulted in 25 wins on the K. O route. He lost on a foul once and has two victories on points.

Jack Jones outpointed Rube Brown in a fast ten-round bout and Laurie O'Grady beat Archie Wibb.

Allen Campbell, New Zealand, won from Jack O'Mally, New Zealand, in fifteen rounds. Both are heavyweights.

Recognized title holders here at present are as follows: Paperweight, Teddy Lawler; flyweight, Teddy Green; bantamweight, Billy McAlaster; featherweight, Llew Edwards; lightweight, Bobbie Delaney; welterweight, Rus Critcher; middleweight, Bob Thornton; heavyweight, Jack O'Malley.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# News and Gossip from Boston

By DOC ALMY

ERNIE Schaaf, protege of Jack Sharkey, continues the fair-haired heavyweight scrapper in this neck of the woods. His batting average for straight kayoes is now seven, and the grand total eight, with 13 wins out of 14 starts since the American heavyweight champion took over the direction of his affairs last November. Roberto Roberti, the Italian heavy, contributed No. 7 to the list of successive kayoes in the feature bout of the Argonne A. A. tourney at the Boston Arena. He went into the ring thinking that he had a chance but that's all it amounted to. As is now his way—his new way—Schaaf came tearing out from his corner like a tornado in the first round, belting and welting like a wild man. He was so anxious that he did little real damage. He steaded in the second and gave Roberti one tough walloping. In the third Schaaf bowled Roberti over for eight and next sent him down for the full count and "out." The time was about 1: 40.

The show went over very big for Boston. It attracted about 10,000 fans. It marked the first winner Eddie Mack, the game promoter, has put across in many moons. This was due largely to the presence of Schaaf as one of the contestants. He has built up a real following here since he joined the Sharkey-Buckley outfit.

In one of the other bouts, Hanry Lamar, the scion of a famous Southern family, and formerly known as the "Washington Schoolboy," did a comeback, defeating Big Boy Burlap of Westerly, R. I. It was stopped in the fourth by the referee. Lamar has been appointed boxing instructor at Harvard University. He was selected from a list of about 200 candidates, among the number being Eddie Shevlin, Arthur Flynn and Al Mello. Lamar fills the vacancy caused by the death of Larry Conley, onetime N. E. light heavy star, which occurred during the summer.

"Doc" Bagley, in addition to Roberti, had another boy in the show in Red Affinito of New York, a 144-pounder, who fought very good. He stopped Young Lefty of Fall River, a real performer in the third.

Harry Devine of Worcester, a member of the last Olympic boxing team, lost to Spec Friend, of Oklahoma, Babe Hunt's stablemate, in one of the prelims. Devine ordinarily a good performer, took the bout on short notice. He has been doing little ring work of late which also contributed to his defeat.

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Ernie Schaaf was robbed of a prospective kayo a few days ago when the Boxing Commission stepped in and blocked his slated bout with Unknown Winston of Connecticut which was to have been staged at West Springfield, Mass., on Sept. 17. Schaaf, on his way West for his contest with Tuffy Griffith in Chicago, had planned to stop off at W. Springfield for the fray with Winston.

Schaaf was accompanied West by Johnny Buckley's brother, Jerry, but for the first time since tying up with the Buckley-Sharkey stable, did not have the latter with him. Sharkey was busy with his training and own affairs in connection with the Carnera bout in Brooklyn, therefore could not make the trip.

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Stanley Poreda, the 202-pound, thick-set walloper from Jersey, made his Boston debut with a victory over Alvin Babe Hunt of Oklahoma at the Boston Arena. Hunt's best, a right drive for the jaw, was usually broken up by Poreda's left jabs and straight blows to face.

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Werter Arcelli, Phil Buccola's welter, was returned the winner over Darcy White, the New Bedford colored ringster, in the semi-final. The Whaler put up a rugged fray but began to wilt fast after the sixth. In the ninth the bout was stopped and the award was given Arcelli. The latter is very keen to meet Lou Brouillard, holder of the N. E. welter title, and sooner or later may get the "shot."

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The battle for the welter title between Brouillard and Jack Thompson is slated to be staged by the Boston Garden on Oct. 23, the distance to be 15 rounds. It will be the first ring contest scheduled for that route either in Boston or Massachusetts for many years—in fact, the first strictly legal ring fray ever in the history of the state. The fights in the old days of 15 or more rounds were some times tolerated through a special license, winked at or under the club membership plan but none of them was legalized by state law. More than one of the promoters and principals found themselves battling in the courts because of such. The slated affair between Brouillard and Thompson comes under the new Massachusetts fight law which went into effect September 9, the same due to the recommendation of the special legislative committee on the sport and our own pleas in behalf of the measure.

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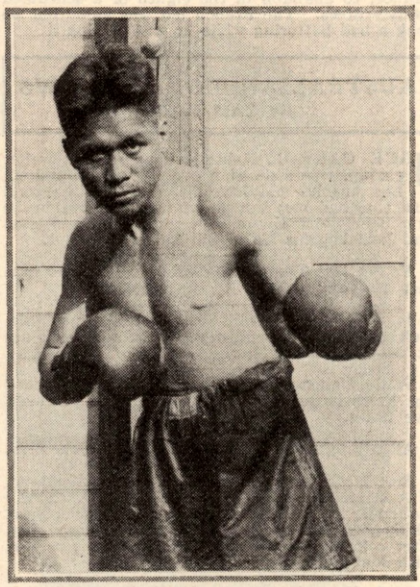
Old ring days were recalled to Bostonians on the occasion of the Poreda-Hunt bout, set forth in another paragraph. Prior to this fray—an earlier bout on the card—Joe Jeanette of New York, one of the gamest of the game in the old days who ever put up his hands, encountered the veteran Sam Langford in a three rounds exhibition. Old Joe Walcott was in Jeanette's corner, while George Byers, another famous oldtime colored ringster, esquired Langford. Naturally, neither Jaenette nor Langford did very much damage to each other, but the fans enjoyed their meeting and gave them plenty of applause. Jeanette was here with Poreda as his coach.

The play between Jeanette and Langford marked their first meeting in a Boston ring with the gloves since their vicious fight in January, 1911, a distance of 12 rounds in the now defunct Armory A. A. ring in its former quarters in the Cyclorama Building in upper Tremont street. In the first round Langford crashed Jeanette one to the mouth that put him down for nine. It was a terrible blow and brought the color in a stream from Joe's mouth and nose. Few modern ringsters would



***Lew Pacion, rugged Philipino featherweight, from New York***

have got up after such a smash from the Langford of that day. Jeanette did, however, and went the distance, taking a wicked pounding. Every time Sam winged Joe to the face the blood spattered over the spectators as far back as four rows from the ropes. This we know, as we were present and got spattered. Sam won the decision.

Langford and Jeanette had a number of fights—and, they were fights—while in their prime. We saw all of those fought between them in this section of the country. They were terrific, bing-bang mills between men who could fight, knew how and were extremely willing. We doubt if there is a heavyweight now in the game who could have stood up with Jeanette in a distance bout when the now colored veteran was in his prime.

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The week beginning September 13, was one of mourning for Boston and New England followers of wrestling, the same having been occasioned by the death of Stanley Stasiak, the heavyweight kingpin of the Paul Bowser wrestling troupe at Belleville, Ontario, Can., on the date mentioned. Death was caused by blood poisoning, a wound on the right elbow having become infected a few nights before while he was wrestling with Ed Don George of Java, N. Y., a former holder of the heavyweight title. Stasiak, a giant and possessed of tremendous strength, endurance and skill, was regarded as one of the best matmen in the country. Though a terror inside of ropes, he was otherwise kind and gentle—a man loved and respected by thousands. He was about 40 years old, had been associated with Paul Bowser for about 10 years, and had competed in numberless mat frays in all sections of this country and Canada. He is survived by his wife, also by several relatives in Poland, his native land. Known on the mat as the "Lion of Poland," he now sleeps in the Cambridge cemetery, Cambridge, Mass., the city of his American adoption.

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Along with other changes in the Bay State boxing laws is that pertaining to the votes of the ring officials. Individual ballots—are now being made public at all Massachusetts ringsides immediately following a contest. The fans now know exactly who casts the "yeas" and "nays"—who to blame for a decision which does not please them.

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Wrestling continues to retain its grip on Bostonians. All summer an organization known as the Massachusetts Wrestling Association has been staging well attended tourneys between minor leaguers in the cycle park at Revere, while Promoter Ray Fabiani has been putting on the big boys at the Boston Garden, his shows drawing from 4000 to 6000 on each occasion. The M. W. A., plans to shift its activities to the Mechanics Building, Boston, staging semi-weekly tourneys there during the cold weather months, while Fabiani will be doing the same at the Garden. Paul Bowser, who has been promoting mat shows here for years, will re-open for the season at the Boston Arena. He plans to put on weekly tourneys.

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Boxing in Boston seems to be in for some redhot competition with the rival strenuous sport, but the fact has in nowise dashed the promoters of fisticuffs. The famous St. Joseph T. A. S., with "Father" Bill Cuddy at the head of its boxing activities, launched its amateur boxing season at the Mechanics Building, attracting several thousand fans. He plans to stage weekly events all winter and another international meet.

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Paul Berlenbach, the former "Assassin," now doing a comeback, worked in Boston gym, and may mix in a feature bout at Salem, Mass., in the near future. The night of September 14, Paul was slated to meet Eddie Delaney of New York in a main bout at St. Albans, Vt., but as Delaney failed to appear, Ray Lopez of Boston, the middleweight half of the Twins, filled in. Though he had youth on Berlenbach, the veteran had too much strength and experience for him. It was stopped after three rugged rounds, the award going to Berlenbach.

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An effort to bring Mickey Walker here for a battle with Ernie Schaaf continues to dangle in the air. Johnny Buckley, Schaaf's representative, has come to the front with an offer of a $50,000 guarantee to Walker for a 10 rounds battle with Schaaf to be staged in the Boston Garden in October or November. Jack Kearns has yet to either refuse or accept for his man.

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Nap Proulz of Taunton, a junior welter, and "Baby" Jack Renault of Cambridge, two of the state's buzz-saw brothers, had their second melee for the summer in the ring of the Highland. A. A. at Avon, Mass., early in the month. It was a feature affair of 10 rounds and drew about 4200 fans. Again Proulz "cooped" the decision, his second over Renault, but the margin was very close.

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Andy Callahan of Lawrence took what many regarded as a big chance with his future when he journeyed up to Lewiston, Me., and there encountered "Joe" Canamara in a slated 12-rounder. This "Joe," we rather suspect, is Paul Canamara of New York, rated in this section as tough. In any event, however, Callahan had the luck to put him on the floor in the sixth round and thereby carve out for himself a kayo victory.

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Nick Norris of Manchester, N. H., who keeps Johnny Harko, his comeback boy much in the public prints, has moved his charge from the feathers into the lightweight division and is daily throwing challenges at Jake Zeramby of Lynn and Pancho Villa of New Bedford for a winner-take-all engagement at 135 pounds.

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The deficit at the Boston Garden for the six months ending August 31, is reported to amount to $33,946. The same is laid largely to the fact that the organization gave little attention to boxing during that period. It can be said for Billy Ames, the Garden matchmaker, that since he took up his duties months ago, he has staged but one losing show. That bout was between King Levinsky of Chicago and Jack Gagnon of Boston, won by the former.

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One of the busiest of the small clubs out of Boston is that conducted by Bat Silva, the former North Shore welterweight, at Salem, Mass. It is known as the Salem A. C. He stages shows about every week, the majority going over big. Billy Gonyea of Worcester grabbed a rather peculiar ruling over Buster Price, of Lynn, there. Though floored four times by Price, Gonyea was declared the victor.

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At the Salem club, Charley Parker of Boston, after a layoff of nearly two years, swung back into action and defeated Tony Acquaro of Lynn, a two-handed welter, in the 10 rounds feature.

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Big Bob Mills, the giant woodsman from Hill, N. H., who occasionally gets into the prints, made a three-rounds job of Jack Dudley, the Worcester heavyweight, at Franklin, N. H.

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Billy Lynch and Dan Carroll, joint managers of Big Boy Rawson of South Boston, the heavyweight who a year ago was the possessor of a fine kayo string, are bringing him back again. Rawson's big weakness has been a lack of confidence but he is fast overcoming that. He really has considerable class.

## CONNECTICUT NOTES
By STEVE KELLY

AT Hartford, Kid Kaplan, the Meriden Buzz Saw, had it out with the rugged Jackie Pilkington, one of New England's greatest lightweights, for the benefit of Mt. Sinai Hospital. Kaplan was awarded the referee's decision, after a thrilling scrap, but the ringworms thought Pilkington was entitled to the duke.

Al Gainer, New Haven light-heavy, kayoed Jimmy Sullivan in one minute and a half.

Joe Shelby stopped Jack Lackner in three rounds. Carmen Knapp, New Haven, stopped Tony Laverio, of Bristol, in four rounds.

Benny Leonard, former lightweight champion, boxed two exhibition bouts at White City Stadium. "Bennah" looked fairly good, considering his long lay-off, but he is not the Leonard of old.

Buddy Howard, New Haven heavy, stopped Pedro Lopez, of Wheeling, W. Va., in three heats.

Sammy Chernoff, New York, won over Tommy Jarrett, of New Haven.

Joe Oliver, New Haven, knocked Romeo Du Bois out in three rounds. Du Bois must be slipping. Rocco Muolo, New Haven, won from Patsy La Rocco, of Waterbury. Joe Vignali, of Waterbury, beat Tony De Palma, of New Haven, in four rounds.

Even though Kid Kaplan won over Jackie Pilkington, the writer thinks Pilkington has a better claim on the New England lightweight title, as the weights were: Kaplan, 136 lbs., and Pilkington, 132½ lbs. Kaplan seems to be a junior-welterweight. Willie Lewis, Stamford's junior-welter, has found himself. Lewis is fighting often and winning steadily now.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Tony Esposito, recently married. Tony was one of the best prelim. boxers in New England and is a brother of Mike Esposito, feather and Kayo Morgan, New England bantam champion.

"Jigger" McCarthy, Connecticut's leading referee, has tendered his resignation to the State Athletic Commission, in order that he may manage one of the biggest stables of boxers in New England. Connecticut loses an able referee, but gains a great manager and ringmaster.

Pat Redmond, Tipperary Giant, won a decision over Count Umberto Torrianni, of Italy, at Stamford.

Billy Bridges lost a hard fight to Sammy Manley.

Gene Bryant, Norwalk heavy, stopped Frank Pallachi, of New York, in two rounds.

Solly Angelo, Stamford's new light-heavy, stopped Ed. Varian, of Darien, in two rounds.

Silent Barrett, Stamford's deaf mute lightweight, outpointed Mickey Donato in the opener.

Bat Battalino, world's feather champ, easily beat Eddie Shea. Shea held a decision over Bat in a previous meeting, but the Hartford Italian proved to be Shea's master in this bout.

Kid Kaplan took a decision from Sammy Mandell, the Rockford Flash and former lightweight champion.

A middleweight tournament featuring the leading Connecticut middleweights, would prove interesting just now. Eligibles for this are Pete August, Rudy Marshall, Eddie Moore, Willie Angelo, Leo Larrivee, Frankie O'Brien, Wop Monolian, Lucien Larrivee, Low Brouilliard and Steve Black.

Silent Barrett lost a six-round decision to Al Gauthier, of Springfield, Mass.

Al Gainer, New Haven lightweight, had no trouble in defeating Bob Olin, of New York, in a return bout, Olin having won the first tilt.

At Waterbury—George Nichols, hard-punching Buffalo portsider, flattened Battling Archie, of Waterbury, in two rounds. Jimmy McLarne, Watertown, won an unpopular decision from Jimmy Sullivan, of West Palm Beach, Florida.

Jack Roper, New London's new find in the heavy ranks, outpointed Leo One-Punch Williams in the final bout.

Romeo Du Bois stopped Marty Martino, of Hartford, in the first. Johnny De Stephano, East Hampton heavy, outboxed Ted Coolidge, of the Coast Guard.

Al Koziol, of Norwich, lost to Baby Bear, of Florida, and New Haven, after being struck low by Bear.

Tony Kelly's lightweight, Al Linzi, of New York, substituted against Willie Lewis, and although losing it was a great fight.

Willie Angelo, New Canaan middle, won over Cal Holmes, New York Armory fighter, in a hectic fight and also kayoed Johnny Davis, of New York.

Steve Black, Stamford welter, has won three out of four in a return to the ring. He whipped Jettie Royal, George Cook, Jimmy Driscoll and lost a close decision to Willie Angelo.

Golden "Goldie" Goldfarb, handler of fighters, is receiving the brunt of some rotten criticism, but Goldie can take it, and come up smiling.

Tony Paolillo, one of the squarest shooters in boxing to-day, will be at the helm of the New Haven Arena for the indoor season. James L. "Gig" Carton (Oh, if I only had a picture of Gig), will take over the amateur end of the Arena. Good luck to you, boys.

Lou Kid Anger and Al Caroly will promote at Rakoczi Hall during the indoor season at Bridgeport. Roy Loveridge at Red Men's Hall and Billy Prince at the Park Theater.

Remember the writer's address is 42 Cedar St., Stamford. Conn.

## BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

ALTHOUGH Jimmy Slattery has been inactive since his title go with Maxie Rosenbloom there is talk around town that the tall Irishman means to settle down to business, get himself in shape and fight all comers this Winter. Jimmy can still do the trick if he makes up his mind. Red Carr, pilot for Slattery, says he has a dozen or more good offers, one of them from the Pacific Coast where Shamus is wanted for five fights.

Promoter Charlie Murray would like to coax Slattery and Lou Scozza into the ring again. Here's a natural that would pack Murray's club to the doors. Scozza succeeded in putting "Slats" down for a couple of nine counts when the boys battled here in February, 1930. Ever since then Lou's friends have been claiming that Slattery is ducking a second issue.

Tommy Paul's win over Freddie Miller of Cincinnati was close and hard-fought. Many thought Miller won it, although Paul got the support of the newspapermen as well as the officials. The house grossed $4,200, which is not a good house for so important and dangerous a battle. In previous encounters, Miller twice whipped Paul at Cincinnati. Maybe they'll fight again; perhaps for 15 rounds.

Wrestling is good every time Ed Don George, local lad, displays his wares on the mat. The Queensberry club's show here with George vs. Nowina as the headliner drew, $6,200 gross, which is as good as $10,000 in a boxing show.

The death of Stanley Stasiak, great actor and wrestler, who was a prime favorite here, was surprising to his many friends. Stanley's arm was bruised and broken in a match at Toronto. Blood poison set in and the big Polish grapler never had a chance. He died in Bellville, Ont.

Stasiak was a fine fellow personally and despite his grunts, groans and grimaces he was of a jolly personality, well liked by the other wrestlers in the Bowman-Herman-Bowser combine.

Tiger Jack Payne, colorful Australian Negro, formerly with Leo P. Flynn is now under the writer's management and will make Buffalo his headquarters.

Payne and Scozza would make a big man match for Buffalo that would attract a real crowd.

Elmer Wiedrick's Flower City A. C. will operate at Rochester this season in opposition to the Rochester Sporting Club. Elmer advises me that he is figuring on some great shows during the coming Fall and Winter.

Although the Olympia A. C. was recently chartered for Buffalo, inside information has it that the backers will not do any professional promoting this season. Times are too tough and there are no real cards in town.

Vince Plunkett has grabbed off a likely looking youngster in Joe Lyons of Lancaster, former amateur star middleweight.

Bobby Rosenberger has purchased the old Crescent gym and renamed it "Bobby Rosenberger's gym."

Good boxers of all weights will do well to write to Hugh Shannon, 793 Crescent ave., Buffalo, N. Y. Boxers must be free from managerial contracts and ties.


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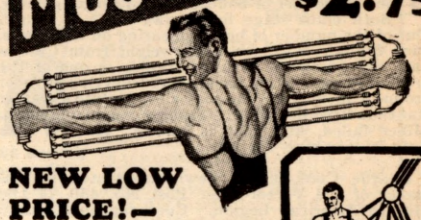

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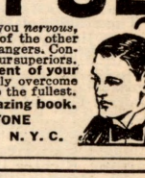

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## SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

**By J. JIMMIE AMANN**

THE Milford and Springdale arenas are leading the remainder of Southern Ohio's boxing clubs. Both clubs stage fine shows twice a month. Out of the number of boys appearing on the shows, Jack Stanley, a junior welterweight from Cincinnati, is leading the array. Stanley is one of the greatest boys of his weight ever developed in or around Cincinnati. He may develop into a greater star than Freddie Miller. Stanley can do one thing, Miller failed, and that is punch. He has won eight of his nine battles.

Charlie Cook is the newly appointed matchmaker of the Voctor Stier Post No. 450, of the Milford American Legion. Cook replaced Jimmy Cutler.

Jack Stanley, with only defeat on his record by Charlie Court, conquered the latter in their six round feature mill on Cook's card. The writer earnestly believes the handsome Stanley will reach the top.

In the other bouts at the Milford arena on the card above, Pete "Pat" Leno, Italian welterweight, punched Kid Zike into defeat in the six round semi-final; Frankie Meiners earned a draw with Young Tiger Flowers, of Memphis; Toughy Jordan knocked out Kid Swannie in 2; Kelly McCoy drew with Ray Taylor; Kid Katzie bested Young Palmo and Cowboy Guery defeated Eddie Robb n three round bouts.

Charlie Butler, of the Sino A. C., who stages his shows at the open air Springdale Inn arena, came to the bat with several fine programs during the past month. Butler featured Johnny Mack, of Cincinnati, with Sailor Jack Burke, of Louisville, heavyweights; Billy Speeks, Cincinnati and Tuffy Jackson, Erie, Pa.; and Bobby Ammon, of Cincinnati with Harry Kid Broad of New York. Mack knocked out Burke in two heats; Speeks won from Jackson in 6 and Ammon knocked out Broad in five rounds. The last fight was a corker and the boys were rematched.

While the above two clubs were running their semi-monthly programs, Bill Saffin re-opened his Mt. Washington arena, nine miles out of the city and came through with two great shows. Saffin also operated two shows at Mt. Orab, Ohio, at Star Lake Park, outdoor arena.

The results of the two shows at the park arena were: Jimmy Buckler, Louisville bantamweight won in eight rounds over Joe Dragan, of Cincinnati, in a nip and tuck battle. Stumpy Boyer, Pensacola, Fla. featherweight, spotting Abe Menachoff, of Cincinnati, close to 12 pounds, lost a close decision in the six round semi-final. Sammy Sweet shaded Sonny Brenta in 5; Louie Miller trimmed Carl Neal in 4; Frankie Childs kayoed Battling Richter in 3 and Harold Taylor copped over Joe Louiso in 3. Lou Bauman was the referee.

In the other program at Star Lake Park, Ted Graham, New Richmond's dynamic colored southpaw heavyweight, knocked out Rob Duane of Hartford, Conn., in the opening round.

Will Johnny McPherson, Cincinnati featherweight please get in touch with the writer immediately?

The fifteen round contest between Jack Blackburn, Cincinnati Negro and Jackie Raymond, Chicago Cuban, proved more interesting than anticipated at the Milford arena. Raymond won the nod, but with it went lots of glory as the Cuban fought with a broken hand for 13 rounds. In the preliminaries, Jack Stanley came through with colors flying in the six round semi over Terry Lingo, of Pittsburgh, Pa. Lee Cox outpointed Sid Bailey; Toughy Jordan decisioned Al Gerow; Lightning Jordan trimmed Kid Thunderbolt and Red Speeks took the duke over Carl Schell.

The preliminaries brought together Charlie Court and Jack Stanley with the former handing Stanley his first setback, although we differed on the decision. Court went down twice and Stanley once. Mickey Glass trimmed Bill Brennen, Pete "Bat" Leno and Kid Zike, drew and Toughy Jordan defeated Joe Harvey. The last three bouts were four rounders.

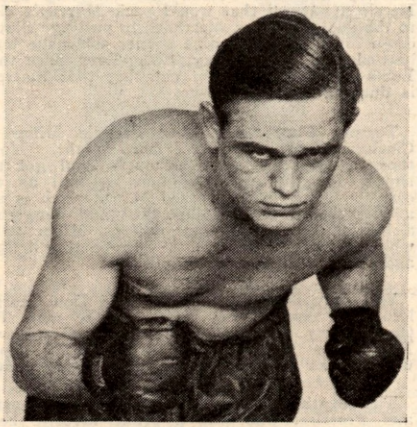
Rated by the writer as Southern Ohio's ten best are: heavyweight—Ted Graham, New Richmond; light-heavyweight—Joe Anderson, Cincinnati; middleweight—Frankie Palmo, Cincinnati; welterweight—Jimmie Kelly, Dayton; junior-welterweight—Jack Stanley, Cincinnati; lightweight—Max Koshover, Cincinnati; junior-lightweight—Mike O'Dowd, Columbus; featherweight,—Freddie Miller, Cincinnati; bantamweight—Georgie Annarino, Newark; flyweight—Bobby Ammon, Cincinnati.

Joe Anderson, Cincinnati contender for light-heavyweight title made his entry into the heavier division at Chester, Pa. recently when he won a ten round decision over Rattle Kichline, of Philadelphia.

Around Fountain Square with the punchers and their pilots . . . The Quality mat club returned to the running on October 2 with Jack Raynolds defending his world's welter crown against Pete Marela, Persian wildcat . . . Johnny Stote, the Schenectady "Speed Boy" has challenged the winner . . . Jimmy Brown, former dusky welter, is now making New York his home . . . Rambling down through the city we meet Jimmy Cox on his salesman job . . . Jack Davis at the box lunch track . . . Maxie Koshover, learning the drug business . . . E. Butler with U. G. & E. . . . Cy Nebbs and his delicatessen . . . and last but not least . . . Jack Stanley the stove-producer . . . Howard Mitchell back under the Batsche banner . . . while not refereeing, Billy DeWitt tries to talk several leading business men into using his cold drinks . . . refreshing, says Bill . . . The Tavern on Seventh Street, a busy mecca of the Davis stable . . . The rumor that Joe Anderson was planning an outdoor arena . . . Remember, way back when . . . Frankie Nessler was Cinci's star . . . and does any of the following undercards bring back your memoires . . . placing the Drew-Mars at Riverside . . . when Midge Guery pelted Shifty Dando . . . Young Menifee knocked Lee Hornback cold . . . Jack Blackburn stopped Tommy Carter and Copper Pence beat Vic Nauer? . . . recall when the "Walloping Wop" handed Tommy Billiards a licking at the Fort arena and Billy made his pro debut by winning from Fighting Van Hoose . . . Sailor Ralph Wyatt, former Middletown lightweight now making a success on his farm . . . Al Johnson has a yen for sports writing . . . while brother Eddie has already reached his "peak" in handling of fighters . . . what Eddie has forgotten, would come in handy for a lot of them that are seconds . . . not much ado this time, so signing off till next month.

Max Koshover's out-of-town debut at Hartford, Conn., proved a great success, according to bulletins received by the scribe. Koshover defeated Eddie Reilly, of New York, in the semi-final to the Battalino-Shea tenner.

News in this section can be had by addressing the writer at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. Please enclose a self-stamped return envelope if you expect a reply.



*Joe Anderson, veteran Cincinnati light-heavyweight*

## CLEVELAND CHATTER

**By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY**

OLD MAN CHRISTNER showed he has taken on a new lease of life for he knocked out his old rival, Emmett Rocco, in two heats at Canton, Ohio. He sent Rocco down with the same punch he knocked out Knute Hanson with when he first became famous. Now Meyer is after Johnny Risko.

Suey Welch has five big heavyweights working for him now—all over 200 pounds—with K. O. Christner topping the list.

Gorilla Jones is still in the front row. He won his first scrimmage in the middleweight tournament at Milwaukee, defeating one of the toughest of the lot in Tiger Thomas, of Philadelphia. He also received the leading rating in his class in the National Boxing Association list.

Tommy Freeman is still recuperating at Hot Springs but expects to get back in shape inside the next six weeks and come north to go through with the fights his manager has arranged.

Johnny DeTiro has taken over Joey Ross, little New York bantam, and is anxious to put him in with Willie Davies. He has been boxing bantams as well as flyweights around here—but DeTiro plans to keep him in his own class. He also has Frankie Wallace, a corking good featherweight, who has been a consistent winner around Syracuse, Rochester and Cleveland, as well as Joey Kushner, 124 pounder, who won the Golden Gloves tournament two years in a row. Johnny can be reached at 406 United Bank Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

Mike Getz, the Lakewood boxing impresario and manager of Frank Florian, and Joe Martin, has opened up a new gymnasium. He has a large class of amateurs, as well as many professionals in his stable. He is getting plenty of work for he is very reliable. He never breaks his word and always has his boys in first class condition.

Chuck Sotax, has given up his funeral business to devote his entire time to his boxers. He has Joe Schlund and Jimmy Vaughn going every week. Besides he has several lesser lights in his gymnasium. Chuck has Johnny Rini, old time lightweight of Cleveland, teaching his boxers, Vaughn especially is showing the result of Rini teaching.

Joe Peppers, who retired from the boxing game two years ago, is back again. He is managing Steve Nugent, a really good pleasing featherweight who has boxed some of the best boys around the middle west. With Peppers behind him, Steve is going to climb. Watch him from now on. Joe has also taken over Gob Piker Moran, a fairly good welterweight.

Glenn and Gene, the two radio singers who purchased Paul Pirrone's contract, were in Punch 'em Paul's corner at Canton, where he knocked out Alex Simms. It was a corking good fight, but a small crowd saw it.

Eddie Meade is anxious to have Patsy Pirroni box Maxey Rosenbloom. He is after another shot with Canzoneri for Johnny Farr.

Micky Doris, the Johnstown lightie, making his home at Cleveland, looked very good when he knocked out some palooka from the Argonne A. C. This boy is a real high-class fighter, but will never get any place unless he meets boys capable of giving him a fight.

Charley O'Connell is having his own troubles with Frankie Simms. His fight with Walter Cobb was called off and none of the outstanding heavyweights are anxious to meet his big boy. My advice to Charley is get on a train and take his protege down to New York where he will get plenty of action, waiting around here isn't going to get him any place. Charley is a terrific hitter, and will go over.

Sam Jordan has moved from Toledo to Columbus where he is promoting shows for Al Haft, and doing well. He is featuring big fellows. He has used Schandel, Suey Welch's heavyweight, three times in a row. The Akron heavyweight knocked out all three of his opponents.

Frank Farren is promoting at Springfield, Ohio.

Add Thacher, who helped Tex Rickard promote the Dempsey fight at Toledo, is now running for mayor. He will be elected according to the way he ran at the primaries, when he led the ticket by the largest majority ever given a candidate in Toledo Thacher has turned over his boxing club to the Shea brothers.

Joe Lewis has started his small shows at the North Wing of the Public Auditorium.

Jimmy Avon has several promising boys and is keeping them going around the state.

Patsy Pirroni, Eddie Meade's light-heavyweight, won his third straight bout here over Russ Heise of Mt. Vernon. The Mt. Vernon boy was no match for Perroni.

Frankie Wallace defeated Marshall Couette on the same card in six rounds; Harold Krill knocked out Eddie Latzo in 2 rounds; Steve Mulner scored his ninth straight victory by outpointing Jimmy Taylor.

Portland promoters are after Kayo Christner to box Lomski or Bellanger.

Chet Smallwood, Akron, defeated Frankie Chatterton at the Equestrium.

Frankie Wallace, Cleveland, defeated Joe Polazzola of Detroit at the Equestrium. Frankie Bauer, shaded Frankie Fine, Detroit welter; Joe Schlund decisioned Marty McHale of Lorain, Ohio, in 6; Joey Kushner knocked out Freddy Kernes of Detroit in one round.

Frankie Wallace, Cleveland, defeated Frankie Flore of Syracuse at Syracuse. This classy Cleveland youngster has won 10 straight fights.

At Virginia Beach, Va., Joey Goodman of Cleveland stopped Jack Portney, of Baltimore, Md. Portney's left hand was broken.

Columbus,, Ohio.—Chet Schandel, Akron heavyweight, knocked out Joe Lazzerri, Columbus, in the fourth round.

Frankie Palo, Toledo, decisioned Press Johnson, Akron, in six; Sammy O'Dell, Akron, knocked out Battling Tibbs in the first round.

Chet Smallwood, Akron, defeated Ray Collins of Erie at the Equestrium.

Jimmy Taylor knocked out Steve Mulner, 3; Jimmy Vaughn defeated Mickey Cohen, in 6; Louis Disantis knocked out Toughy Ihler of Columbis in one.

## AUSTRALIAN BOXING AND BOXERS

By JAMES J. MANNION

AUSTRALIAN champions in three divisions lost their titles during the last few weeks. Wally Hancock started the ball rolling when he lost his welter crown to young Rus Critcher at Leichhardt. Critcher won easily, though Hancock made things hum in the last round. Next came the Norm Gillespie-Bobby Delaney lightweight tilt, also at Leichhardt. Delaney took the decision and Gillespie's crown without any trouble. (The bout was stopped in the fifth.) But the surprise of the year was furnished when Ambrose Palmer lost his middleweight title in his first bout in defence of it. He met Bob Thornton, he of the pulverizing punch, in Melbourne, and ran out a mile ahead, when a body attack ended in his fouling accidentally, Thornton in the fourth.

Jack Haines former middleweight champ, is on a theatrical tour on the Union Theatres circuit "in a unique Demonstration under actual Stadium Conditions."

When Bullant Sims (8.6) and Leo Winch (8.10) met at Fitzroy, Sims got the decision on points, but many thought that Winch had the better of the argument. In a return contest a couple of weeks later the Bullant left no doubt as to his superiority, though Winch gave a game display. Both mills went 10 rounds.

Freddy Welsh was on great terms with the ring floor when he met Bobby Stone in Brisbane. He made its acquaintance four times in the first round; and his seconds shied the towel just as the bell ended the round.

Adelaide staged a fight not so long ago, and a State championship at that. Two veterans, Fred Segar (holder) and Charley (Red) Mitchell met at the Queen's Hall for the welter title of South Australia. Mitchell won easily, and three of his pupils (he's a trainer and teacher, too) won the three prelims.

You might like to hear Mitchell's record. Anyway, here it is in brief. Charley started his ring career away back in 1909. He won the S. A. featherweight title; left the feathers (through increasing weight) and won the lightweight crown; went overseas with the Diggers; fought at the National Sporting Club, London, once or twice—he boxed Driscoll once; won two Australian and one British Army titles; came home, and won the S. A. welter championship in 1920. Mitchell lost his welter crown, and was in and out of the ring at intervals during the past decade, during which he chalked up a 20-round decision over the late Bert McArthy. He has been teaching boxing at his West Croydon gym for years now, and has brought out some good boys. He also collected two Broken hill championships and one West Australian. Just now he's thinking of going to Melbourne for a fight or two. And at 39 he's as cheerful a cuss as you'll find anywhere.

Harry Stone, former New York star, has unearthed a new model Carnera. He's an Australian-Italian—George Caprel. Although only 19 years old, Caprel weighs 17 stone 6 pounds, is 6 feet 6 inches height, and has an 84-inch reach.

Arthur Deane, former lightweight champ of South Australia, lost on points to Snowy Pluto (not the old feller by that name) in Berth.

Lee Brander was, by all accounts, a fairly prominent figure in the boxing world of Broken Hill and vicinity. He came to Sydney to show his wares, and, after defeating Jack Fitzgerald, outpointed Chris Halliday.

There's no doubt about it, there are wonderful possibilities in Ivan Cousens, Victorian flyweight. He's not out of the prelims, yet (he's only a nipper), but he has exceptional ability for a youngster. So has Danny Reilly, his latest opponent.

Tommy Wilkins (8.5) was running a bad second to Snowy Clarke (7.13) in the first few rounds of their 10-rounder at the Perth Unity Stadium. But he "stepped on it" later and came through with a K. O. victory in the ninth.

In a return contest at Brunswick, Jack O'Brien (10.1) repeated his previous win over Ron Negus (9.11) without any great trouble.

There's some talk about staging monthly cards at Queen's Hall, Adelaide. Let's hope so.

I don't remember seeing Jack Carroll's name in "THE RING'S best prospects yet." Is Eddie Borden listening? There's no doubt as to Carroll's brilliance, and the fun should be fast and furious when he and Palmer meet. An overseas campaign by Carroll is a certainty now, though he hasn't decided just when he'll start. He lambasted Herman Bundren of Los Angeles in Sydney recently. Watch this boy.

My address is 24 Farrant Street, Prospect, South Australia. I shall be pleased to obtain photos from boxers and managers for use in THE RING.

## BOXING IN CUBA

By MILT BARON

JOE GANDON, one of Cuba's great lightweights, came back to life when he scored a one-round knockout over Pedro Isla, the tough veteran lightweight. Gandon's only defeat at the hands of Baby La Paz appeared to make him look like he was through, but he is back in form again and should prove victorious in a return bout with the colored scrapper.

Joe Coego came through with colors flying when he scored a brilliant six-round victory over Olayo Nebot, one of Cuba's promising featherweights. Coego is a speedy southpaw with a dynamic punch and should reach the top soon. In a four-rounder, Jose Canseco won over Pancho Villa. These flyweights sure can fight and both received a big ovation.

Benny Malpica, the middleweight who fights like a second Jack Dempsey, won by a technical kayo over Venture Yanes, the Cerro idol. Malpica, when in shape, can beat any man his weight in this town. Joe Pascual, the smallest pugilist in Havana, lost a close decision over Raul Ochendia, the colcred flyweight.

Young Smith displayed plenty of class when he came from behind to whip Julio Recio. Smith was floored in the first round for a seven count and was in close quarters during two other rounds, but class won for him and he made a hit with the fans.

Antonio Santana, probably Cuba's best flyweight, uses his southpaw style to advantage, and looked like a champion when he easily defeated the clever Mario Valdes. Santana then took on Manolo Vallespin and emerged victor, too. Juan Perez beat Olayo Nebot in a close decision.

Joe Arguelles, after a rest, is back on the job. His victory over Baby Marmon has given him confidence of a real comeback. Arguelles is a flashy kid, and one of the niftiest boxers around town.

Pena, or Penita as he is called, has proven to be Cuba's Joe Humphreys. He is an announcer who knows his business.

Johnny Cruz is going good in Spain. He has chalked up numerous victories there.

Tommy Barredo is one of Cuba's cleverest boxers.

Fillo Echavarria, Spanish flyweight sensation, has several offers from Florida promoters.

La Comercial arena has made good. By the time the winter season rolls around, they will probably have to enlarge the stadium.

Pedro Proenza finds it a hard task to get anybody in the ring with him. This hard punching light-heavyweight should make a hit any place he fights.

## BOXING NOTES FROM SOUTH AFRICA

By JOHN E. SACKS

THE travelling bug has bitten several of the leading South African boxers. Heavyweight champion Donald McCorkindale packed his trunks some time ago and left for Europe to join Joe Woods in Walter Miller's stable. He is a good big fellow, who has plenty to say with his left hand and says it well. He can take, as well as give it, and when he gets more experience, he ought to make some of the best of the giants go all the way.

George Purchase, leading South African lightweight, has booked his passage to England. He was accompanied by Barney Kieswetter, national middleweight title-challenger. Both lads are from Capetown.

Purchase beat Harry Corbett, former British featherweight champion, in a fifteen rounder held in the Johannesburg City Hall recently.

There is a difference that South Africans have observed here between American and British boys. The fellows from England are clever, but they waste their cleverness in doing plenty of things that don't matter. The fighters from the States provide action. Their idea is to please the crowd, with colorful stuff. And it's no wonder the American lads are always so popular here.

Willie Smith, national featherweight champion, has issued a challenge to Purchase for the lightweight title. Smith won the world's amateur bantamweight championship at the Paris Olympiad in 1924.

Fight fans will be interested to know that in Johannesburg and the rest of South Africa seven points are awarded to the winner of each round of a boxing contest. That is in accordance with decisions reached by a conference of all the provincial Boards of Control.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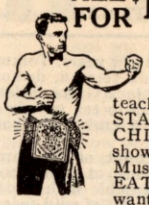

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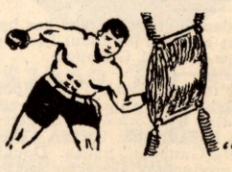

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## THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA
**By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN**

FOR the third time in the last few years, Tommy Loughran, South Philadelphia veteran, demonstrated his superiority over Jack Gross, Salem, N. J. baker boy, by beating him in ten rounds at the Phillies' Ball Park before a crowd of about 15,000 fans.

Postponed ten days on account of Loughran sustaining a cut eye in training at Wildwood, Loughran did not have much trouble with Gross. The southpaw heavyweight did a lot of wild swinging and clawing. Gross took considerable punishment and won but one round—the seventh. Leo Houck, former star Lancaster middleweight, who refereed, worked harder than the two fighters in trying to keep them from clinching.

Thousands of the fight fans at the Phillies' Ball Park came out to see and greet Steve Hamas, former Penn State athlete and boxer. Hamas tucked away George La Rocco of New York in the second round without getting much of a sweat up and the crowd sure gave Steve a big hand. Hamas dropped La Rocco in all four corners and Referee Houck finally counted him out. It was Houck who first started Steve in the boxing sport at Penn State College, where Leo is boxing instructor and football trainer.

Chester Matan, 204-pound Brooklyn former amateur, substituted for Walter Cobb of Baltimore, and was stopped in the tenth round by Frankie Cawley of Pittston. Matan's right eye was badly cut.

Leonard Dixon of Leiperville, outweighed Pat Hayward by twenty-five pounds, and gained the ten-round decision.

That long drawn out feud between Vincent Forgione of South Philadelphia and Joe Anderson of Covington, Ky., found a new ending recently when Anderson scored a technical knockout over his rival in the fourth round of the wind up at Leiperville. Severe cuts over both of Forgione's eyes caused Referee Bryan Hayes to order the bout stopped. It was the first decisive result after two draws and one close bout. Both middleweights weighed 165 pounds.

Marty Collins of Philadelphia, got an eight-round draw with Sylvan Bass of Baltimore, at Leiperville. On the same card, Buddy Burke of Chester, beat Joe Brody, also of Chester. Brody was on the floor three times but managed to last the limit.

Robert A. Young, secretary of the Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission, has gone in for politics in Upper Darby and is running for Commissioner on the Republican ticket.

Eddie Reed, South Philadelphia lightweight boxer, is now under the management of Jack Stanley who took him off Frank Fowles' hands.

Ritchie Martell of South Philadelphia, lost a ten-round decision to Phil Raymond of Baltimore at Atlantic City Auditorium. Raymond was given "the nod" by Referee McDonald.

Ernie Caesar, also of Phillie, found the going pretty rough when he invaded the shore, and was beaten in eight rounds by Lou Raymond, of Baltimore. Davey Siddons of Philadelphia, had better luck and won from Johnny Adams of Providence in six rounds.

Joe Barr, Philadelphia middleweight, has placed himself under the management of Nat Brodsky and is doing his training at the Olympia gymnasium under the direction of Jack Lisman.

George Godfrey, the Black Panther of Leiperville, stowed away Seal Harris of Memphis, Tenn., in the second round at Toronto recently. Only a week prior to the bout Harris was hobnobbing with Godfrey in the Leiperville camp, near Philadelphia.

Danny Devlin of Allentown, pounded his way to a ten-round victory over Young Johnny Ketchell of Chester in the Shellpot Park ring near Wilmington. Devlin weighed 154¾ and Ketchell, 147. The wind up was postponed several times by rain. Just one night afeer Ketchell lost to Devlin he earned a draw with Johnny Hayes of West Philadelphia in eight rounds at Leiperville.

Mickey Blair, Camden lightweight who has had a variegated career but knows a lot about fighting, had been taken in tow by Phil Glassman.

Danny Dougherty, former South Philadelphia bantamweight ace, died recently in Reading. At one time he was handled by Cornelius Haggerty, Jr., now a prominent Philadelphia lawyer. Haggerty also looked after "Gunboat" Smith. Dougherty and Smith were products of the same section in Phillie; around Second and Christian streets.

Jimmy Toppi is back at the old stand again, having re-opened the Broadway A. C., after having the doors closed during the hot summer months. He plans to run weekly shows at the South Broad Street punch foundry.

Known as a rugged and aggressive featherweight in Philly some years ago, Terry Ketchell, is now a barber in a South Broad Street shop. He still likes to see the boys throw punches at each other.

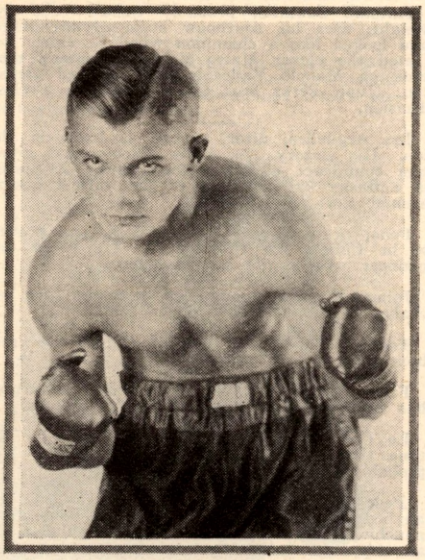
Tony Morgano, one of Phil Glassman's most promising boxers, injured his left hand against Lew Lafferty in the Milk Fund show at Atlantic City and was on the sidelines for some time.

Matt Adgie and Al Ettore, two West Philadelphia fighters, did the unheard of thing of staging a street fight recently with the result both were arrested. When they appeared before the magistrate, Ettore decided to take another punch at Adgie but made the mistake of hitting a traffic policeman. After all this ballyhoo they were matched at the Arena in West Philadelphia and it turned out to be a dud. Ettore outpunched Matt in ten rounds. Adgie, once a topnotcher in Phillie rings, proved a clinging vine.

Young Firpo of Pennsgrove, outfought Henry Perkick of Kalamazoo, at the Arena. Firpo was dropped in the second round but came back to drop the Michigan fighter five times but the bout went the ten-round limit.

Lew Massey signalized his return to the ring by knocking out Midget Fox of Conshohocken in the third round at the re-opening of the Broadway A. C. indoor campaign. Massey spent part of the summer in the National Guard camp at Mt. Gretna. Massey, South Philadelphia lightweight, smothered Fox with punches and finally referee Lew Bailey stopped the bout.

Al Rowe one of the leading Philly amateurs of a few years ago, now boxing as a pro. was beaten by Steve Halaiko, of Buffalo, in a ten-rounder at the West Philadelphia Arena. Rowe was on the floor, being counted out when the final bell rang.



*Johnny O'Keefe, New Jersey's crack junior-welterweight*

## TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
**By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO**

IT seems that all Young Terry, Trenton middleweight, needs, is bouts to show New Yorkers just what he is made of. Benny Miller of Los Angeles, who substituted for Jack Rosenberg in the semi-final to the McLarnin-Petrolle bout at the Yankee Stadium, knows now just the calibre of fighters that we have in the east. Terry's toughness and aggressiveness won him the decision over the coast star.

Johnny Brennan, Trenton bantam, lost a close one to Willie Cubic of Newark in the ten-round feature of a benefit show staged by the Y. M. H. A. of Perth Amboy. Brennan led in the early rounds, but lost ground as Cubic consistently got the edge on the infighting.

Young Terry's bout with Honey Boy Dick Evans of Youngstown, Ohio, at Long Branch, did not give the shore fans a chance to get a line on the Trenton sensation, when he stowed Evans away in the second round. After a slow first round, with both boys feeling each other out, Terry came out in the second, and did not stop punching until Evans went down and was counted out by the referee.

Frankie Fratto, of Trenton, seems to have found himself. He has won his last six starts, five via the K. O. route. His latest victim was Tiger Taylor of Dover, whom he knocked out in two rounds.

What a surprise when word got around that Johnny Oakey was back in training. It seems that he is serious this time. Oakey is one boy who can make plenty of money around these parts, for he is a crowd pleaser. A match between Oakey and Terry would pack the Armory.

Tommy (Kid) Murphy is another boxer who is taking his training more seriously. He has had a couple of bouts called off because of inclement weather, but this has not discouraged him.

## SOUTH JERSEY AND DELAWARE NOTES
**By ARCHIE PIROLLO**

JOHNNY BURNS, veteran and congenial promoter of the Cambria A. C., in Philly, is back in harness. In addition to his Philly club in Kensington, Johnny will be the matchmaker at the Auditorium in Wilmington for the indoor season. Johnny has a wonderful reputation for giving the fans a run for their money.

William Brennan, Secretary of the Delaware State Athletic Commission is well liked in Wilmington. All out of town boxers and managers have a good word for him.

Tommy Rios, Mexican from Chicago, now boxing out of Wilmington, surprised by his victory over Danny Devlin at Shellpot Park. Joe Parker and Grover Hayes drew in the semi. Irish Benny Cohen stopped Bobby Mandell, and Henry Mielin held Yg. Goldie even.

Ralph Ferris, of Wilmington, has the only gymnasium there on East Fourth Street, where all the local boys train daily.

Tony Loftus defeated Bobby Burns at Shellpot Park. Burns substituted for Midget Fox. Johnny Lucas defeated Harry Kid Murphy in the semi-final.

Harry Serody, Glassman's new promising junior lightweight, defeated Spike Hemlock at Shellpot Park. Serody is a fine prospect.

Dick Clarke, the Memphis junior welter, who made a hit by his slugging, is now getting in big time.

Phil Raymond and Ritchie Martell fought a sensational bout at the Auditorium in Atlantic City. Raymond received the decision but a draw would have been the proper verdict. Lew Raymond defeated Ernie Caesar. Dick Clarke won over Ray Richmond, and also defeated Puggy Snyder at the Northside.

Mickey Blair, now under the management of Phil Glassman defeated Charley Gomoer at the Auditorium—Pete Pantaleo drew with Jimmy Russell.

NOTE:—Out of town boxers, managers and promoters—Jimmy Coster can be located at the Quaker City Gym, at 6 N. 13th St., Philadelphia.

## ERIE AND VICINITY
**By LEW KROHN**

FRANKIE BOJORSKI has the town boxing wild. He has now won 44 bouts without a loss and the N. B. A. has placed him eighth in the lightweight rankings. Anyone who can decisively beat such top notchers as Billy Wallace, Eddie Anderson, Johnny Farr, Ray Collins and Andy Martin possesses class and this farmer boy is going places.

The outdoor Arena was completely filled in Bojorski's last two bouts, and he is drawing well in Pittsburg also.

Maxie Strub, the elongated lightweight, is back in training again after a long siege of sickness. Strub has a lot of friends in and around Erie, and they are awaiting his return to the ring with eagerness. When Strub does get back into the form he displayed about six months ago, what a scrap the Strub-Bojorski will be!

John "Jocko" Phillips, deputy boxing inspector for the Pennsylvania Athletic Commission ever since boxing has been legalized, was nominated for City Treasurer on the Republican ticket, in a field of eighteen candidates. Jocko is well known to every boxer and manager that ever fought in Erie.

The Owl Athletic Club, at 626 State Street, right in the heart of the city, is now going at full speed. A ring has been installed and all the latest devices for boxers are in this gymnasium. Both The Keystone A. C. and The Gem City A. C. use this gym for the official weighing in of boxers.

Due to the fact that the high schools in the city are using the Stadium for night foot ball games on all Friday nights, the promoters are switching to Monday nights for the boxing shows. The writer is of the opinion that Monday night is a better night for the shows than Friday and the results will show whether Friday or Monday is to be fight night.

## SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

MURRAY McLEAN and Mike Ferrozzo, those two managers of St. Paul, Minn., who make a specialty of bringing out promising youngsters, are pinning their hopes on a young heavyweight who looks very good right now. He is George Wallace, the former Golden Glove Amateur Star. Wallace came near winning the Northwestern championship in Minneapolis last spring, being barely nosed out by Earl Sather of Minneapolis. Wallace fought in but one professional fight winning over Loring Larm in Minneapolis. McLean and his partner have spent considerable time with Wallace and now have him ready to meet most of the young heavies in this section.

Hardly out of school, and still in his teens, Carl Wells, Omaha, Nebr., Jr.-lightweight, who has been fighting preliminary bouts off and on at Riverview Park this past summer, took on Hymie Wiseman from Des Moines for eight rounds. It was a great fight, with Wiseman almost knocking the "Kid" out in the first round. But the Omaha lad would not be halted, and came right back to hand Wiseman a licking. In the other bouts, Bobby O'Dowd outpunched Jimmy Salvatore in six. Faded Sammy Martin, local colored lightweight, lost to Richie Mack, of Minneapolis, in six, Joe Lucas whipped Bobby McLaughlin in four, and Arlo Van Buskirk fought to a four-round draw with Johnny Long. In short this was the best fistic card of the month.

THINGS IN THE OLD HOME TOWN WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE. Harry Jones building up some home town talent. . . . Jimmy "Kid" Thomson getting Carl Wells or Hymie Wiseman in the ring. . . . Billy Gill showing some of the local fighters his knock 'em down punch. . . . A few "seconds" and "managers," also trainers of the good old days. . . . The present crop of managers and trainers with Nat Fleischer's books on "Training for Boxers" and "How to Second a Boxer." . . . The old faces we used to see at the ringside ten or more years ago. . . . A new Gym for the local boys to do their training. . . . Sailor Burke with a new car. . . . Bobby Paul, the veteran trainer and manager of the old school with a crop of fighters he had twenty years ago. . . . Mike Gerstenberger selling a course on how to pick winners (Mike says he gets 99 per cent of his dope out of the ring). . . . Eddie Morris, Earl McArthur, Connie Curry, and a few more of the old gang back in their prime. . . . A fight manager that was not trying to steal another manager's meal ticket. . . . A fighter without ten managers trying to book fights for him, all writing to the same poor promoter.

Irish McKenna, Flandreau, So. Dakota middleweight, making his bow as a main eventer at Riverview Park, barely earned a draw with Lawerence Anderson of Rock Island, Ill., in an uninteresting six-rounder. Anderson looked real good, considering the fact McKenna would not mix in the early stages of the bout. In the best fight on the card Tony Roberts of Denver, Colo., fought six slashing rounds to a draw with Kid Powell of Rock Island, Ill. Both are junior-lightweights. In a one-sided bout, Freddie Penn, Omaha bantam, knocked out a youngster by the name of Bud Dempsey, also of Rock Island, in the third round of their sixer. In the four-rounders, Arlo Van Buskirk of Kingsley, Ia., defeated Art Warren of Dakota City, Nebr. Joe Clover, (colored), edged in a draw with Young Tuffy Griffiths. Mickey O'Donnell, lightweight ace of the Andy Dans stable, knocked out the highly rated Ted Alcazar, Omaha Cuban, in the first round of the main four-rounder. It took O'Donnell just 58 seconds to turn the trick.

Nate Dax, Sioux City's pioneer promoter, informs the writer he may start promoting shows again this winter at the World Theatre. Dax started out such boys as King Tut, Tuffy Griffiths and a number of others.

Regardless of a newspaper decision, which called a bout here staged between Tiger Flowers, Omaha Negro junior-lightweight, and Paul Wangley, of Minneapolis, a draw, the writer thinks Flowers won four of the six rounds. Johnny Burds hung up a six-round victory over the veteran Francis Gatewood of Ecatur, Nebr. A six-round bout that ranked with the best of the month featured Harold Rogers, local bantam, and Newsboy Joey Rich also of Sioux City. Rich won. Dale Anderson of Scranton, Iowa, won from Mickey Scavio of Omaha. Dixie Miller of Oskaloosa, Ia., barely earned a draw with Jerry Howard, local feather. Bud Lyman of Sioux City put Art Johnson down for the full count in the third round.

During the past summer the following boys have come to the front with flying colors: Carl Wells, of the Wilfing stable, of Omaha, a junior-lightweight; Mickey O'Donnell, of the Andy Dans stable, a lightweight with plenty of class. In another six months this lad will be far up the fistic hill. Jimmy "Kid" Thomson, local junior-lightweight ace; Newsboy Joey Rich, bantamweight of the Connie Curry stable; Arlo Van Buskirk, Kid Rippatoe, Harold Rogers, Bobby O'Dowd, and Freddie Penn.

Harold Mathews beat Freddy Penn, Omaha bantam. Penn is a fine little piece of fighting machinery but to win fights a fighter must keep in shape.

Homer Sheridan, Sioux City's middleweight ace, is back from the West Coast with several victims on his list. Sheridan is a good club fighter, and is well liked wherever he shows.

Pickups around Sioux City's fightway. . . . Tom Brislane is trying to line up Jack Dempsey. . . . The Princess confectionery and cigar store had their main window decked with Ring Magazines this month, the page with Sioux City fighters right out in the best spot. . . . Did you ever save a collection of fistic matter and then loan it out. The writer did and he is still waiting for their return. . . . In the future boys, don't ask, and we won't have any hard feelings. . . . Tom Taggart, former Sioux City police commissioner, is on hand for all boxing shows. . . . Johnny Burds, veteran Sioux City feather, says he is far from being faded, and will show the boys he can come back. Good luck, Johnny. . . . Burds helped to break Harry Jones into the fight game here. . . . Ray Mann, tough local welter, is training hard for a big indoor season. . . . Andy Dans, veteran lightweight of twenty years ago, says he is not as old as he looks. . . . Sammy Sacco, local feather, has a new car.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS. . . . Tom Brislane, local indoor promoter, can be reached at 511 Nebraska, Sioux City, Iowa. . . . Charles K. Lyle, of Evansville, Indiana, states that the Indiana boxing commission will soon become a member of the N. B. A. . . . The best looking prospect there right now is Billy Frick, featherweight champion of Indiana. . . . Boxers and managers writing to the scribe, please inclose clippings of your past bouts, and address same to 2206 N. Lafayette Place, Sioux City, Iowa. For a prompt reply please inclose stamp. . . . Howard Graack, Minneapolis manager, was in Sioux City looking over the boxing talent, and made an offer of $500 for the contract of Jimmy "Kid" Thomson, but Thomson's manager would not sell. . . . Joe DeRaad, member of the Sioux City Tribune advertising staff, won the light-heavyweight title of the Iowa National Guard at Fort Dodge, Ia. . . . Bobby O'Dowd wants the world to know Sioux City is now his headquarters. . . . Freddie Guilbeault of Lowell, Mass., will make Sioux City his headquarters for the next six months. . . . Guilbeault has a very good record and should make the bantams around here step some . . . Wish Danny Desmond would give the writer some of his weight, how do you get that way, Danny.

## NOTES FROM IOWA
By PINKY GEORGE

THOUGH the boxing depression has hit most of the world, Iowa, a state where boxing is not even legal, is having its biggest year if outdoor sell outs is any criterion. Waterloo, Des Moines, Sioux City, Fort Dodge and Atlantic had a big year with their outdoor attractions because fighters in this territory have come down to earth in their demands. In a recent bout at the Waterloo Electric Park 7,400 fans turned out to see Tiger Johnny Cline of Waterloo win from Johnny Agrella of Los Angeles in a gruelling eight-round bout.

Cedar Rapids, one of the best fight towns in the state, with Johnny Fryrear at the helm, has begun its winter campaign.

Dempsey! Dempsey! Dempsey! is the cry of the Iowa boxing fans and as a result the former heavyweight champion will appear in five Iowa towns. Red Henaghan, Davenport impresario, has the opening date on Jack's exhibition tour in Iowa while David Bidler, Des Moines promoter, is acting as Dempsey's representative in the other four Iowa appearances.

The Mason City American Legion with Joe Kelly as its matchmaker, opened the fall and winter season in great shape.

Dubuque, a great wrestling town, got a taste of some boxing this year and from the way the fans turned out to Fred Lieser's shows, they are sure to get plenty more. Lieser displayed Cowboy Eddie Anderson with Mike Dundee and packed the ball park. Babe Carnera, former Des Moines light-heavyweight who is now making Dubuque his home, is the best card in Lieser's town.

Iowa's best developed prospects for the summer are:

Flyweight—Jimmy Salvatore.
Bantamweight—Elmer Brown.
Featherweight—Carl Wells.
Junior-lightweight—Glenn Kid Lehr.
Lightweight—Young Terry.
Welterweight—Phil Baker.
Middleweight—Glenn Allen.
Light-heavyweight—Roy Calvert.
Heavyweight—Jerry Sloyer.

RINGSIDE GLANCES—A newly formed Waterloo athletic club will stage big boxing and wrestling attractions this winter—Jack Delmar plans big wrestling shows in Des Moines—Londos would draw big in this state—Big Bill Tilden's Iowa tour was a success—A fight promoters' association was formed in Iowa—There is no commission in this state so the promoters got together, forming this association to protect everyone concerned—'tis a good thing too, fight promoters should learn boxing is a business and work together.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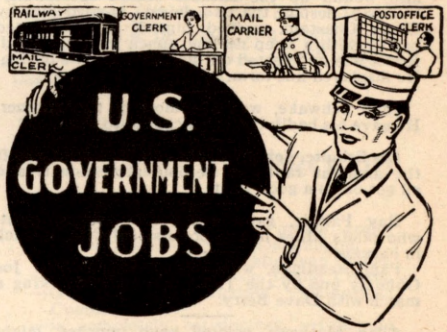


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## ST. LOUIS AND VICINITY
By BOB RILEY

THE indoor season is in full swing again in St. Louis. Plenty of shows scheduled up until May 5th, 1932, insure St. Louis fans a chance to see the greats and near greats of fistiana in action.

Seneca Taylor, Missouri Athletic Commissioner, is striving with might and main to make our Mound City one of the high spots in the world of ring warfare. One of the important news bits that has come out of his office is that Missouri is to have recognized State CHAMPIONS in the different weight divisions. This has been the objective of the writer ever since the passing of the law that all bouts would go to a decision in Missouri. Not only shall we have CHAMPIONS of their classes here but the bouts may be of the 15 round variety. with all these new innovations to help draw, our prospects are very bright for a big year financially.

I certainly would like to see our Athletic Commission rule that all licenses would run for one year from the date of issue. This is the only fair way to license our fistic fraternity. So lets all pull for this one small change in our Athletic Commissions code of laws.

Well we have all seen little Joe Ghnouly, local featherweight, who fared to Orangeburg, N. J., and selected Gus Wilson to be his guiding genius over the rough trail of professional boxing. Ghnouly returned here after a year in the East and defeated Davey Abad in a sizzling 10 rounder at Jack Tippett's open air arena. Joe showed lots of speed and class, in two years he may reach the top of the ladder.

Ed. Vandeventer, matchmaker for the Coliseum and the Fred W. Stockham Post American Legion. has shown his faith in the system used by Boxing Productions directed by the writer. Vandevente. will book his fighters from the files of Boxing Production's office. It has taken months of hard work and hundreds of inquiries to complete these files but the labor was worth it. Boxing Productions is in a position to inform any promoter on the true fighting ability and worth of nearly every fighter in the country and furnish clippings, pictures and pub licity on many of them. I want to take this occasion to thank my many friends who have listed their fighters with this office and who were instrumental in supplying information on the fighting styles of hundred of fighters.

Owen Phelps, Pete Nebo, Bushy Graham, Earl Mastro, Eddie Lord, Angus Snyder, Freddie Miller, Harry Ebbetts, Stanley Poreda, Pat Hayward, Mickey McFarland, Martin Levandowski, Charley Retzlaff, Lope Tenorio, Allan Whitlow, Howard Scott, Clyde Hull, Benny Touchstone, George Trenkle, Jackie Purvis, Joe Anderson, Ernie Schaff, are a few of the many great fighters and good fighters who probably will show during this indoor season.

One point the fans like about Lou Terry, he fears no living man and he carries the battle right to his opponent, be he champion or chump, every minute of the fighting.

Pee Wee Kaiser has shown his many followers that he is far from through. In open air matches this summer Kaiser disposed of every opponent in a masterful manner, the majority by a kayo. Pee Wee is in line for a number of good matches this winter.

Al Stillman and his stablemate, Dave Knost. also wound up the outdoor season successfully. Stillman, despite the two defeats handed him by Clyde Chastain, proved himself a lion-hearted battler with a sleep dealing punch in either hand Knost was undefeated during the summer's boxing. He displayed fine form.

John Schwake, was idle most of the summer. He gave his badly cut eye a chance to heal.

Les Schulte, Johnny Miles and Cliff Doetzel left the amateur ranks to become professionals and all got off to a good start.

Ray Palmer, game south side featherweight, who pilots Miles in the professional field, is back in harness.

Paul Steadman, who holds two wins over Joe Ghnouly one by the T. K. O. route, is seeking a match with Dave Berry.

Allan Mathews, colored kayo puncher, might be a sensation were he boxing in some state where mixed bouts were permitted. In Missouri his talents do not get the proper chance to display themselves.

Chick Rains, who moved to St. Louis from Dodge City, Kansas, is the outstanding middleweight in Missouri. Rains has won all but one of his matches here in easy style. So hard is it for Rains to get middleweights to meet him that he has been boxing heavyweights and lightheavys though Rains makes 160 with ease.

Tom Pivac, earnest Crotian heavyweight mauler, looks good enough to win Missouri's heavyweight Championship. Pivac is a much improved fighter and his kayo over Jerry Dugan and defeat of Stanley McRae have put him on edge for more serious competition.

Managers and fighters wishing booking in St. Louis get in touch with the writer at the Business Men's Gymnasium, St. Louis, Mo.

## MINNESOTA NEWS
BY BOB BURRILL

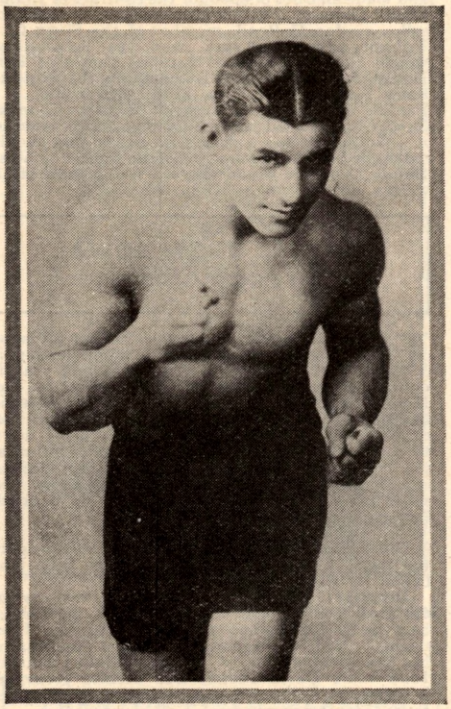
THE fair-haired son of Minnesota's fistic colony ran into a mess of grief when Chattering Jack Hurley stood his Charley Retzlaff on the same canvas with Joe Sekyra. Chawley Boy proceeded to take everything from Joe but the decision.

It was a most untimely upset for the Hurley prodigy, but lost yardage was regained somewhat when Retzlaff stopped Gene Stanton in seven heats.

Mike McNulty's highly-touted Roger Bernard was knocked out by dusky Prince Saunders. The classy little Negro belted Bernard on the button with as sweet a right maulie as your humble operative has had the pleasure of glimpsing in some time. He connected early in the second for the spill.

In the other half of a double windup, Frankie Battaglia won all the way from Billy Light, who was stopped in the seventh.

SHORT SOCKS—King Tut is slapping 'em ovah once again . . . Dick Daniels is about to do a Benny Leonard . . . Con O'Kelly will be the Dane's first obstacle . . . Dick is twenty-two. . . . D'ya know that Billy Petrolle is a leading challenger in two divisions . . . Petrolle has never had a crack at a title . . . The Fargo-Duluth Express has been pitching leather for seven years



*Ralph Ficucello, a rugged New York heavyweight*

. . . King Tut is the only man who has clicked a clean-cut lullaby over Petrolle . . . Jimmy Evans is slugging on the coast. . . . We wondah what Hurley was thinking of when he ticketed Retzlaff with ol' man Sekyra . . . The Saunders' win over Bernard came by way of another upset . . . Bernard wants another smack at the Prince . . . Battaglia has improved somewhat . . . Batt was conked by Angel Clivelle in less'n stanza . . . What'ya mean "Angel?" . . .

Here's a few recent song releases by the vocal talent of Minnesota's fistic colony . . . "Two Little Blue Little Eyes," a solo by Rodger Bernard . . . "Loose Ankles," a song and dance by Billy Light . . . "Never," a duet by Tony Canzoneri and his manager for Billy Petrolle . . . "Yours and Mine," a one act operetta by Salvator and Hurley . . . "Just One More Chance," a serenade by King Tut to his pal, Petrolle . . . "Oh, For a Man," a quarter composed of Minnesota's singing fight promoters. . . .

Harold Sims covahs four pages to give us the lowdown on his Norsk heavy, Jack Kracken . . . Here are a few billings that oughta put the game of sock an' sleep back on it's dogs around here . . . Daniels-Retzlaff . . . Tut-Sullivan . . . Saunders-Shea . . . Battaglia-Clivelle . . . Wholwend-Lasky . . . and how about a six-rounder featuring Harry Dillon and Mike Mandell? . . . Dick Daniels has acquired a pugilistic countenance . . . Irish Jack Murphy, 235-pound Canuck, seeks a whiskers on which to plant his gloves around here . . . Al Singer is to fight here soon . . . The Bernard-Saunders ticket featured five kayos . . . It was a pretty good tonic at that . . . Aren't Prince Saunders' trunks the duckiest things? . . .

## BOXING IN MILWAUKEE AND VICINITY
By LARRY LICHTIG

ANGEL Clivelle proved himself the boy they will have to beat for the N. B. A. middleweight title. Clivelle put the K. O. on Frankie Battaglia in 35 seconds and followed up on the next show by giving Tait Littman the same dose in 5 rounds.

Gorilla Jones picked by many as the uncrowned middle-king, scored two victories, beating Tiger Thomas—and K. O.-ing Clyde Chastain. Clyde Chastain proved himself the gamest boy in the tournament by continuing with a badly cut forehead. Chastain made a great hit with the fans

Len Bernstein made it four in a row when he beat Johnny Romans.

George Black, one of the best amateurs in the middle-west, is about to turn professional.

Frankie Hughes continues to climb the fistic ladder. Hughes' latest victim was Don Fagg.

Frankie Burns and Sailor fought four sizzling rounds to a draw.

Ernie Evans made an impressive start as a pro. beating Oscar Angelo 4 rounds, and knocking out Johnny Winn in the first.

Frankie O'Brien looks like the sweetest southpaw we've seen around here in years. O'Brien decisively beat Jack McVey in 10 rounds.

Henry Firpo pounded out a close 10-round decision over Tiger Roy Williams.

Roger Bernard, local favorite, is going great guns around St. Paul.

Jack Robinson, hard hitting heavy, knocked out Jack Wallace in the second.

Sid Novak, Johnny Dettlaff, Louie New, and Lee Spiegel, Ace Gym fighters, are getting in shape for a heavy winter season.

Ace Gym will enter an entire team in the amateur tournament in Chicago.

Ace Gym boasts of three amateur champions, Louie New, Walter Walker and Johnny Dettlaff.

Rudy Benton, Los Angeles, is now making his home in Milwaukee.

Any amateurs or professional boxers without managers wishing to fight in Wisconsin should get in touch with me at 722 West Lloyd St. You must be able to fight

## NEWS FROM WISCONSIN

EAU CLAIRE—This city of 26,000 residents has developed into the best boxing town in the middle and northwest. Under the canny matchmaking of Mr. Whelan and supervised by W. E. Hart, one of the wisest boxing commissioners in the game, this town is outdrawing even some of the shows held in Minneapolis and St. Paul. In one of the finest bouts seen here this year, Mike Dundee, the Rock Island veteran, gained a close decision over that great little colored fighter of Chicago, Prince Saunders. Al Sweeney has a champion in the making in the little negro. From a four round fighter to main bouts in the city that developed such great fighters as the Gibbons, Mike O'Dowd, Billy Miske, Jock Malone and others, is quite a feat for two youngsters like Sweeney and Saunders to accomplish. Here is more power to you Al and Prince.

Stevens Point, under the leadership of Bill Hart, hopes to have successful shows. A. E. Redfield, W. E. Bowersock, F. A. Hirzy and M. A. Vinkle are the sportsmen behind this venture.

The best prospect in the lightheavy division through this section is Nate Tillman, hard socking German of Marshfield. Smartly handled by Charlie Breahme, this kid is ready to jump into the main bout class. He scored knockouts in his last six bouts. You'll hear more about Tillman.

Oshkosh is another good fight town. Boxing draws good here if the fans are offered the proper bouts. Promoters Bill Mitchell and Lee Broenen, with the wise helping hand of Commissioner Clinnin, are making a great success of their middleweight elimination tournament at Milwaukee. But, what wailing and gnashing of teeth when the popular Frankie Battaglia of Winnipeg was stopped in a round by the hard punching Angel Cliville of Porto Rico!

Managers and young fighters, get the Ring's book on the Training of Boxers. It is the best yet. Also "How to Box."

See you next month.

## NEWS FROM INDIANA
By DON CURLEY

INDIANA has become fight conscious. The State Athletic Commission of Indiana, trade name for the body of men now ruling legalized boxing in the state headed by Andrew C. Weisberg, chairman, is functioning as near perfect as any such organization has ever functioned in its infancy. Weisberg of South Bend, Indiana, is a man of high repute. He is the owner of a string of hotels which includes the Oliver of South Bend and the Harrison of Chicago.

Lee F. Bays of Sullivan, Indiana, the commissioner who has charge of the central section of the State, is a business man and sportsman with a huge circle of friends and Charles F. Artes the commissioner handling the extreme southern section of Indiana, is likewise a true sportsman and business man.

James I. Veach of Indianapolis has been appointed Executive Secretary of the Commission.

You can travel north, east, south and west and find boxing promoters all over the country moaning about small gates and slashing prices in the effort to induce cash customers through the turnstiles. Not so in South Bend, Indianapolis, Terre Haute, Evansville, Muncie and others good boxing cities through the Hoosier State. South Bend has drawn three record gates since the inception of legalized boxing. The Studebaker A. A.. Dave Durock, matchmaker, showed to a five thousand crowd with Dave Popp of South Bend, and Leroy Dougan topping the card. Popp gained the judges' decision. The second and most important heavyweight bout of the midwest was staged by matchmaker Don Curley of the South Bend A. C. This contest featuring Jack Redman of South Bend, and the 'ole tuff 'un, Meyer K. O. Christner of Akron, Ohio, drew to an attendance of 6,400 paid patrons. They fought a draw.

During August the Washington A. C. of Indianapolis put on two financial winners also. Tracy Cox of Indianapolis, and Eddie Anderson of Wyoming, were principles in both these matches at the Indianapolis Base Ball Park. The first show drew $5,000 with the fight being declared a draw, and the second show drew $10,000 with Tracy Cox knocking Eddie Anderson out in the fifth round.

Bud Taylor is now the promoter of Terre Haute, Indiana. The Terre Haute fans showed plenty confidence in Bud's matchmaking ability when they paid close to $6,000 to see a match that was substituted at the last minute to take the place of the Tracy Cox-Lew Massey contest.

The South Bend A. C., Promoter Harold Merkel, and Matchmaker Don Curley, have several big cards lined up for future promotion. Promoter Merkel is at this writing on an extended trip through the East lining up big names to head the South Bend attractions through the winter.

The ace boxing manager of South Bend is Clarence Pierce—better known as "Smoke" Pierce. Smoke is a business man of South Bend and held in high esteem by his legion of friends. He owns the contract on South Bend's ace in the hole drawing attraction.

Ye scribe Don Curley is soon to open a large gymnasium centrally located in South Bend. Managers of boxers and free lance boxers interested in obtaining lucrative matches in and around South Bend should get in touch with Curley at 218 Lincoln Way East, Phone 42606, South Bend, Indiana.

## KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

WICHITA, KANS.—Harold Murphy beat Lonnie Reeves of Joplin in 6. Kenny Hill knocked out George Windham of Picher, Okla., in 5. Freddie Raigoza beat Roddy Arnold in 4.

Joplin, Mo.—Wildcat Monte easily beat Joe Trabon in 10. Howard Scott beat Tommy Maroon in 10. Ralph Carpenter defeated Chuck Elberts in 6 fast rounds.

Tulsa, Okla.—Ray Kiser knocked out Joe Rivers in 6 rounds. Freddie Nuncio knocked out Ray Turnbow in 6. Floyd Herrington knocked out Tommy Midgat in 5. Jimmy Craig beat Buck Curtiss in 6. Baby Kiser knocked out Jack Scotty in 2. Chink Piatt knocked out Snakey George in 1 round.

Lawton, Okla.—Paul Grossman manages the largest stable of boxers in Oklahoma, both professional and amateurs. Grossman says his middleweight K. O. Crom is the best in the west. Kid Brunette is a fast junior welter.

Kansas City, Mo.—Results on the Veteran of Foreign War fight card—Glen Kirkpatrick beat Ray Johnson 3. Verg Winningham beat Allen Ahearn 3. Oliver Green beat Layman Harper 3. Michael Galvin beat Jack Thompson 3. Frank Turucz beat Bleon Puckett 3. Joe Biddle knocked out Gene Mitchell 2. John Griffin beat William Green in 3 rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—Amateur bouts at the International Arena results follow: Joe Melham knocked out Bleon Puckett in 2. Chuck Reinhardt beat Harry Knecht in 3. Dick Meiers beat Brent Samuels in 3. Lee Brooks beat Herbie Knecht in 3. Duke Herman beat Pete Alcanter in 3. Tom Shipley knocked out Frank Franzon in 1. Earl Hallahan beat Charley Bracken in 3. Pete Cole beat Bud Houston in 4. Ted Le Marre beat Ray Burris.

Frank Gilleece, executive secretary of the State Athletic Commission, attended the State Legion Convention at Wichita. He said that there is a decided improvement in the outlook of boxing in the state and many towns will start booking boxing programs in the next few weeks.

Loose and Drifting—Johnny Husong, Sutro Pearl and Harold Murphy are booking the Schmeling and Stribling fight picture throughout the middle west. Roy Rhodes and Sam Avey will combine for one show and stage same at the Coliseum. Possibly this pair will hook for keeps this winter as Rhodes will close his outdoor arena at West Tulsa soon. Karl Applegate, of Joplin, is about the only promoter in this territory that keeps the fight game going. Karl manages to pay out on each show.

## IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
By J. A. ADEA

LITTLE PANCHO, brother of the late world champion, Pancho Villa, demonstrated that he could take on bigger boys when he decisively defeated Tony Sacramento, bantamweight, in twelve rounds. Pancho will invade U. S. rings soon.

The fighting days of Tenebro Santos, former lightweight champion, are over. He was kayoed in the 1st round of his fight with Fighting Nelson. Ricardo Martinez bested Little Samson in eight rounds

Tony Sacramento scored a technical knockout over Terry Campo, Malayan champion, in nine rounds.

Joe Grande, of Cavite, staged a whirlwind draw with Rush Amio, of Manila, in a ten round main event at Cavite.

Ignacio Fernandez, returned Filipino boxer from the U. S., scored an easy victory over Joe Hall, Buffalo Bison, whom he stopped in less than a minute of fighting.

A corking fight was staged by Kid Echevarria and Fighting Yaba in the semi-final contest which was won by the latter.

Johnny Hill, former contender for world's championship, is now a has-been. He was lucky to get a draw in high fight with Kid Javierto.

Young Santos won the flyweight championship of Cavite by stopping Joe Fernandez in five rounds.

Pablo Dano scored a close verdict over Little Abyan, a promising flyweight. Dano seems to be on the downgrade.

Joe Grande won on points over Rush Amio, when the pair again met in Cavite.

Ignacio Fernandez easily defeated Mariano Adriano, scoring a t. k. o. in eight rounds. Kid Echevarria, inter-service champion, knocked out Syd Omar in 4 rounds.

Irineo Flores upset the dope when he kayoed Fighting Nelson in six rounds. Little Samson decisioned Rush Amio in the semi-final event.

## IN COLON AND PANAMA CITY
By ANTHONY CHARLES

BABY Quintana, flyweight champion of the Isthmus, decisively outpointed Battling Ramos in ten rounds.

Len Leonard knocked out Alvin "Kid" Barber in the first round of a scheduled six-rounder. The bout was interesting.

Tonin Troncoso, outweighed, facing a man of greater experience in Cholo "Kid" Ruiz, lost the decision in a spicy and interesting preliminary, in which he carried the fight to Ruiz the greater part of the way.

Kid Tejada took the decision over K. O. Alberda in four rounds.

Kid Parada was knocked out by K. O. Brissett in second round of a scheduled four-rounder.

Young Mowatt took the decision over Kid Barber in ten rounds. The verdict was unpopular. Hook Dawson, left hook artist, defeated K. O. Caballero in ten rounds.

Kid Herrera will make a trip to New York about the end of the year to join Al Brown. His first opponent probably will be Lou Paluso.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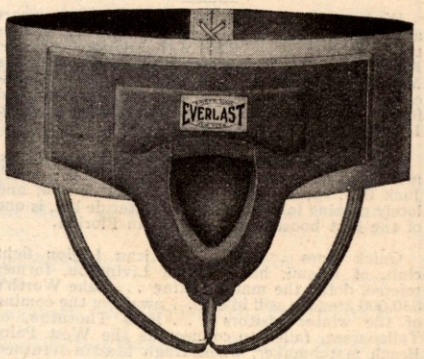


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## FLORIDA NOTES
**By DUKE BARRY**

WELL folks, I'm back here in Miami where I arrived in time to hop from the train to the beautiful Cinderella ballroom, arena of the National Guard boxing activities, to witness a stellar boxing card programmed by that master of Florida fisticuffs Harry Graham and Fred Mitchell, daddy of the splendid Miami boxing palace. In a fast feature of ten heats, Gordon Fortenberry, of Merritt Island, Fla., punched out a corking victory over a good light-heavy prospect Jack Tunney, of Birmingham. Earl Johnson, Miami, scored a technical kayo over Roy Williams, West Palm Beach, in six frames, in the semi-final. Bert Smith, Los Angeles, defeated Sid Lucas, Miami, in six stanzas, and Mickey Mixon, Miami, cold cocked Baby Face Rojas, Key West, in another sixer, in the third.

Matchmakers Graham and Mitchell, of the Cinderella Arena, flashed Tiger Johnnie Cline, of Fresno, Calif., and Billy Shell, of Columbus, Ga., in the following week's attraction. Cline is under the management of the writer.

We bumped into many old friends of former years and was heartily greeted by all, and take this means to express our appreciation of the friendly welcome. For instance, H. N. Davies, formerly writer of the Miami *Herald*, is managing a flock of Latin American pugilistic boys that are fast winning fame and fortune. Young Fiqueredo, of Key West, a classy 126 pounder, tops the stable.

Frank Godwin, sports expert of the Miami *News*, is hitting on all six with his column, "First Guess." Jack Bell, sports editor of the Miami *Herald*, and lately gaining fame as a globe trotter de lux, is one of the best boosters boxing has in Florida.

Quick Ones . . . The American Legion fight club, of Miami, has Howard Livington, former referee, doing the matchmaking . . . Lake Worth's $30,000 arena is still idle . . . awaiting the coming of the winter visitors . . . Ross Thornton, of Tallahassee, failed to connect as the West Palm Beach matchmaker, when Hugh Martin returned and pleaded for reinstatement . . . Pa Stribling is down here . . . The Macon, Ga. mogul has Battling Bozo signed solid for several weeks . . . Pa is campaigning the Birmingham clown via the canebrake route into important shots to follow . . . A Bozo-Rosenbloom battle is one of the Cinderella's future prospects . . . Fighters wanting to show at the beautiful Cinderella, Miami's greatest drawing arena, are requested to get in touch with Matchmaker Harry Graham, 35 N. W. 2nd St., Miami, Fla. . . . Due to the fact we have only been here a few days, our news is limited this issue, but more and better copy next issue . . . Address the writer at 933 S. W. 4th Ave., Miami . . . 'Tis a grand and glorious feeling to be back again, and to be writing for THE RING again. I've travelled all over America, and know what I say is a fact—there is no magazine like THE RING. You can't be interested in fights if you're not a RING reader.

## BITS FROM GEORGIA
**By J. F. BEL**

THE Chatham Athletic Club staged a battle between Joe Knight, Southern light heavyweight champion and Carl Knowles, Georgia's knockout artist and the bout was won by Knight by a T. K. O. in the 8th round. In the 8th round both boys turned loose a punch at the same time and Knights terrific left landed in the joint of Knowles right arm and paralyzed it. Joe. Joe followed this with five hard lefts to the jaw but could not put Knowles down. Carl was out of his head and walked out of the ring. He was in the same fix Tommy Loughran was the night Sharkey won from him.

Patsy Pollock of Chicago lost to Spike Webb in Miami but it is hard to beat Webb down there. Patsy can fight for my money any time.

Jimmie Reed, fighting Irishman, continues to knock them off as fast as we can bring them in here for him. His latest victim was Tommy Bashara from Norfolk.

Nixon Jones has one of the best little Junior lightweights I have seen for some time in Albert Leon. Leon is a gentleman, but Oh how he can go.

Both Jimmie Reed and Patsy McGrath are itching for another match. These boys have been rivals for three years.

Pat Flaherty, Savannah's Irish welterweight, held Johnny Semas to a draw in Columbia. Semas had just defeated Patsy Pollock. This gives Flaherty's stock a rise.

Bulldog Downs, Savannah's fighting fool, will get back in action again after having his tonsils removed.

Pinky May, one of the most popular boys ever turned out in the south, came back to Savannah for a visit and worked out at Alexander's Gym.

The writer will be glad to secure any Savannah fighter for promotors and assure you good fights.

## WEST VIRGINIA JABS
**By HUD HUDSON**

HUNTINGTON . . . Johnnie Roberts lost to Tommy Rios, the Mexican Jumping Bean, and then won from Charlie Arthurs, who is sometimes billed from Akron, Ohio.

At the AL Convention here, Jack Kearns, Charleston, got the judges' nod over Billy Manley, (6); Big John Parker, a State heavy contender, ko'ed Battling O'Neil of Wheeling, in 3. Floyd Forbes, kid brother of the proprietor of the Forbes KO Ranch, won over Young Cook of Logan; Custer Perry, hard-hitting Williamson lad, got the decision over Kid Martin, in 4.

Mickey Fedor laid the leather on too heavy for Joe Barber of Portsmouth, Ohio, winning handily.

Custer Perry rang the bell again by beating Kid Palmer, Ironton boy, (6); Frankie Moore knocked the KO off one KO Kennedy; Freddie Hill won over "Fats" Whitney.

Johnnie Edwards drew with Wee Willie Davis of Charleroi, Pa., recently, here. On the same sheet, Frankie Ryan hung a T. K. O. on Mickey Fedor, Canton, in the seventh.

Oak Hill . . . Jack Kearns lost to Jack Schaaf, foul, (6); Young Rogers won over Jack Reynolds, and Gene Ballard TKO'D Johnnie Gerri, (3).

Parkersburg . . . Stepping into a last-minute breach, Bobbie Grant, Charleston, thumped out a 10-round win over Jackie Herman, Wheeling; Kenny Davis won over Harry Morris; Mickey Shannon won over Cyclone Dressel, Columbus, (6).

Chelyan . . . Fighting under AL Post auspices here, Harry Forbes took the nod over Billy Williams in ten fast heats.

LISTEN TO THIS . . . The Capitol A. C., under new management, has a lengthy string of boys looking for fights . . . Sam Weise is the new mogul at the A. C. . . . Mike Kearney, one-time Navy man and A-1 scrapper of note, is now judging 'em at Huntington . . . The Terminal Arena has folded . . . Johnnie Edwards is on the road back . . . Harry Forbes, well-known from here to yonder as a real mitter, is planning a tour of the East shortly . . . Messrs Skidmore and Court are the new Commish deputies in this area . . . George Rasibeck is now piloting Bobby Grant . . . They are brothers . . . Did you know that George Phillips, chairman of the State Commish, is a nationally-known race track steward . . . Billy White is back in harness again . . . Dull as times are, the writer predicts a good indoor season at the Armory this winter . . . Good boys with clean records, and not too far from here, can get a connection by writing this scribe at 1110 Washington St., Charleston, W. Va. Sure, enclose a stamp! . . . See you all next month, gang . . . Ten and out!

## ALABAMA BOXING NEWS
**By SAM CAPRI**

BATTLING BOZO, light-heavyweight, and Pete Sarron, junior-lightweight, both of Birmingham, got N. B. A. rankings in his respective class. The Battler is rated fifth in the light-heavyweights and Sarron, seventh in the junior lightweight class.

Some of the most recent fights in Birmingham resulted as follows: Jimmy Box repeated over Horace Hooper; Porky Saab and Lee Brand drew; Jack Tunney scored T. K. O. in five rounds over Tommy Wolgast; Baby Stribling outboxed Battling Dorsey.

Dave Evans, the superintendent of the Birmingham Boys' Club, who was the former promoter here, is still one of the old fathers of boxing. He gives big-time assistance to all who desire it. The Boys Club's amateur fighters are an aggressive bunch. The amateur semi-weekly shows are in the limelight here and in adjacent territories.

The General Post No. 1, gives semi-monthly wrestling shows here. Promoter Sam Siegel continues to put on crack-a-jack wrestling shows. The Dusek brothers, Ernie and Rudy, are popular here. So are Stienborn, Washburn, Paul Harper and Blackstock. They perform often heer and regularly. They also draw well.

Kid Lott, a local light-heavyweight wrestler and a former middleweight boxer, succeeded Jack McLain as matchmaker at Tarrant City, where wrestling and amateur boxing shows are held regularly.

Claude Wilson has announced his retirement. He finally hung up his gloves. A wise move, it is said.

Battling Bozo, Birmingham light-heavyweight, whipped Walker Smith, at Fort Benning, Ga., recently.

In Birmingham—Clyde Hull, from Texas, lost a close one to Sam Crosby of Savannah.

## MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
**By PATSY DONOVAN**

BOXING is going great guns in the vicinity of Washington, D. C., by the operation of the Fort Washington Arena at that post, some twenty miles from the Nation's Capital. Means of transportation are by boat or automobile and it is a customary sight to see three thousand fans on hand for the bouts that are staged there weekly. Much of the Fort's success can be attributed to the cunning matchmaking of Frankie Mann, who specializes with local talent meeting out-of-towners of equal ability.

Baltimore has resumed its boxing shows with Joe Dundee acting in the capacity of Promoter with Eddie Ross, an experienced hand, doing the matchmaking. The new enterprise has been christened the Dundee Athletic Club and is operating at Carlin's Park.

Washington has turned out a very promising light-heavyweight in Reds Barry. Barry is just seventeen and is already fighting the top spots in this vicinity. The writer, who looks after the interests of Barry, intends to bring the kid along with precaution for the next year or so, when he should develop into a good heavyweight. To date Barry has engaged in thirty-five professional bouts.

The best bout of the season was staged recently at Fort Washington when Frankie DeAngelo of Washington and Billy Landers of Norfolk, Va., hooked up in the feature eight rounder at Fort Washington. The boys fought like their lives depended on it and had to be stopped when the final bell sounded. Referee Charlie Short handed the nod to Landers much to the dissatisfaction of the fans.

Billy Landers knocked Jimmy Tramberia of Baltimore akicking in two heats at Fort Washington. Tramberia, who last year boxed Frankie DeAngelo a couple of draws and later beat Eddie Buell, was given an even chance to lick the Norfolk lad. Baker Boy Billy Schwartz scored knockout victories over Sailor Grande and Gus Edwards during the month. Schwartz is out for a return shot at Reds Barry who hung a licking on the Alexandria boy early in the season.

Roy Pollock, Kansas City light-heavy, who is in these parts got over a knockout win with Leslie Powell at Ocean City, Md. Pollock is a terrific puncher and will beat most any opponent he can hit. A return bout between Pollock and Henry Irving at Fort Washington would pack them in. Pollock holds the only win scored over Irving in his professional career. Incidentally Irving has knocked out his last six opponents.

Many clubs in the smaller towns are getting ready to resume operations indoors. Hagerstown, Cumberland, Salisbury and Pocomoke City, are Maryland towns that will run shows before we go to press. Shows are also under way at Lynchburg and Roanoke, Va.

Washington boxing fans hope to get their boxing this winter at Alexandria, Va., a distance of six miles from the Capital. Business men of the Virginia City hope to install weekly boxing shows with the profits going to the Day Nursery of Alexandria. Last season one boxing show was staged there for the Nursery's benefit and was a financial success far over expectations.

Harry Groves, Washington welter, scored wins over Joe Smallwood of Washington and Peper Young, of Norfolk, Va., at Fort Washington. Groves is in top form these days and will give any welterweight trouble.

## IN AND AROUND MEMPHIS
**By AL HAYES**

EDDIE "KID" WOLF, Memphis lightweight, turned in two victories and one draw recently. He beat Al Rivers and Ray Kiser, and drew with Lou Avery.

Jackson, Tenn.—Luther Orr, Memphis middleweight, and Tarzen Leggett fought 8 fast rounds to a draw. Bobby Mathews, 145 pounder of Fulton, Ky., beat Don Burton, in eight fast rounds.

Jackson will open its indoor shows in November or December when the club here will move into the National Guard Armory.

Greenwood, Miss.—Fred Rivalito lost to Sailor Campbell in a fast ten rounder. Charley Rhodes, the fast stepping feather, drew with Scrip D'Olive in eight.

Bob Faust, matchmaker for the American Legion here, is putting on good shows and drawing fair.

The best boys around these parts are Eddie "Kid" Wolf, Luther Orr, Jack King, Bobby Mathews, Jimmy McGraw, Charley Rhodes.

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